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CHRISTMAS AT THE VILLA

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THE *salottino* was smaller than the *salotto*, and the *salotto* than the *sala;* an ordinary seaside cottage could, however, have been accommodated in the *salottino.* Everything had been done to diminish its size, to make it cozy. Impossible! Although, in comparison with the master of the villa's own chamber, furnished principally by a fresco on the ceiling, it had the appearance of an auction-room, the multifarious furniture was persistently dwarfed by the height of the white-plastered walls. These soared in majestic bareness, closing in a fine vault, whose groins rested on stone capitals. Stone! There was another obstacle to coziness, that stone of which the old builders had been so fond. The jambs and lintels of the doors were stone; stone steps led to the great windows, which had stone sills — and strong iron bars. The floor was a mosaic of stone.

Rugs had been strewn over it; luxurious upholstered chairs and sofas substituted for the hard thrones of an earlier period; in the fireplace roared a blaze such as the youth in livery, whose duty it was to fetch the wood for it, and the pine-cones, and the forms of turf, had never seen in an Italian *caminetto* till he entered this service.

Before the lordly fire in question, Maidie, the guest, found the lady of the house seated, one fine morning in the Advent-season. The lady of the house wore fur indoors. On the other hand, except for the deep and lustrous stole of black fox, she could hardly have been said to be clothed for December. Lace, no heavier than handwriting, was all that kept the atmosphere from her bosom and forearms. These looked incredibly white through the black web; her head looked strikingly fair above her inky raiment.

It was foreign mail-day. The floor around her was strewn with newspapers. Without remark she handed the guest a New York weekly, so folded that a particular passage must readily meet her eye. The young lady read, and threw down the thing with a sound of contempt.

"Horrid!" she exclaimed. "And stupid! Perfectly stupid! I hope, Oriana, you don't let such things annoy you!"

The lady of the house said she most certainly did not.

"I don't see" — the guest, taking a footstool near her, went on to administer balm to a hurt that had just been declared to be none — "I don't see why they so invariably take that attitude toward international marriages. As if the only motive, ever, must be on one side greed for money, on the other ambition. And romance? What about romance? Isn't it obvious that something quite different from yourself, different from all the boys you were brought up with, would have an advantage in the plain fascination of the unknown? Why did the fir-tree dream of the palm, and the palm-tree of the fir? You two are just as unlike as that. You," she added, considering her friend with a little smile, "are the tree of the North, enwrapped in ice and snow."

Oriana smiled back, rather faintly, more condescending than amused.

Maidie continued: "Surely nothing could be more absurd than to look for a motive beyond the natural one for his wanting to marry you. It's very possible," she looked at the fire and shrugged, "that if you had been poor he wouldn't have done it. He literally couldn't, you know. But any one knowing him must be sure that had you had all your money, and more, and been ugly, he wouldn't have done it, either! Vice versa, Count Bosco might have belonged to a family as much older and more distinguished

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"SHE UNCOVERED HER FACE, AND WITH A GROPING LOOK FOR HER RESCUER, HELD OUT HER HANDS"

as they please—if he hadn't been the most delightful being you had met in your whole life, you know you wouldn't have had him!"

Oriana's face suggested that she really did not care to be defended against the nobodies who had printed that impertinence. Maidie dropped the subject easily, as far as open discussion of it, but she continued in silence justifying, amplifying her argument. Oriana was skimming the papers. Maidie reflected upon her. How, in the nature of things, should she not prove irresistible precisely to Count Bosco? Short men, every one knows, take to tall women, dark ones to fair. And Oriana to these qualifications added so much, so much beauty! She had what Maidie was pleased to describe as art proportions — the small head of a Greek figure, the long, round limbs. She was so white, without being in the least pale, a warm pearl inside of that black sheath. Her hair, too, though so light, was not pale, but vividly shining; it crowned her head with calm coils. She was perfect — indeed, she passed the point of perfection: there was extravagance in the degree of that fairness, in that Amazonian size. Her face, too. . . . But here Maidie made a slight reservation. She felt the mouth to be a little too small, and the eyes,— of a nameless color, neither gray, green, nor brown, but all these at once,— it was a little bare around them: as if the trees edging a pool were leafless; it made them just a trifle wintry.

Maidie tried to put herself in Bosco's place, to see Oriana from his standpoint. How he must adore her, inevitably, fatally — the more for that cold, unconquered air of hers. . . .

The guest withdrew her attention from her friend and thought of Bosco. Oriana, too, had drawn a prize. Maidie was little herself, so that the Count's low stature was not, in her sight, an inferiority. And his head was charming, that deep-colored, dusky head, with the hair like fur, the two little black flames blown back from the upper lip, the dreamy, diffused look of the dark eye, which he could call to a point suddenly keen as a poniard. There was an indescribable physical pleasantness about him such as there is about a velvety dog or horse; one could have fancied a temptation almost to stroke him, but for the fact that he inspired all the while a not disagreeable distrust, a suspicion that he was, at the same time as simpler, also subtler than the men of Maidie's country. In order to gauge him, to forecast with regard to him, one must be of the same race. But of nothing was Maidie so persuaded as that the correct and self-collected gentleman was a very volcano within; that he could make love like a rightful son of this enchanted soil, one to whom talents in that line had been descending ever since Etruria, which enjoyed, we are told, ten centuries of civilization before Rome was dreamt of. Oriana must feel the spell of that curiosity-challenging personality, the allurement of that covered ardor — Oriana must be as much in love as he.

At the rustle of a newspaper, Maidie looked up. But Oriana had only dropped one sheet for another. Maidie returned to gaze at the fire, with Oriana's face in her eye as she had just seen it. And she fell to wondering, a shade dismayed. It was not the first time she had wondered since her arrival. But she had put away her wonder, as she had put away a suspicion leaping up within her once or twice.

She had been so happy to come. When Oriana's letter had reached her, in Paris, it had seemed too wonderful to be asked to visit in her Italian home the Countess whose bridesmaid she had been some six months before at the other end of the earth. The compliment was modified a little by the fact that, the Count's mother having recently died, they were living very quietly at their villa, out of the world. Or one might choose to see a compliment all the greater in an invitation under these circumstances. Maidie, anyway, had come full of joy and amiable intentions. The seclusion necessitated by deep mourning in a family of such great station might easily be supposed heavy to Oriana. Maidie had come prepared to be sunshine and bird's-chatter, sympathy and pastime; ready to be pleased with everything, to efface herself at the tactful moment as often as it fell; had come, in short, in the spirit of a perfect guest.

And though from her earliest poring over poetry she had been one of those for whom Italy is the Promised Land, she had found it all even more beautiful than expectation. The ancient villa fascinated her through the fancy that the air was thick with the lingering breaths of generations, charged with histories — histories passionate, histories shuddersome, histories tender or brave or sinister. Old romances were here in their very setting. In that deep window Paolo and Francesca might have sat reading from the same book. Malatesta would have stolen in by the little door there that nothing distinguished from the wall but a crack and a whitewashed bolt.

Every morning when she looked out upon the Italian world to be seen from her window, the sense of it all invading her found words in the question, "What is there one could do to-day of romantic, of significant, of memorable, to be in keeping with this dreamy scene of action?"

As she saw no way very well to work out this aspiration in her own person, she satisfied her

thirst for romance in the vicarious enjoyment of her friend's. No cavalier with feather in his cap and dagger at his belt had ever climbed a rope-ladder, who could have made a more interesting factor in woman's history than that same velvety, black-eyed Bosco. Paolo very likely was not tall.

Maidie glanced again at Oriana. To put it briefly, Oriana wore a sour look, a look of discontent. Oriana, truth to tell, wonderful as she was, was not quite in keeping with this wonderful place which time and human hands had touched with art so magical — no, even though Beauty, we are used to saying, can never spoil anything. She was not quite in the key, not quite in the picture. Did she feel it, and was that why she had turned her energies upon her surroundings, to change them? Maidie would not have dared tell her how much she wished she would hold her hand, how she shivered at the thought of restorations conducted by her, how she winced at the stamp of her wealth and taste already exhibited here and there. Maidie felt almost disloyal in thinking of it, her dislike was so uncompromising.

And so, wanting to be nice where she could, since she must be nasty where she couldn't help it, it was in her most ingratiating guest's-manner that, when Oriana brushed aside her papers, she broached a subject abounding, as she thought, in pleasant opportunities for both of them.

"It was old Pasqualina brought in my coffee this morning. I made her stay. I practised my Italian with her."

"Yes?"

"Of course, you know she has been in the family since a young girl."

"I didn't know. I only know she's one of the staff I found here."

"I got her to talk about the old Contessa. What a dear, queer personage she seems to have been!"

"You would have thought so if you had come here when all was as she left it. In that cathedral of a bedroom, the wash-bowl and pitcher,— I wish you had seen them,— a cup and saucer! And a little cracked soap-dish."

"Well, we certainly have changed all that! Where there was a saucer, there is now something more like a baptismal font, quite in keeping with the dimensions of a cathedral. . . . But I was going to remark — how attached to her they seem to have been, her domestic staff. I should say, a noblewoman of the old school. She used to doctor the peasants herself. She had sovereign remedies, secrets for decoctions: as near as I could make out, linden tea and camomile and marshmallow and the like. And she gave the anemic ones white wine from a flask half full of rusty nails, and those who coughed tar-water obtained by a like simple process."

"She wore night-caps," Oriana said,— "I found them; and little crocheted shawls to cross these frigid hallways. She used to lock up the sugar and coffee, and the cheese for the macaroni, and carry the key with her. The key was a quarter of a yard long; it weighed a pound."

"I know, I know — those heroic keys of theirs, forged, I suppose, when they served at a pinch to brain an enemy with. . . . You have not by any chance, my dear, failed to observe the key of what happens to be now your own front door? — the implement of war you will have to take along whenever you wish to let yourself quietly in? . . . But, to return to the Contessa herself, she must have been awfully *simpatica*, you know. Pasqualina mourns bitterly for her. The way we first came to speak of her was the servant telling me that at this season, other years, they began to make preparations for the Christmas tree."

"The Christmas tree! . . . For Bosco?"

"No, you tease! For the village children, the tots that go to learn their a, b, c's at the Sisters'; the little peasants. There were fifty or more every year."

Oriana did not look interested, as Maidie had hoped. But Maidie went on: "I had never understood Christmas trees to be much of an Italian custom; she told me, in fact, it was a German governess who started the fashion in this house when the daughters were children. It was sweet to hear her tell about it. They worked for three weeks or more, every evening, around a table together, the mistress and as many of the household as could be spared, and a few from outside sometimes, the doctor's daughters and the *parroco* — that's the parish priest, isn't it? — his sister. They made muslin bags and filled them with raisins and figs dried on the place in autumn. They gilded walnuts. They fringed colored paper to wrap around candies. They made flowers and gold-paper ladders for ornament. The Contessa knitted woolly rabbits and wristers. There were toys besides, of course, and barley-sugar animals. And a hundred candles, red, green, yellow, white. The old woman described it with a light on her face as if she had it standing right before her."

Maidie paused for Oriana to speak, but Oriana said nothing. Maidie went on, after hemming to clear her throat: "I was thinking, Oriana, that we ought to have a tree for them this year."

"Oh, my dear," Oriana spoke promptly enough now, "don't think of it! I think it would be a terrific bore!"

Maidie's face fell a little, and she was silent, occupied with warming her hands, which she

appeared at the same time to be examining attentively. She held them between her face and the fire; the glow could faintly be seen through the delicate screen. Her disappointment was in great part for the children, and for Pasqualina, who had clearly had a hope in her heart when she imparted that custom of the house to the *forestiera*. But it was in some measure for herself. She was an active body, and though, perfect guest that she was, she wished to find fault with nothing, yet at this moment, inwardly ruffled, she took note of the fact that in the week she had spent at the villa nothing whatever had been done for her entertainment; her energies had had little indeed to spend themselves upon. For the first week it was all very well — there was so much to absorb one in the villa itself; but she would be glad of something to do in the weeks to follow, since Oriana had no thought, it seemed, of taking her to visit the picture-galleries down in the city, the churches, the monuments. She considered the matter selfishly a moment, then more generously, as it regarded particularly the little ones. Before the silence had lasted more than a minute, she spoke up, half laughing in nervousness: "Oriana, you probably have for this *tutte le ragioni*, as they adroitly tell you here before they set about trying to make you alter your mind. *Tutte le ragioni!* — all the reasons, all the right on your side. You know best, of course, and any interference is impertinent. But I wish — dear me! — I'm just cheeky enough to wish you'd reconsider! It's your first Christmas here. The people around don't really know you yet. They will only see the outward aspect of the thing. It will chronicle itself among their legends in some such way as this: 'There was once upon a time an old Contessa of very modest fortune, so modest that she used a cracked soap-dish and shoe-blacking made at home. But every year she had a Christmas tree for poor children, as many as there were in her domain. She died. And her son, who had traveled to far countries, brought home a bride, a stranger, beautiful as the day, and rich as the daughters of kings. But there were no more Christmas trees.' . . . You see what I mean, dear?"

"But, Maidie," — Oriana, readily seeing, writhed in resistance while she all the time relented, — "Maidie, the nuisance of it, the abominable nuisance!"

"No, no; I will do it all," Maidie eagerly hastened, "if you will let me! Pasqualina and I. I would love it. It won't cost much. The toys were probably a few *soldi* each. And what are a little tissue-paper and muslin? There's a box of things kept from year to year, Pasqualina told me — glass balls, and a big star of Bethlehem for the topmost tip of the tree." Maidie remembered suddenly that she was talking from the standpoint of a poor army officer's daughter. "But of course it's not the money you mind," she closed.

"No! Go ahead! Hang the expense!" Oriana laughed.

Maidie warmed toward her again instantly. She was good-natured, after all. Maidie tendered her the instinctive thank-offering of a little flattery. "Hang the expense! Hang the expense!" she tried to imitate her. "How you say that! It's extraordinary!"

"What do you mean? What's extraordinary?"

"That deep note you sometimes bring out, which seems to have nothing to do with the rest of your voice, or with the particular sentiment you are expressing, or, in fact, with you! 'Hang the expense!' It's thrilling. It was the Count first called my attention to it."

Oriana looked careless inquiry.

"In Washington. The evening before the wedding, you remember, you had all your bridesmaids in. We were talking away and laughing. Your maid came to the door to speak with you. You asked across the room, 'Has my coat come from Redfern's?' Count Bosco was standing near me. He put his hand to his head, and steadied himself by a table, and broke out — you know how much simpler they are than our men, how much more frankly they talk about intimate things — he said, 'She has tones in her voice that make me dizzy, *qui me donnent le vertige!*' Of course he hadn't understood what you said. 'I seem to have heard that voice I don't know where, I don't know when — in the Garden of Paradise — in the golden age — upon another planet.' . . . Of course he was half in fun, but I knew at once what he meant." Maidie paused and said to herself, informed by Oriana's expression, that she naturally had heard all that sort of thing from the Count himself. She went on, as if reflecting aloud, "Such things are queer, aren't they? A tone in your voice that doesn't belong with the rest, and that's as likely to crop up when you say, 'Pass me the mustard,' as when you say, 'Wherefore art thou Romeo?' But, do you know, since he spoke of it I have realized something in your eyes sometimes to correspond with it: a look far, far behind the rest, that is not like the rest. Who knows where you get it from? Perhaps some ancestress was entirely like what you are just in spots."

"My mother's mother was Welsh," offered Oriana.

"Ah!" said Maidie uncertainly, not grasping

this as an explanation. Then, "Oh, yes, I see! The Welsh . . . what is it about them? There were seers among them, and bards. One great-hearted warrior-woman far up your line, who used to prophesy and urge on the clans with battle-songs, bequeathed you a note of her voice!" She half rose to kiss Oriana's cheek. "You are a great dear to say I may get up the tree. Thanks, thanks a million, for myself, and for the children who have been asking in their little hearts will there be any such treat this year one of the new era. I have taught a Sunday-school class of little niggers, and I know how they feel. You there, born with a golden spoon in your mouth, what can you tell of little beggars' feelings, and the joys of having a jumping-jack picked for you off a tree?"

"What are you talking about?" Oriana asked, with an effect almost of indignation at unwarrantable patronage; she pushed Maidie lightly away, to be seen of her square in the face: "My father wasn't born a senator, my dear! I was nearly seven before he struck oil. When I was no bigger than a pint-pot, let me tell you, I used to wipe the dishes to help my mother." There was in Oriana's voice as she said this none of the quality to make a little Italian noble dream; it had an honest, good-humored, democratic American ring.

"Do you mean it? I never knew that!" said Maidie.

"My young days, I should like you to know, were spent minding a very heavy, very fretful baby brother."

"Is it possible — I never knew you had a brother!"

"I haven't. But if you imagine I don't know anything about children . . ."

"That just shows! Tell me more about it."

"No! I don't want to think of it!" Oriana got up, stretched her long arms to shake off the drowsiness of the fire, and went to the window, throwing back the words, "I believe it's warmer outdoors than in!" She opened the window to verify this. The air, in fact, was mild. "It's all the fault of this stone," she remarked; "it's that makes this mortal chill."

Maidie had followed, and stood beside her, looking through the ponderous medieval grating at the Italian scene, beautiful in her eyes, even at this season, as the incarnation of a dream. In the formal garden immediately before the window a fountain played, pale pink monthly roses bloomed. Winter made little difference in the verdure, nearly all of it winter-proof — box, laurel, ilex, and off in the country, over the hills, everywhere, the smoky olives. A creeper, overclambering a cream-colored wall, was the only thing in sight noticeably dropping its leaves, shreds of crimson strewing the gray gravel walk. In the garden, again, was much stone: copings marking the boundaries of the flower-beds, urns, balustrades, statues, seats, stairs — but stone all mellowed by weather, mossy stone, stone thickly embroidered with lichens. The distance, as it was seen through a great breach in a wall of black, immemorial cypresses, was opalescent, silvery: in its nest of hills, the hazy city, with springing dome and towers, winding river and bestriding bridges, sparks of ineffable light here and there where the sun smote seemingly upon some diamond in a roof.

"Oh, Oriana," broke from Maidie's expanding heart, "how fortunate you are!"

Oriana looked and said nothing. Maidie recognized that the excessively delicate do not openly glory in their possessions. But there surely can be nothing indelicate in doing it for them. She went on heartily: "To have all this for all your life! This dream, this poem of a place, this adorable, adorable old house!"

"The lizards and scorpions certainly adore it," said Oriana, adding, when her cynical tone had made the guest turn around for its meaning, "I don't say it couldn't be made habitable."

Maidie looked at her wide-eyed. "Oh, don't you love it just as it is?"

"Do *you* like to poke around by candlelight, and get your hot water in a can, and sit and freeze by these *caminetti* of theirs?"

"Oriana,"— Maidie hardly found breath to say it,— "you are never thinking of putting in electric light and modern plumbing and heating?"

"No — for a good reason: he won't let me."

Maidie did not dare look at her, lest her immense relief show in her eyes.

"He will go as far as allowing German stoves," Oriana continued in a dry, hard voice, "those great white porcelain monuments, you know, because he has seen them in certain other villas. And he will let me roof in the inner court with glass, and have the missing noses restored to the garden gods and goddesses, and the sponge-stone where it has dropped off in the crumbling old grottos. But he will not have steam heat, he will not have electricity, he will not let me turn the oratory at the end of my suite into a proper dressing-room."

Maidie looked at the landscape. Oriana unloaded her heart. "He's the most manageable little beast you ever knew about all the stupid affairs that come up daily, but there I can't budge him! He will go down on his knees to protest that he would renounce eternal salvation for one hour of real love from me, but let me convert the oratory into a *salle-à-bains* he will not!"

It was Maidie now who said nothing when it

was clearly her turn to speak. She continued gazing off.

"It could be done so easily," Oriana took up again in a tone of reasonable argument. "It's just a question of money. The recess where the altar stands would just hold a good big porcelain tub."

"What would you do about the fresco, Saint Francis and his Vision?" Maidie asked it very softly, with her eyes on the dim bubble of the cathedral dome down in the valley.

"My dear, whitewash it!" said Oriana, with an aggressiveness that hardly seemed called for. "Whitewash it! It's not by any means a masterpiece; he himself admits it. It's half peeled off, anyhow."

Maidie averted her face, but Oriana caught the suspicious outline of her cheek. "I can see you laughing," she said.

Maidie frankly turned. "Because it is funny, you know, Oriana! It's fantastic, dear!" she said in as disarming a manner as she could, and made an attempt to get her arm around Oriana's waist.

But Oriana refused to share her amusement.

"He can't let you! Be reasonable, dear!" Maidie continued. "Feeling as he is bound to feel, don't you see, he simply can't! He couldn't keep his own respect. It would be equal to giving up all his right to be himself, and becoming a sort of appendage of yours."

"My dear girl, what are houses for, will you tell me, but the convenience of those who live in them? In their turn, his forefathers fixed this to suit them; let me fix it to suit me, and let those who follow please themselves! His people loved to pray and did not love to wash. I want to wash and I don't want to pray!"

Maidie, after that, gilded walnuts and fringed colored paper by the yellow lamplight, while Oriana sat back in queenly idleness. Maidie had not dared to ask that Pasqualina should come and work with her as she had worked with the Contessa. They labored jointly none the less.

The Count sometimes stood, cigarette in hand, watching; as he made no comment, it was presumed he knew the purpose of those preparations. He dined nightly with the ladies, but took no other meal in their company. He spent the day in town, at his *circolo*, Oriana explained. He talked very amiably with them, but not very much. He had a special language for women, a thornless, scented, gala language, a compliment in itself, and liberally larded with frank compliments, besides every sort of complimentary intimation, which all, lightly fluent as it was, had no effect of insincerity, for it pretended nothing more than to be part of his good manners.

He would sit for a while with the ladies after dinner, puffing thin blue clouds up toward the lofty vault; not trying particularly to be good company, not knowing exactly what to do with himself, and yet loath to go; a vaguely wistful personage, somehow, and obviously a little restless. Often he would finally retire where a couple of columns marked off the dim farther end of the room, and there walk up and down, smoking his everlasting cigarettes. Once Maidie saw Oriana cross the room to him. He acknowledged her approach by a beautiful bow, drew her arm without delay through his, and led her to view the stars from the window at the end of the next *sala*.

Maidie learned one day, by merest accident, that it was only since her coming the Count spent all his time like that away from the villa. The suspicion that had been thrust aside as too unpleasant to harbor resolved itself now into a certainty. Many things she had tried, for the comfort of her visit and for the cherished sake of romance, not to see, cast a confirming illumination upon it. . . .

She could have laughed, remembering how she had thought she was invited, in part at least, for her own delight,— a kind of glorious bridesmaid's fee,— and for the rest because she was merry and adaptable, and fitted to cheer the ennui of an admired beauty condemned to a year of sequestration.

She marveled, and was not a little touched, at Count Bosco's forbearance toward her— dreadful little intruder, imported for his vexation, added inmate of his house belonging to the insolent usurping race. And he preserved a demeanor of such faultless friendliness! From a sense of duty toward Oriana, she could not let him perceive that she felt her position; still less express the need to show him good will, that rose from her plight of standing in need of his forgiveness; least of all betray the fact that she took his side in this preposterous quarrel.

How would it end, the quarrel?

She would not be there to see. She had resolved to cut short her visit on some pretext still to invent.

But she was pledged not to leave before the Christmas tree.

She marveled further at the dignity that, in his simple — or was it deeply artful?— way, Count Bosco managed to preserve in a situation that certainly tended at times to make him appear a trifle ridiculous. One evening, in the oppression to her nerves of beholding this Paolo-Romeo used in a manner that mortified her for him, she became so reckless as openly to dash over into his camp. . . .

There were callers, countrymen of Oriana's. In the shortest time, all were speaking English. Bosco listened, often with a puzzled but always a particularly civil air; he understood the language partially, when it was spoken slowly. After a while he withdrew, as so often, to the end of the room, and fell into his habitual sentinel walk. Maidie rose and joined him. "Couldn't you understand what they were saying?" she asked. "You should practise your English with Oriana and me, instead of letting us practise our infamous French and Italian on you!"

She could not detect that he was in the least irritated, whereupon confusion overtook her. She was angry at herself for her impulse; but she could not turn at once to leave. She fell into step with him, and they walked up and down, side by side, the girl chatting all the more vivaciously for being so ill at ease.

He came to a standstill at the end of a turn, and, with his head slightly lowered, looked through his eyebrows at Oriana over in the lamplight. Maidie's eyes followed his. Oriana leaned back on a brocade sofa of delicate light tone, one marble arm, visible through the thin sleeve, propping her golden head. The outline of her tapering black figure stood out clearly against the pale background, its fullness and grace enhanced by the art of dress and of posture. One of the callers, seated at the other end of her sofa, tilted his head to look at her as if he studied a picture; the other, from his chair in front of her, leaned forward while talking, as if to catch a fragrance. Maidie heard the Count taking in breath. Stealing a quick, troubled glance, she received the impression, in spite of the dimness at their end of the room, that he was pale.

"Isn't she divine!" he murmured, and quieted Maidie's involuntary throb of alarm by revealing his white teeth in a smile and look that made her think of a singer about to launch forth in an ecstatic love-song.

She remembered the occasion when he had told her that Oriana's voice made him dizzy, and she said, with an idea of offering cheer, as well as defending her friend, who seemed to her at this moment for some undefined reason to need defending: "She is the most beautiful person I ever saw! But that is not the best of her. Though all has conspired to spoil her, she is not spoiled, at bottom. She is sincere, she is loyal. She wants her own way,— one must remember that she has been used all her life to getting it,— but she is not without a sense of justice, of bounds. It is her favorite affectation to pretend she has no heart. She would be surprised herself, probably, to discover how feeling her heart really is!" Maidie could hardly have told how she came to say all this, which she did not more than half believe; the words flowed forth as if by force of inspiration.

Count Bosco, with his head thrown back, was looking at his wife now through his lashes. He answered after a moment — and at his answer Maidie for the first time got an idea of the vast spaces dividing her, little Puritan, from this Latin. At the same time her heart quickened with a sense, full as lively, of the one same stuff folks are formed of, down beneath Latin and Puritan. That which makes the fitness of international marriages pressed upon her in the same moment as that which makes the objection to them. She felt herself lifted upon the lawless life-breath of the world.

"For each one of us," he said, with that simplicity which inclined one to hear with an equal simplicity his confidences of closely personal matters, "there is one person who holds for us the key to the garden of life — the earthly Paradise. That person may be all you say, sincere, loyal, just, warm-hearted. Or she may be capricious, cruel, and cold. What is there to be done, when she and no other has the key? . . . If she passes all bounds in unkindness, one can burst the chains" (he ingenuously made the gesture of bursting them), "one can even destroy the inhuman tyrant" (he made the gesture of firmly stabbing). "But to abandon all hope of the Paradise which she has the key to . . . if one could persuade her . . . ?" He left the sentence unfinished, suspended in the air; he closed with an undisguised sigh. And Maidie said to herself, as she watched him bending his gloomy, thirsty gaze upon the beauty, center of splendor in her circle of light, that he verily did not look the man to bring himself to it.

Pasqualina had so far made the necessary trips to the city to buy things for the tree. But when it came to the toys, Maidie wanted the fun of choosing them herself. Oriana went to town with her, for the drive's sake. She sat in the carriage while Maidie shopped. They went from door to door.

Maidie, issuing from a confectioner's, found Oriana peering into the parcels that had been left with her. The contents were cheap and humble, though all so gay in color — tin trumpets, soldiers, balls, dollies.

When Maidie next returned to the carriage, Oriana was not there. It was her turn to sit and wait. Oriana reappeared from a doorway down the street, followed by a shopkeeper bringing packages. Maidie laughed: her friend

had caught the fever, the good contagion, the Christmas spirit! In a fine outgoing of affection she gave Oriana's arm a jolly little squeeze. "Oh, what have you been getting? May I see?" Oriana indifferently granted permission. They were necklaces: corals and filigree and pearls, those small, uneven pearls the *popolo* wear. Maidie's cries of delight became a little forced, and her hand grew limp among the neat, gold-lettered boxes. "But, Oriana, these are so very grand; these will not be in keeping with the rest."

"Oh, yes, they will!" said Oriana.

Maidie looked at her and wondered, as she so often did about Oriana in these days.

In spite of this lavish buying, Oriana had not, as Maidie saw it, a truly Christmas face. But her laconic answer she promptly justified by buying surprising quantities of silver watches and chains for little boys. Maidie stopped altogether making purchases on her side, till she should have seen what Oriana meant to do further.

Oriana, in a splendid *crescendo* and *accelerando*, bought silk scarfs, silk handkerchiefs, silk aprons, silk dresses, wonderful ribbons, silver pencils, pearl pocket-knives, mechanical toys, Paris dolls, all that the shops afforded of most costly and alluring.

"But, Oriana," Maidie reminded her, "they are just little peasants!"

"All the more!" said Oriana.

The astonishing business could not be accomplished that day. Other such excursions followed. Maidie stood in involuntary admiration before the executive ability shown by Oriana in carrying out this whim. The tree already ordered was counter-ordered, while a tree, the largest that could be got into the *sala*, was sent for, to be cut down in the forest. Telegrams were despatched to Paris, telegrams to Germany; whatever was not on the spot that Oriana's ideal of a Christmas tree demanded was telegraphed for.

Maidie asked herself whether it were because she was selfish that she did not feel a more genuine joy over all this; whether she were vexed because her own plans and labors had so lightly been brushed aside. It seemed very likely; indeed, she had no doubt of it whatever; but there was more than that to the lack of enthusiasm with which she secretly regarded these preparations for a tree so different from hers and Pasqualina's and the old Contessa's.

When the housemaids and the lady's-maid and the butler, with a tall step-ladder, were helping to decorate the tree, Maidie took account of the fact that Pasqualina was not there. She had forefelt that this would be so. She shrank from seeking out the old woman to ask the reason.

In the covered court, all carpets and potted plants, they awaited their guests on Christmas eve. The company invited to help a little with the children, and enjoy the spectacle of their enjoyment, was small: there were, as on other years, the village doctor, his lady and daughters, the *parroco* and his old sister who kept house for him; there were a few foreigners, friends of Oriana's.

Oriana had dropped mourning to-night, for the sufficient reason that she felt like it. But it would have been difficult to find fault. She was in ethereal white, inwoven with dazzling silver. Her hair, to be in keeping, had dismissed its sober system of coils: it was piled up festally, loosely and airily. At the top of it, dainty crest of pride, there sparkled a delicate, dew-beaded, silvery flower.

Maidie gloried in the sight of her. A factor in the freedom of heart that suddenly fell upon her was the frank light of pleasure in Count Bosco's eyes. He was in a fine humor, and Maidie had so feared! . . . But his face expressed a quietly brooding satisfaction. It seemed to say, "That beautiful being over there is my wife. She is shining upon others, but I am not jealous. They will have to go by and by, and I shall stay!" He gazed over at her as if abstractedly while he talked with the doctor, but the core of his glance was as far as possible from being abstracted.

At a sound of distant singing the great house door opened upon the night. It grew, it grew in volume, the Christmas anthem chanted by childish voices. A Franciscan nun appeared first in the doorway, with the tallest of the children. The long procession filed in, tapering down to little figures of six, of five, of four. . . . Last came more Sisters and a handful of shyly smiling villagers. The doors closed on the empty wind and stars and rustling of trees. Maidie ran to take off little mufflers and caps and capes.

She came running back in girlish ecstasies. "Oh, look — look at them, Oriana! Wouldn't you think they had flocked here in the wake of the Pied Piper? Aren't they touching as kittens and puppies? Aren't you glad we are having it for them? Just look down that line! . . . Aren't they ducks? Aren't they pictures?"

Oriana obligingly ran her eye over them.

"I want you to notice that one," Maidie indicated, "that tiny man in the blue pinafore, the last and littlest, the baby of the party. Isn't he remarkable? One of the Sisters just

told me he has been used as a model in groups of the Holy Family."

"He looks like my little brother," Oriana dropped casually, turning away.

Maidie's heart smote her; she figuratively bit her infelicitous tongue. Her eyes naturally sought again the little face in question, and she made the reflection that, independently of any literal resemblance, a person would be very likely to think of a little departed brother as looking like that baby over there, with the something not altogether earthly about the sweetness of his eyes.

Other things almost at once took her thoughts off this incident — which was to relate itself afterward in memory with the singular outcome of the evening.

The children were all herded just outside the *sala* door. It swung on its hinges, slowly, and the Tree was revealed.

Maidie caught her breath. She, if any one, should have been prepared, but the effect of it lighted was beyond all she had expected. She felt the foolish tears coming. It was a glimpse of fairy-land. All other trees she had ever seen had been such as could be accounted for. This was a thing of magic; this was the most beautiful tree that had ever reared itself before the round eyes of children. Every bough was fringed with silver, glittering with crystal drops; the candles were pure white. It rose, behung from top to foot with painted and spangled, rare and desirable fruits, from — seemingly — a bank of purest snow.

A soft smothered chorus of ah's and oh's rose from little and big. Maidie surrendered and did homage to the genius of Oriana, author of this masterpiece.

She looked for the impression it produced upon the others. The faces shining in the soft, innumerable light of the Christmas candles expressed an emotion of hushed wonder, a pleasure almost solemn. There was no talking. Oriana herself broke the spell by leading the way into the room.

The children approached the tree timidly at first. The bank of white vanished; the bright heaps of things it had concealed came into sight: spotted horses, dolls, games, Noah's arks, — a dream-like profusion of treasures. The children, forgetting their shyness, pressed as close as they could, with their keepers zealously reminding them of manners.

The ladies made themselves gaily busy distributing. The portly *parroco* walked around the tree picking off satin bonbonnières, almond-paste pears and peaches, marchpane hearts, sugar angels, every manner of charming device. There were gifts for big and little; exclamations of utter incredulity greeted the lifting of box-covers.

The voices of the children rose louder and louder; a sweet, shrill, roaring chorus it was at last, which the quietly stepping, brown-robed Sisters went about trying to quell. Maidie, as she tiptoed to reach the higher branches, was laughing with the rest.

Oriana stood aloof, watching the stripping of the tree as if from a cool, distant height. She was engaged in conversation with the United States consul. She lifted a little crystal phial to her nostrils.

It was at seeing her do this that Maidie experienced the pang that first turned toward ebb the tide of unreasoning joy excited in her by the glitter and the noise. A moment later she caught sight of Pasqualina's face, as it fleetingly appeared in a doorway from which the servants were looking on. For a second she did not understand the expression on it, so out of keeping with the general scene — the flash of angry fire in the depths of the shadow-filled eye-sockets. With a shock she awoke to its significance, and the discomfort, the scattered fears of the days before came to a head.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she internally groaned, and her arms fell nerveless at her sides. Instinctively she looked around for Count Bosco. He was not in sight.

She moved a little apart, uncertain, and all took to her eyes the aspect of a moving picture. The doctor's daughters with slender poles unhitched coveted prizes from the lofty heights of the forest tree; the *parroco* smiled and nodded and patted little heads — the high lights on his face were bright as the candles. The doctor, with a tall extinguisher, snuffed a candle that had been flaring and guttering.

"Nobody notices!" Maidie said, almost in remonstrance. "Nobody is anything but glad of their presents and delighted at the brightness of the *festa*. . . . That is just it," she answered herself, with a sick sinking of the heart. "Nobody remembers! Swept away among dusty bygones, the old Christmases. Belittled, outfaced, extinguished, the frugal, friendly past, in the glare of this soulless debauch of giving! Gone and out of mind, the knitted rabbits and woolly wristers of kindness! A new reign has begun. The lesson is, how glorious above everything the wealth that scatters money as you would sow wheat!" Maidie pressed her hand to her forehead, and spoke in her heart, as if she hoped to turn away some hovering wrath: "Don't mind! We are poor human beings. . . . Forgive it! You have passed beyond all this!"

"Is it possible," she asked herself, looking

over at Oriana, "that she is just stupid? . . . No; this was intended, it was deliberate. All the same, she is stupid, bitterly stupid."

She again looked around for Bosco, and this time found him, quite near her. "Oh! . . ." She read the auguries in his face. "She has gone beyond the mark. Oh, there will have to be apology, there will have to be drink-offerings of blood!"

A whimsical remembrance of grand operas at home forced itself upon her fancy, and she gave a little convulsive laugh. There stood the great, expensive American prima donna, tricked out to look like a being of a different genus from the others occupying the same stage. And there, as a background and foil to her, stood the Italian chorus (the doctor's wife looked particularly Italian-chorus; she wore her clothes and carried her waist-band just as they do theirs). "And I am the insignificant contralto, the confidante," thought Maidie. And yonder was the undersized tenor, with all the dramatic possibilities of his Italian face. . . . She only wished the curtain might fall and she could go home and to sleep.

There was a perceptible lull. Maidie looked around for the reason. She saw the Sisters trying to obtain silence among the children. The voice of the priest was lifted in a little sermon. Maidie could not catch all of it, but she got the drift; she understood his injunction to the little ones to remember the occasion of these gifts, to regard them not solely for their worth, or human association, but as tokens and reminders of an eternal love! . . . Here Maidie's uneasiness reached its climax. "Oh," she thought, appalled by this new element entering into it, "His name has been taken in vain! Added to all the rest, there has been sacrilege!"

And there stood Oriana, quietly sniffing her little bottle, her head so lightly, loftily held, the silver flower trembling above it — quite ignorant, quite careless of the powers she was enlisting against her, insensible to danger, stupid, utterly stupid.

The wide double doors at the end of the *sala* parted and folded back: in a shower of light shone forth the supper-table. A frozen swan was throned in the center, in a vast nest of spun sugar. Around it loomed castles of cake, pyramids of comfits; creams frothed, jellies shook and glistened, golden custards floated islands of snow. Delicate breezes stirring about it scattered a riot of scents: almond, apricot, anise, vanilla, sugar, chocolate, wine! . . . Between Maidie's eyes and the groaning board, with its touch of Babel's insolence in splendor, there interposed, while she felt at her heart the clutch of pity and regret, the picture Pasqualina had drawn for her: the trays passed among the company, the glasses of pink syrup-and-water, the unpretending plates of pastry. . . .

"Something will avenge itself!" spoke the superstitious fear in her breast. And while she flitted about, doing her part, seeing to the wants of this and that child, the fantastic sense persisted that it would not be allowed to pass.

She was to remember this foreboding with curiosity, and to marvel at the manner of its fulfilment. For certainly the powers that were felt demanding satisfaction were hard to define, and what did happen was so simple, so apparently casual, she would have laid it to chance but for that feeling beforehand that something must happen. It turned out, happily, a mild and magnanimous vengeance, not unfit for a Christmas eve, and not unfit to be sanctioned by the genius of the old house as it accomplished itself upon the outsider beloved of its youngest son.

He stood, the son, with his hands behind his back, evidence that he was not joining in the general genial act of feeding. His face was pale, as white heat is pale; his nostril was strained, as if breathing were not quite the simplest of functions; his eyes were midnight without a star, still, intense. He looked to Maidie noble as could be — noble and to be feared when his justice and sense of his own man's-worth took back the scepter from his affections.

Oriana approached and with a smile half teasing held toward him a foaming glass. Hatefully trivial she looked to Maidie at that moment beside her husband, distressingly, oh, distressingly vulgar!

Bosco took a step backward, fixing her steadily in the eyes; he put up his hand, palm outward, in warding off, in refusal, turned, and walked away.

The Countess was left holding her extended glass. She stood a moment, statue-still, and Maidie never doubted but that she had understood. There was a faint tightening and fading in all Oriana's face; the hollow darkness widened in her inscrutable eyes.

"Oh," moaned Maidie, "how will she ever make it right? . . . Finished! . . . Thrown away, the key to the Garden of Life!"

"She cared, after all," thought Maidie, at the sudden silence falling over the whole person of the fair Oriana. The white-and-silver lady moved quietly to the table, set down the glass, and swept to the farther end of the room. She stood, admirably mistress of herself, talking with conspicuous animation to a man

of her own race, taller than she, blond like herself.

The company began drifting back to the cooler *sala*, where the darkened tree stood dreaming amid the odors of the forest itself exhaled. The children, bulging at every pocket, dressed in fanciful paper caps, were playing all over the room.

A voice spread, "It is time to go home!" A beginning was made of gathering the young ones together. Maidie had repaired to Oriana's side with the sisterly wish to be near her in her secret trouble — though Oriana looked as little as ever in her life in need of support.

The children, not without the exercise of considerable generalship, were got into line to come and make their adieux. At last quiet and obedience were imposed, and the procession moved. The oldest, as before, came first. A Sister instructed them in a loud whisper, when they reached the lady of the house, "Kiss the hand! Kiss the hand!"

Oriana looked around at the company with an effect of amusement, smiled, and let it happen. The children advanced in orderly succession, lifted the white hand to their lips, and passed on.

Maidie, absorbed in the faces coming into prominence one by one, as each child for a few seconds became the chief performer in the play, had been but dimly aware of a disturbance at the end of the line. There was a piping outcry, there were voices of hushing, exhortation, command. Maidie became attentive. She saw a little knot of figures looking down at something; there seemed to be urging forward, pulling back. Somebody asked, "What is the matter?" A whispered report came, "There is a child who refuses to come and kiss the hand!"

Meanwhile the line was drawing to an end. Smaller and smaller children went through the sweet and awful ordeal of kissing a hand so strange in their experience, pearl-white, pearl-smooth, odorous as violets, luminous about the finger-nails. And the little rebel had not yet been brought to reason. More and more adults joined the group urging and arguing; a gruff bass scolded in an undertone, a treble promised punishment, a baby voice talked back, baby fashion, with a single simple word. There was a sudden protesting scream. Maidie came running back to Oriana, half weeping. "Oh, Oriana, do put a stop to it! They are shaking him. They have slapped his little hand. It's that baby, the beautiful one who poses for Holy Families. He is so little . . . "

"What's that he's saying?" asked Oriana, whose ear was caught by the word *"Brutta! Brutta!"* said over and over again by the recalcitrant vassal.

"All that means is that he's afraid," said Maidie quickly. "It's his baby explanation of an objection he can't reason out. How shouldn't he be afraid? Think of the brown bosom and arms, and the old, soft, faded things of the comfortable peasant-woman he is used to kissing — and of yourself as you appear to him, unnaturally, weirdly white, probably snow-cold to the touch, all flaming with sharp silver swords. . . . Oh, he has screamed again! They have hurt him. . . . Do go and stop that revolting scene!"

"Brutta! Brutta!" persisted the little voice, which, having the carrying quality of children's voices, was heard, in spite of assiduous hushing, at the farthest corner of the room.

Now the effect of it was very curious. Nothing obviously could be more ludicrous than to call that glorious creature *brutta*, which, being interpreted, is "ugly." And a moment before all had been under the spell of the obvious, which demands that a person be grateful to the donor whose gift he has just joyously pocketed. And yet — alas for human nature! — the looks exchanged over this situation mingled with surprise and remonstrance an undeniable point of satisfaction. The scent-bottle had not passed unnoticed. Nor had certain other things. Nor, as a matter of fact, had anything whatever. But reflections upon it all had naturally not been to the fore while the good people were eating portions of the swan and drinking the excellent champagne. Now the private opinion of the Italian chorus stood written large and plain on the simple face of the doctor's wife, who had no notion of Maidie's eyes fastened on her from afar. It smiled unctuously. She nodded charmed corroboration at every recurrence of the word *brutta*, even as one unconsciously keeps time to music. Maidie, who in the course of the evening had suffered much through Oriana, was now suffering as deeply for her. She wondered whether her friend felt, too, what was suddenly so palpably in the air. . . . But how could one ever tell about Oriana?

With her firm, queenly carriage she was crossing the room toward the small offender. At her approach the group melted away from him; he was left standing alone in the middle of the floor. As she bore down upon him it was half expected he would scamper off to some imagined haven of safety. But he awaited her with the calm of petrifaction.

He was a beautiful little fellow, ivory white among his brown brothers. To a pair of serious sapphire eyes he owed without doubt the distinction of being used as a model for the Blessed Bambino. He fixed those upon Oriana, and

moved no more than a small bird hypnotized by a great one. While all were wondering what form discipline would take, Oriana lifted his light body easily from the floor, and held him in her strong arms out before her, so that their eyes came on a level. The child hung from her iron hands without a tremor of resistance, their eyes looked each into the other's unwinkingly.

This exchange lasted perhaps half a minute. Around them reigned the silence of unaffected interest. Slowly Oriana lowered the child, set him on his feet, and, bending down, said in her deepest, warmest, most persuasive voice, "Now you are going to give me a kiss." She brought her cheek within reach of his lips, and sent a smile of gentlest invitation irradiating her face.

But he continued gazing with his wide, direct, steadfast, uncannily thoughtful look, and made no motion to obey.

Now Oriana knew she must not coax, with this rabble by to mock secretly if her wiles proved vain. Her tactics must be few and successful, or she would be ridiculous. With a pretty effect of folding herself up, she bent at waist and knee; the straight white tower crumbled at the child's feet. Again their faces were on a level, her eyes plunged into the mysterious blue meres of his. Kneeling, she wooed him silently with her face. But he gave no sign of changing his mind.

A whisper ran that the *innocente* was too scared to stir or understand anything. A murmur followed, "Little like that, and already so headstrong!" But to some these seemed shallow sayings. It was hardly terror his little person expressed, or obstinacy. It was more as if, knowing by the token of this courting that he was recognized as a potentate, he debated within his unfathomable blue eyes whether it were well, or not, to grant his favor to a suppliant of whose deserts he was so far from sure. Oriana, without taking her eyes from his, loosened the silver flower of rare and precious workmanship, fit treasure to offer a little king. She held it toward him with a smile that was just a shade pitiful, because, fantastical as it seemed, really so much depended — as she suddenly knew — upon his taking her offering.

There was a moment's suspense for everybody. He did not reach for the shimmering toy. Oriana's hand dropped slowly, the flower dropped from it.

She remained in doubt for a minute. She remembered other child-eyes that she had known very well, of which these brought back somewhat the sense, and with it the sense of a whole world she had long lost touch with. She knew from old practice a method by which a child can be prevailed upon when all else fails. It was her last throw, and she put into it all her art. She made herself as small and forlorn-looking as she could. She dropped her face in her hands with a whimper and catching of breath, and appeared to weep. This comedy had always brought that other child to terms.

She surely was a touching, a disarming vision like that, shorn of her height, her pride, her silver flower; in the attitude of a penitent; with her beautiful neck bowed, her beautiful shoulders, the world's wonder, shaken with sighs. It was comedy, of course, but the suggestions of comedy have power upon man's heart. . . .

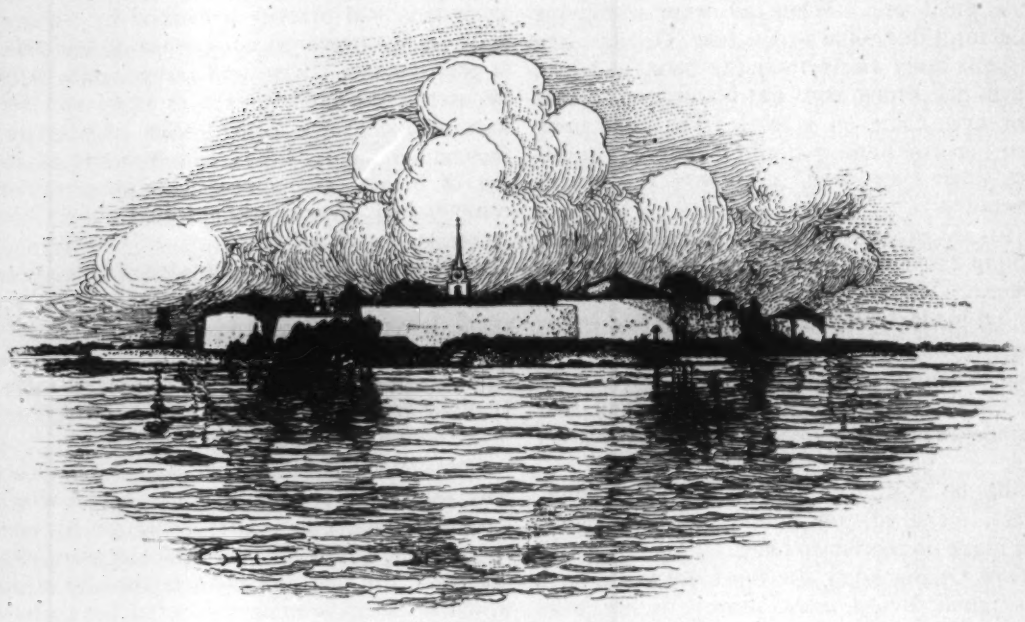
The child considered her very attentively with those blue eyes, wise and innocent, which looked singularly as if they could see through fraud. She could not tell how she were succeeding. But she had not felt the stir of air which would have informed her of the lightest motion toward her.

She did not know how she could lift her head, declare the game at an end, take her defeat and pretend to make light of it. She was not used to defeat. She had time for an impulse of loathing toward the malice that had lured her into this trap and made a baby her judge; she had time, while she waited like that with her face blinded, for a deep distaste of life; time for perceptions and memories inducing an utter weariness of her dreadful self. . . . She had clumsily spoiled her life, and on top of that this public humiliation . . .

There fell upon her tension the slight, shuffling, prosaic noise of shoe-soles hastening over the stone floor. She stole a quick glance between her fingers. The child looked up at some one with a face that asked, "It looks as if she cried, but would you trust her?"

Bosco, who was never afraid of looking absurd, dropped sitting on his heels, and putting his arm around the child, said caressingly, yet peremptorily, "Kiss her, *nino*, kiss her immediately. Don't you see that she is weeping?"

Oriana, to her immense surprise, felt real tears then warmly rushing to her eyes. They welled up from those deeper depths, no doubt, that Maidie's faith had divined. She uncovered her face, and with a groping look for her rescuer — a look too difficult to analyze, let it suffice that the light sprang in his to meet it — held out her hands to the baby. And the baby, satisfied that her tears were real,— so she was not *brutta* any more, no one who weeps is *brutta*,— tendered his little face graciously for the kiss.



THE SCHLUESSELBURG FORTRESS
DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

THE SECRETS OF THE SCHLUESSELBURG

CHAPTERS FROM THE SECRET HISTORY OF RUSSIA'S MOST TERRIBLE POLITICAL PRISON

BY DAVID SOSKICE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY MISS CATHER

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

ON the night of the 23d of June, five months ago, the Russian colony of London met at South Place Institute, Finsbury, to welcome Mme. Vera Nikolaevna Figner, who must be regarded as the heroine of the following narrative. The hall was crowded with Russian exiles of every degree, and on the platform, among the revolutionary leaders, sat several of Mme. Figner's old comrades of the party of "the People's Will."

When Mme. Figner entered on the arm of the Chairman, the house rose and broke into cheers. We saw a small, slender woman, who wore a white evening gown and carried a bunch of flowers. After twenty-two years in a cell, deprived of even the meanest accessories to bodily well-being, and weeks in the "black hole," with not even a blanket between her and the damp stone floor, she looked but little older than other women of her years. It was only when her face was in complete repose, and after the flush of excitement had left it, that one saw there the marks of terrible suffering.

In introducing Mme. Figner, M. Volkovsky said, in brief:

"The English Government is at this time preparing to welcome to this country the Tsar,

Nicholas II., as the representative of the great Russian people. But we, and many thousands of our brothers, refuse to recognize in the author of Bloody Sunday a representative of our fatherland. We have with us to-night, in Vera Nikolaevna, Mme. Figner, a true representative of the Russian people; for she has in her own person known all its sorrows and all its aspirations."

Prince Kropotkin and Dr. David Soskice, author of the following article, addressed the audience in English, and Mme. Figner herself made a long speech in Russian. Her address was a purely political one. She said very little about her own imprisonment, and only once or twice did the English listener catch the ominous word, "Schluesselburga." Mme. Figner used no notes, and spoke entirely without excitement, seldom unclasping her gloved hands. The shrill night-noises of a crowded London quarter which came in through the open windows did not perceptibly disturb her — a remarkable instance of her self-control, when one remembers how much she still suffers from sudden or unexpected sounds. After hearing Mme. Figner speak, it is easy to believe that her brother is one of the greatest singers in Russia. Her own voice is one of marvelous resonance and power, beautifully modulated in spite of the fact that it was mute for so many years.

Although Prince Kropotkin translated the substance of her speech, Mme. Figner had intended to make a second address in English, but was too tired to do so. She studied English and Italian grammars in prison, memorizing a large vocabulary in both languages. Arriving in London at the age of fifty-eight, and never having spoken the tongue, she was able in three weeks to converse in English with considerable fluency, and is rapidly perfecting herself in the language, as she contemplates coming to America. It is easy to understand why, when the Tsar at last ordered her release from the Schluesselburg, Plehve said: "There is still too much life left in her."—W. S. C.

I

IN the middle of the River Neva, where it flows out of Lake Ladoga, there lies a tiny island, surrounded on three sides by the mighty, turbulent waters of the river, and hemmed in upon the fourth by the cold and stormy lake. Upon this island stands a very ancient fortress, inclosed by high walls more than twenty feet in thickness. This is the Fortress of Schluesselburg. Day and night, sentinels relieved every two hours pace around the top of these walls, keeping a vigilant lookout on every hand. No one from within the fortress, not even the soldiers or gendarmes, is allowed to communicate with the people who dwell upon the banks of the river. If an unwary fisherman chances to drift in his boat too near to the walls of the fortress, he is greeted by the shout of a sentinel, aiming his rifle:

"Away! Or I shoot!"

Not even the Dead Sea in the deserts of Asia is so utterly isolated and cut off from the living world as is this Fortress of Schluesselburg, which lies within forty miles of St. Petersburg.

They are very ancient, the high walls of the fortress. In many places they are cracked from old age, and in the cracks little trees have taken root. The lower part of the walls has gradually become covered with thick dark moss, just as the face of a very aged man becomes covered all over with hair. They look sullen and ominously silent, as if they hid dark and gruesome secrets. And, in truth, in the whole world there are no other walls that have witnessed so many and such terrible human tragedies as those of the Fortress of Schluesselburg. Since, two centuries ago, it passed from the hands of the Swedes into those of the Tsars, it has played a part in the darkest deeds of the Russian Emperors. Each new sovereign has interred within its narrow cells all those whom he found distasteful or considered embarrassing to him.

Peter the Great in 1698 grew tired of his wife, Evdokia Lopukhina, and to get rid of her he forced her, a beautiful woman of twenty-five, to enter a convent. The unhappy young Tsarina was not even allowed to take an attendant with her. In the flower of her beauty and youth, she was compelled to live the life of a working nun, without a ray of hope or consolation, while her husband took to himself another wife, who became the Empress Catherine I. Every nerve of the young deposed Tsarina protested against the outrage to her womanhood; and when, some years later, a young general, Gleboff, was ordered to inspect the convent, and betrayed some compassion for the deposed Tsarina, she speedily became enamoured of him. He returned her passion, but when rumors of their romance reached the ears of the Emperor, Peter, the most liberal and clever of the Russian sovereigns, promptly had Gleboff impaled upon a wooden stake, while Evdokia, at the instance of the Empress Catherine, was immured in the Fortress of Schluesselburg. There she was kept in a stone tower, known to this day as the "Tsarina's Bower," in which she subsequently died.

Underneath the same "Tsarina's Bower," some years later, the Emperor Johann Antonovich passed his joyless days. In the history of mankind there is hardly an instance comparable to the life of that unhappy Emperor. When a baby of only two months he was proclaimed "Tsar of all the Russias"; but less than a year later, in 1740, while still a child at the breast, he was deposed by Elizabeth Petrovna, the daughter of Peter I. She appropriated the crown herself, and exiled the deposed baby Emperor to the polar regions. When he reached the age of four years, the Empress, fearing in him a future avenger, caused him to be confined in a far distant northern prison. But in 1756, when the boy was in his sixteenth year, he was secretly, in the dead of night, carried away from his prison and confined in an underground cell of the Schluesselburg, underneath the tower in which the Tsarina Evdokia had met her tragic fate. The mystery with which his interment in the Schluesselburg was surrounded was so great that even the commandant of the fortress was not supposed to suspect his identity. He was referred to simply as "the said prisoner." Nobody was allowed to visit him, and his guards were forbidden to speak to him. Only three officers knew who he was, and they had strict orders from the ruling Empress to kill him immediately, should any attempt be made to release him.

After the death of the Empress Elizabeth, Peter III. visited the prisoner in the Schluesselburg, and expressed his intention of liberating him. But Peter's wife, the future Empress Catherine the Great, soon deposed her husband and prepared for him apartments in the Schluesselburg. He never occupied them, however, for the reason that two of Catherine's favorites strangled him, in the hope of gaining the good graces of the Empress. This happened on the 17th of July, 1762, and two years later the unhappy Emperor Johann was stabbed to death by his guards during an attempt that was made to release him. So ended the life of this man who had been proclaimed Emperor but had literally never made one step outside his prison walls during the whole of his existence.

The Schluesselburg, however, was not reserved for royalty and persons of exalted rank. Many persons of less importance found a grave within the fortress. As an example I will give the fate of Krugly, who had dared to dissent from the Orthodox Church. He was brought to the Schluesselburg with heavy irons upon his feet and arms. The commandant of the fortress was ordered "to put the prisoner in a cell near which nobody should ever pass, and immediately to brick up the doors and windows of that cell, leaving only one small wicket through which each day a portion of bread and water should be passed; to attach to the cell a strong and watchful guard, and strictly to order those guards that nobody be allowed to approach the little wicket." The guards were forbidden, under pain of "severest tortures," to speak to the prisoner in any circumstances or for any reason whatsoever.

Krugly was interred in this "issueless" cell on October 21, 1745. When all the egresses of his cell were blocked, his future in the stone coffin seemed so hideous to Krugly that he resolved to put an end to his life. The only way to do so was by starvation, and Krugly began from the very first day to starve himself. The guards, following their orders, placed the bread and water daily through the wicket; but the prisoner took only the water and left the bread. Thirteen days passed in this manner. On the fourteenth Krugly ceased to take the water. During the following week the guards heard no sound whatever from the prisoner. The little wicket in the thick wall was not large enough to enable them to see into the interior of the cell. At last, on November 12, the commandant of the fortress, Bokhin, reported to the Government that "the chained prisoner takes no bread and no water, and nothing is heard of him." He therefore asked permission to break through the wall of the cell and to examine the prisoner. Five days later he received the permission. His next report ran as follows:

"Upon investigation, the prisoner was found to be dead. His body has been buried within the fortress."

The chronicles of the eighteenth century tell us of many other persons incarcerated in the Schluesselburg, among whom was the noble-hearted publisher Novikoff, who was thrown into the fortress and kept there for fifteen years by the "liberal-minded" Catherine II.

The nineteenth century, however, was that in which the Schluesselburg won its fame in Russian history. Not only grown persons but mere children of sixteen and seventeen were cast to rot within its damp, dark cells.

In the cell in which the Emperor Johann had perished, the great Polish patriot, Valerian Lukasinsky, was kept for thirty-seven years. He was arrested in 1822 for the crime of organizing a Pan-Polish Secret Society, in order to unite the three dissected parts of Poland. Till 1831 he was imprisoned in a Polish fortress, but, as it was known that a certain Grand Duke was also implicated in his plot, it was found expedient for diplomatic reasons to transfer him to

the Schluesselburg, that "he should be kept there in secret, so that his name and origin should be known to the commandant of the fortress alone." And the secret was kept so well that in 1850 the Chief of Gendarmes applied to the War Minister for information concerning the identity and crime of that "old Pole lying in the Schluesselburg."

When the Emperor Alexander II. ascended the throne, a niece of Lukasinsky begged the Tsar to allow her to visit her uncle; but this was refused her. In 1861 the commandant of the Schluesselburg reported to the Emperor that "the seventy-five-year-old Lukasinsky has nearly lost his sight and hearing, and is suffering from gall-stones, but nevertheless is still lying in an underground cell," and he begged that his lot might be alleviated. Alexander II. permitted him to be placed in a lighter cell, and to take a walk from time to time within the walls of the fortress. But another demand to see him on the part of Lukasinsky's relatives was again refused. Lukasinsky died in 1868, at the age of eighty-two, after an uninterrupted imprisonment of forty-six years. This is a unique example of a mighty constitution which, reduced to the life of a mole, could resist insanity and death for so long.

In 1869 the Schluesselburg Fortress was discarded as a political prison; but not for long. Fifteen years later a new building with forty cells for political prisoners was built, and a new chapter of horrors was opened in the history of the prison.

This chapter I will set down here as it has been related to me by the few survivors whom the revolution of 1905 released from their living death in the fortress.

II

In the silence of the night of August 2, 1884, a ship of a peculiar and mysterious type was towed by a small steamer to the little landing-stage outside the Fortress SS. Peter and Paul, the Bastille of St. Petersburg. The capital lay motionless, asleep. Only the sentinels on the walls of the fortress paced backward and forward between the cannons which point so grimly across the river at the Palace of the Tsars. On the opposite side of the Neva other sentinels kept vigilant watch upon the vast roofs of the blood-colored Winter Palace. The ship seemed like a connecting link between the two immense buildings. It was gray in color and in shape like a pauper's coffin. In its wooden sides were several tiny port-holes which, by day, let some meager rays of light into its dark interior. The strong iron gratings fixed across these holes added to the sinister aspect of the vessel.

Within the fortress there was an unaccustomed stir, and strange sounds broke the usual deathlike stillness. Soldiers carrying an anvil, instruments, and a heap of chains, headed by Sokolof, the governor of the prison, went from cell to cell and fastened irons upon the feet of the political prisoners.

Another batch of soldiers visited the cells soon after the first had left them; and the prisoners, one after another, were handcuffed also. Shortly afterward, on the same night, the doors of the cells opened once more with their gloomy clang, and the prisoners were taken out of the building and carried away to the mysterious vessel.

When ten prisoners were safe under lock and key, the little steamer, feebly sounding her whistle, moved away, towing the heavy vessel up the current of the Neva. The river was still sleeping, and no other craft were encountered by this silent and mysterious procession. Hour after hour passed away. At last the ship reached its destination. The "Tsar's Gates" of the Schluesselburg Fortress opened wide, like the jaws of a monster, and swallowed its victims, one after another, most of them forever.

Two nights later the same evil-looking barge was again waiting at the gates of SS. Peter and Paul, and eleven more prisoners were carried away to the Schluesselburg. This first group of twenty-one had been selected as the most dangerous among the Russian political prisoners. From various towns in Russia and from the convict mines in the remotest parts of Siberia they had been concentrated in the Fortress of SS. Peter and Paul, thence to be transferred to the Schluesselburg, in the ship especially constructed for the purpose.

In several cases their journeys back to St. Petersburg from their place of imprisonment or exile had been attended with remarkable incidents. Schedrin, for instance, had been condemned to hard labor in the convict mines of Siberia, and for an attempt to escape from there had been sentenced to be chained to a heavy wheelbarrow. When the order came for his transfer from Siberia to St. Petersburg, no conveyance could be found large enough to contain him, the wheelbarrow, and the convoy of gendarmes. Yet, as the wheelbarrow had become a part of the prisoner, the gendarmes were afraid to leave it behind. It was therefore decided to place Schedrin with his convoy in one cart and the wheelbarrow behind in another. For several months, day and night, Schedrin and the gendarmes galloped through

Siberia upon a troika (a three-horsed cart or sledge), while another sped behind them, upon which the wheelbarrow reposed — causing the deepest amazement among the peasants in the villages through which they passed. Upon the arrival of the prisoner in SS. Peter and Paul he was once again chained to the barrow, and only after he had been six weeks in the Schluesselburg was he finally detached from it and given freedom of movement within the narrow confines of his cell.

"When they unchained me," said Schedrin subsequently, "I could not get enough movement. I wanted to run and run, and it seemed to me that I could never stop. How strange it is that men who can enjoy perfect freedom of movement never realize the wonderful happiness that is theirs!"

All the new inmates of the Schluesselburg had previously undergone long terms of imprisonment. Dolgushin, for instance, having been in prison since 1873, had undergone eleven years of imprisonment before being transferred to the Schluesselburg; Myshkin had undergone nine years; Minakov and six others had spent five years in prison; and the remainder from two to three years. The health of all was severely shaken. Some of them were suffering from scurvy or consumption, while others were bordering on insanity. They were the survivors, many of their friends having perished already in the Fortress of SS. Peter and Paul, where they had all been kept for some time, amid terrible conditions, before their removal to the Schluesselburg.

The régime and the aspect of the new prison had been most carefully thought out and planned, being, as the ministers visiting the Schluesselburg repeatedly declared to the prisoners, intended to demonstrate to them that it was destined to be their grave. The cells were constructed in such a manner as constantly to remind the prisoners of a tomb. The stone floors were painted black and the walls dark gray. The window-panes were opaque, so that no ray of sun ever penetrated within the cells, and no trace of color from without could be caught by the prisoners. The iron bedstead was turned up by day and chained against the wall, and only a little stool, also fastened in its place, allowed the prisoners an occasional rest from the incessant stride backward and forward across the floor of the cell.

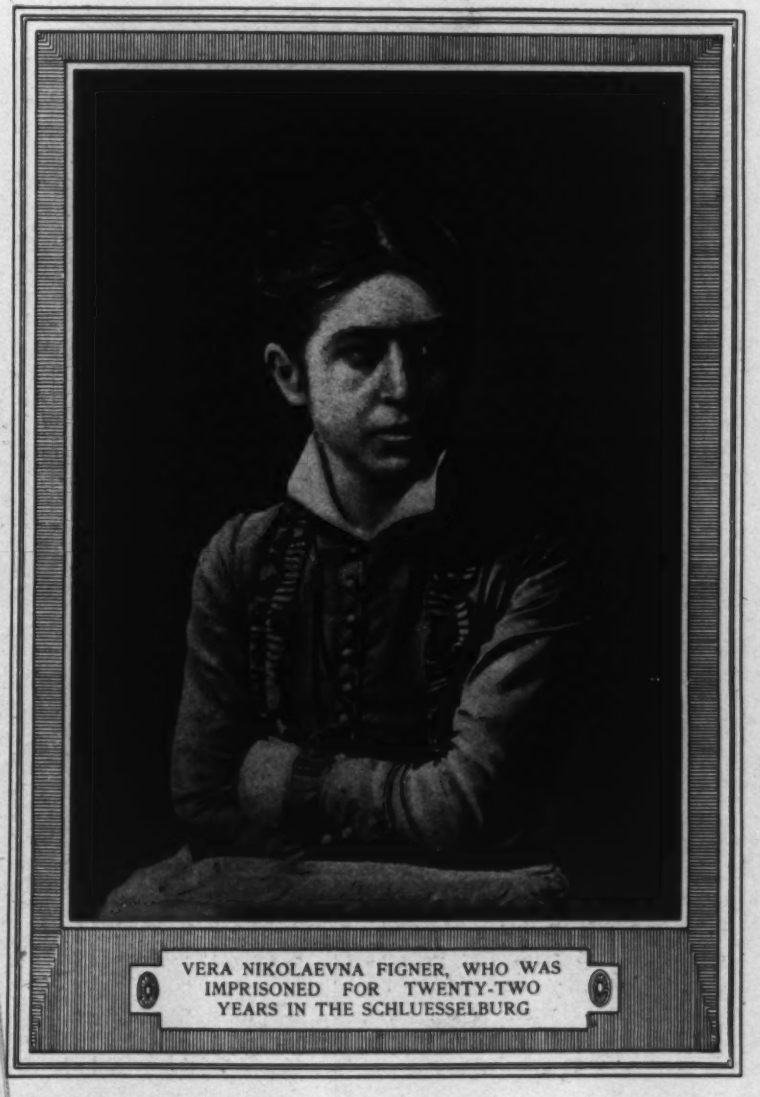
This pacing back and forth was, in fact, the only diversion permitted to the prisoners. No books were given to them except the Bible, which they had already learned from cover to cover in the Fortress of SS. Peter and Paul; no work for their hands, no color for their eyes, no sound for their ears. Cut off from the living world, buried in the black stone cells, clothed in the dingy prison garb, with one sleeve black, the other yellow, they strode to and fro from corner to corner of their cage. Their food was abominable: bread, half raw, made of rotten flour; and a plate of hot water in which floated a few shreds of meat or the traces of an onion.

At night, when the beds were let down, their racked nerves drove sleep away. Every few minutes their abnormally sharpened hearing distinguished cautious steps in the corridor approaching the door, and the removal of the flap from the spy-glass, through which the hated eye of the gendarme met their fevered gaze. This spy-glass irritated them to a degree incomprehensible to people living under normal conditions. Schedrin, the prisoner of the wheelbarrow, soon became completely insane. He imagined that the gendarmes had made it their object to "sap out his brains," for which purpose they constantly peeped at him through the spy-glass. Then he began to imagine that one half of his head had already shrunk away, but that the other half and one eye still remained to him, and that he must preserve it at all price by concealing it from the view of the gendarmes.

Schedrin's terrible shrieks resounded at night throughout the prison, bringing the other prisoners to a state bordering on delirium. The governor of the prison, Sokolov (he was named "Herod" because of his brutality and cruelty), punished the unhappy madman for his cries and insubordination. The guards, rushing into his cell, overpowered him, and, thrusting a gag into his mouth, bound him in a strait-waistcoat upon his bed. For seven years the authorities refused to alter the conditions of his life. And only in 1891, when his madness had turned into apathetic idiocy, did they cease to restrain him. For five years more, however, he was kept in his cell, and only in 1896 was removed to a lunatic asylum.

Life under such conditions became more and more unbearable. Being prevented from speaking, the prisoners endeavored to communicate with one another by raps upon the wall, during the intervals when the spy-glass was covered. They were thus able to interchange a few ideas. But "Herod," obeying superior orders, strove to preserve the system of absolute isolation, and when a prisoner was caught knocking upon his wall he was treated in the same manner in which Schedrin had been for his disturbances. The slightest noise in the prison resounded with tenfold force because of the absolute stillness,

and the sound of the ill-treatment of one of the prisoners brought the others to a state of exasperation. To protest against the outrage upon one of their number, they filled the prison with the sound of shrieks and blows upon the doors of their cells. As a result they were, one after another, severely ill-treated, gagged, and bound.



VERA NIKOLAEVNA FIGNER, WHO WAS IMPRISONED FOR TWENTY-TWO YEARS IN THE SCHLUESSELBURG

During the first three months of their incarceration many of the prisoners came to the conclusion that they had been reprieved from hanging only to be submitted to a slower and more terrible death. They decided to protest against this by the only means within their power. Immediately after their arrival at the Schluesselburg the regulations of the fortress had been brought to them to read. In these it was set forth that any offense offered to the authorities was punishable by death. Minakov, who had passed five years in a solitary cell before being brought to the Schluesselburg, decided to starve himself unless he were allowed to have books and intercourse with his fellow prisoners. When, after several days of voluntary starvation, his strength gave out, the doctor was brought into his cell to feed him artificially. Minakov struck the doctor, demanding execution according to the regulations. A few days later he was tried by court martial and condemned to death.

It was proposed to him by the governor that he should write an appeal for mercy to the Tsar; but he rejected the proposition. On the day of his execution he asked permission to write a letter to his parents, but permission was refused him. Then the other prisoners heard the measured steps of the convoy in the

MME. VERA FIGNER IN HER YOUTH

corridor, and they listened to what followed with strained attention. The convoy entered Minakov's cell, and the voice of "Herod" was heard: "No need for the coat. Give him the cap." Then Minakov's voice was raised. "Good-by, brothers," he cried. "I am going to be shot." And a few minutes later the sound of a volley in the courtyard reached the ears of the prisoners.

A few days after this another prisoner, Klimenko, hanged himself in his cell, and shortly after, on Christmas day, the prison silence was suddenly broken by the sound of a tin plate dashed against the wall. Then followed the sound of hurried feet, and a loud cry from the famous prisoner, Myshkin:

"I demand execution!"

The listeners were frozen with horror. They understood that Myshkin had thrown his plate at "Herod" in order to be court-martialed.

Myshkin was tried, condemned, and shot.

Myshkin was a man of wonderful eloquence and lofty mind. In 1875 he journeyed to eastern Siberia, disguised as an officer, in order to arrange the escape of the great Russian economist, Chernyshevsky, who had been imprisoned in Siberia since 1863, alone, in a prison especially built for him. Myshkin was recognized, arrested, and brought to St. Petersburg. After three years of solitary confinement, he was tried, and in his defense pronounced a speech of such force and inspiration, from beginning to end so scathing an indictment against the methods of the Russian Government, that it became famous over all Russia. For this speech he was condemned to ten years' penal servitude in Siberia. On his way thither, one of his fellow prisoners died, and Myshkin at his funeral made another speech.

"Upon the soil that is fertilized by such blood as thine, beloved comrade," he said, "will spring up and blossom the tree of Russian Freedom."

For these words his term was prolonged, by administrative order (without trial), to twenty-five years. He subsequently succeeded in escaping from the convict mines, and safely reached Vladivostok (a distance of two thousand miles), where he hoped to find an English or a Japanese steamer. But the police, who had been warned by wire of his arrival, arrested him and conveyed him back to St. Petersburg for life-long imprisonment in the Schluesselburg. These two speeches were Myshkin's only crime; and for these crimes a life which would have been glorious in any other country ended in an unknown grave beneath the walls of the Schluesselburg.

MME. VERA FIGNER AT ABOUT TWENTY-NINE YEARS OF AGE, JUST BEFORE HER LONG IMPRISONMENT

MME. VERA FIGNER AND HER SISTERS (MME. FIGNER STANDING)

Minakov, who was executed before Myshkin, had an even smaller record of crime than Myshkin. He had wished to teach socialism to the workmen, and, though himself of a rich family, he left the University and entered a factory in Odessa as a simple workman. An agent-provocateur who affected a great friendship for him denounced him, and Minakov was court-martialed and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. While in Siberia he joined Myshkin in his attempt to escape, but was caught and sent to the Schluesselburg. He was executed five weeks after his arrival.

III

Meanwhile the sinister barge resumed its journeys between the two fortresses. On a cold, bright October night in 1884, the little police-steamer again towed the barge to the landing-stage of SS. Peter and Paul. The unusual stir was again noticeable within the walls of the fortress. The huge oak doors of one of the cells opened, and an old gray-headed guard approached the iron bedstead. He bent down toward the sleeping prisoner with a strange expression of pity and restraint. The prisoner was a young and beautiful woman. She lay beneath the ragged convict blanket upon some coarse sacking, covering some rotten straw, and her loose black curls streamed over a pillow of the same coarse substance. In spite of the cold and the extreme discomfort of her bed, youth had conquered, and the young Ludmilla Volkenstein slept so soundly that the harsh grating of the key in the lock and the footsteps of the approaching guard had not awakened her.

The old man touched her gently on the shoulder, and she started from her sleep, opening her large dark eyes in bewilderment.

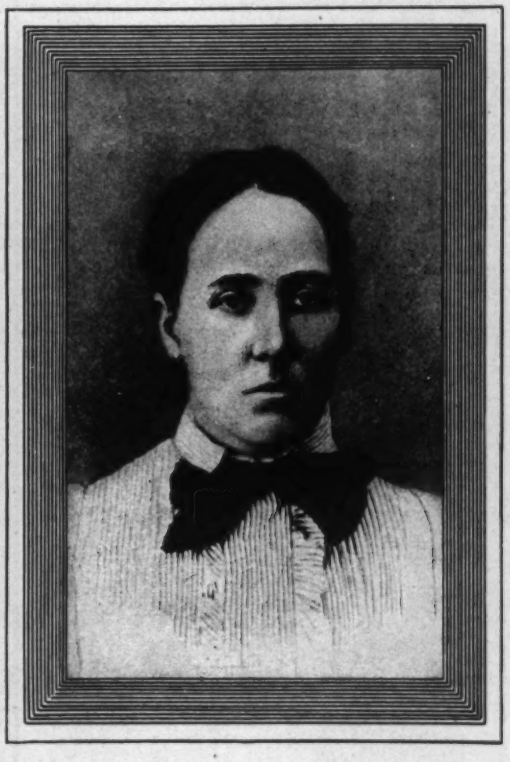
"What has happened!" she exclaimed; but, on seeing the old gendarme, the only one of her jailers who treated her kindly, she grew calm.

"Nothing has happened," he said; "but they are going to take you away from here. You must get up and dress."

The girl began to tremble with delight.

"Where am I going, Little Grandfather?" she asked him eagerly. She always gave him that name because of his kindly old face and his gentle treatment of her.

MME. FIGNER AS SHE IS AT PRESENT
SHE HAS BEEN OUT OF PRISON FOUR YEARS



LUDMILLA VOLKENSTEIN
SHOT BY SOLDIERS AT VLADIVOSTOK

"I don't know," he answered. "But get up, and I will bring you some clothes."

He brought her own underlinen and dress, and left the cell.

"I could hardly see the clothes for my joy," she says in her reminiscences, which were found twenty-five years later, after her death.

"I was going away . . . my own clothes . . . that meant a journey. . . . To Moscow? . . . to Siberia? . . .

"I was hardly dressed, when a huge sheepskin and a pair of felt top-boots were thrust into my cell. I was so agitated that I could not get my feet into the boots, and the 'Little Grandfather' put them on for me. I thanked him warmly for his disinterested kindness. Though the service was small, it meant a great deal to me, because the other guards had all become completely brutalized. When I put on the sheepskin, my arms suddenly disappeared, because the sleeves hung down half a yard below my finger-tips, so the 'Little Grandfather' was obliged to fasten the belt around my waist."

The youthful prisoner felt happy because she hoped that now she would see her mother and her little son again.

Only a few days before this young woman had been condemned to death in the famous trial of fourteen prisoners, of which the central figure had been another woman, also young — Vera Figner. Mme. Volkenstein had never been a revolutionary leader, and in the charges brought against her there was not one that would be considered criminal in any free country. She was accused of being a member of the revolutionary party, "the People's Will," and this she proudly admitted, while refusing to defend her case. She was the daughter of a Russian nobleman, and finished her studies brilliantly in Kieff, the central town of poetical Little Russia. The girl had a kind and noble heart, and when sixteen years of age she resolved to devote herself as a nurse to alleviating the sufferings of the peasantry.

She married early a doctor of medicine, who sympathized with her ideas, and they lived together happily with their little son until the police and spies began to make her life and work among the peasants an impossibility. She detested violence of any kind; but after several years of hopeless attempt to help the people by peaceful methods she finally threw in her lot with the party of active struggle against the government, "the People's Will."

MME. FIGNER, AFTER TWENTY-TWO YEARS IN THE SCHLUESSELBURG, ON HER WAY FROM HER EXILE IN ARCTIC RUSSIA TO CONFINEMENT ON HER OWN ESTATES IN THE KAZAN PROVINCE. SHE WAS AT THIS TIME ABOUT FIFTY-THREE YEARS OF AGE

Drawn by George Tobin, from a photograph

MICHAEL NOVORUSSKY
ONE OF THE PRISONERS OF THE SCHLUESSELBURG, IN PRISON GARB

Her husband refused to follow her along this path, and so she was obliged to leave her family. Before many months she was arrested, together with Vera Figner, upon the denunciation of a traitor. The Government, irritated by her proud courage and fearless bearing, ordered the judges to condemn her to death, together with Vera Figner and six men, of whom five were military officers.

During the trial Mme. Volkenstein was allowed to see her mother and her little son, to console the former and to caress the latter. But immediately after the sentence she was taken back to the fortress and clothed in the most loathsome convict rags of the ordinary criminal type. Soap and a comb were refused her, and this impossibility of keeping herself clean and tidy was, she says, to her, a woman, more difficult to bear than the death sentence. But her severest trial was the refusal of a last farewell meeting with her mother and little son.

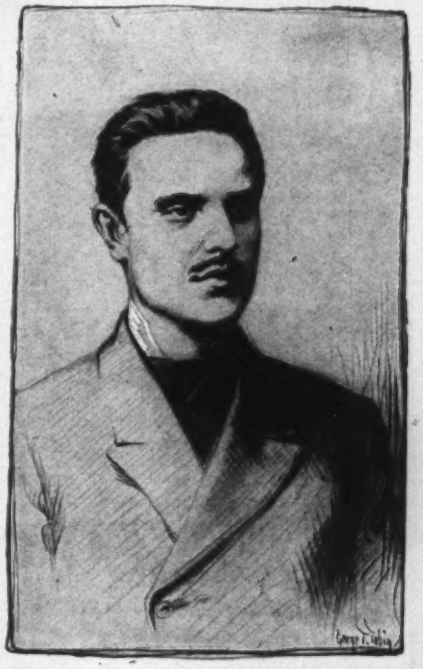
"Could I only have seen them once more," she says, "to impress the image of my little son more strongly on my heart, and to comfort my dear mother!"

She refused, however, to appeal against the sentence, or to sign the petition for reprieve which was laid before her by the governor of the fortress.

"My death," she thought,— "the death of a woman,— will serve the cause of freedom."

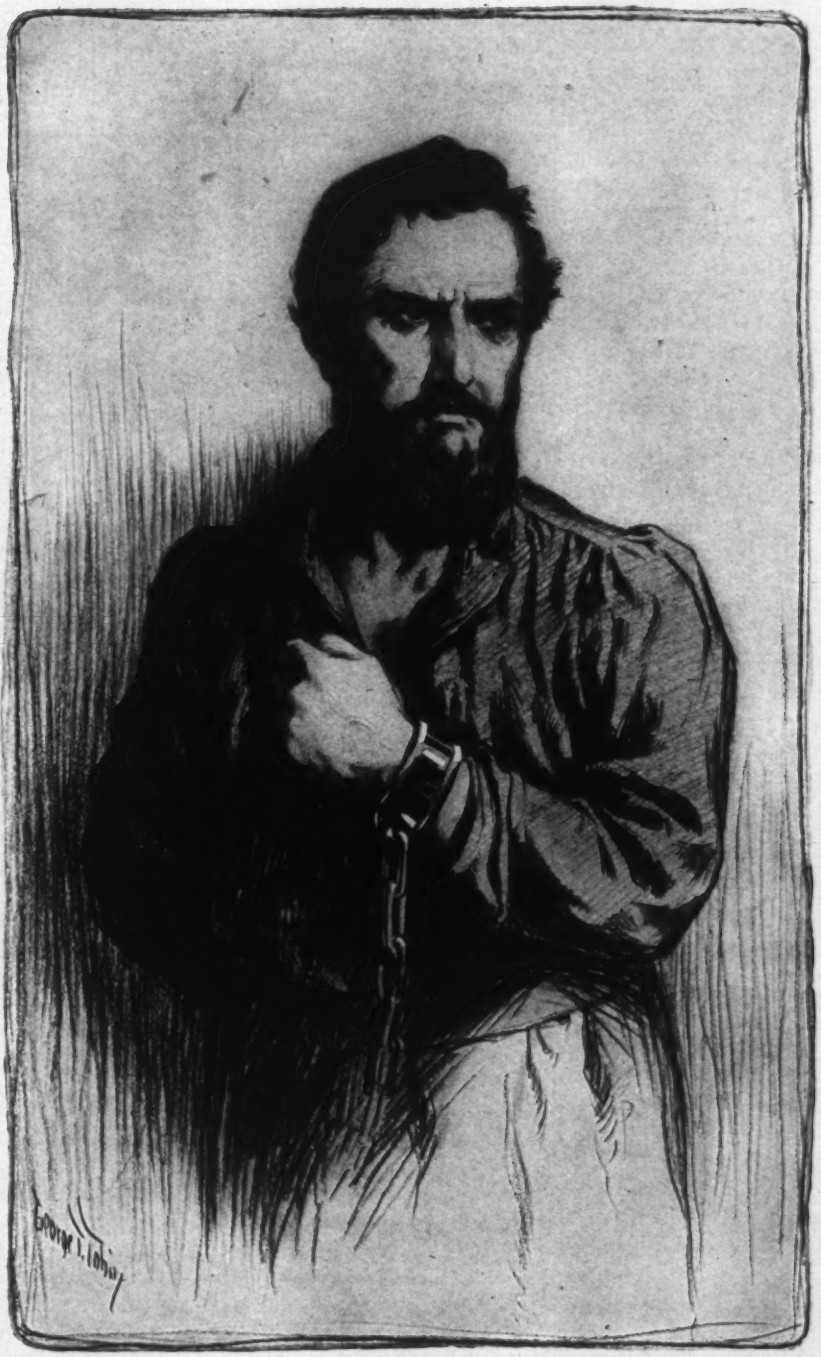
A few days later the commandant of the fortress informed her that the death sentence had been commuted to one of fifteen years' penal servitude, and once more she was filled with the hope of seeing her beloved ones. But, eight hours later, with heavy irons upon her wrists, she was carried in the prison ship to the stone cells of the Schluesselburg, never to see her mother or child again.

Vera Figner was also transferred to the Schluesselburg, and, at about the same time, nine other prisoners



Drawn by George Tobin, from a photograph

JOSEPH LUKASHEVICH
A FAMOUS RUSSIAN SCHOLAR AND FELLOW PRISONER OF VERA FIGNER



Drawn by George Tobin, from a photograph

VALERIAN LUKASINSKY

THE POLISH PATRIOT WHO DIED IN THE SCHLUESSELBURG AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-TWO, AFTER FORTY-SIX YEARS OF IMPRISONMENT IN AN UNDERGROUND CELL

arrived there. But their conveyance was always accomplished with such mystery that not one of the prisoners was aware of the identity of the others.

Vera Figner is perhaps the most remarkable of the many heroines of the Russian revolution. In many respects she differed from Mme. Volkenstein. Also of great personal charm, she was slenderly built and hardly of medium height, while Mme. Volkenstein was of robust

and healthy appearance. Yet this slender, delicate girl was at one time more feared by the Autocrat of all the Russias than any of the Great Powers of Europe. Mme. Volkenstein was strong-minded, but the main features of her character were purely feminine—extreme kindliness, and devotion to the alleviation of human suffering. The predominant feature of Vera Figner's character is one that is most characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon — doggedness.

"I was always conservative by nature," she said to me not long ago; "that is to say, I could never change my plans in a hurry. But when once I had come to a decision, I stuck to it till the end."

Her father, like Mme. Volkenstein's father, was a nobleman, and a Government inspector of forests. But his estates were situated, not in the mild and seductive surroundings of Little Russia, but in the severer atmosphere of the Kazan Province, in eastern Russia. In this province Vera Figner was born, and already in her childhood her imagination was awakened by the strange stories she heard from the old family nurse about the Russian heroes of olden times, and about her own ancestors. Two of these had been hanged in 1773, during the famous Pugatcheff insurrection, by the riotous insurgents. The wife of one was a Chinese

HERMAN LOPATIN AS HE IS NOW, AFTER HIS LAST IMPRISONMENT OF TWENTY-ONE YEARS IN THE SCHLUESSELBURG

Drawn by George Toorn, from a photograph

COLONEL MICHAEL ASHENBRENNER
ONE OF MME. FIGNER'S FELLOW PRISONERS IN THE SCHLUESSELBURG

woman, and during the riots she was locked into a cellar by her servants to save her from the insurgents. When the mob had passed on, the servants hastened to unlock the cellar door. They found their mistress dead, just delivered of a little daughter, who was still alive. This little girl was the grandmother of Vera's mother. Vera's grandfather took the lead in the guerrilla war of 1812, started by the Russian nation against Napoleon. His patriotism and successful leadership won him fame and the epaulets of a general. Vera's father was a man of spotless honor, and much respected in the neighborhood for his intellect. But his character was austere, and he held the domestic reins with unbending discipline. From his six children, of whom Vera was the eldest, he demanded absolute veracity, regardless of penalties that it might bring upon them; and this rule was also strictly applied to the mother, who was a mere child of sixteen when she married him, and was powerless to oppose the stronger mind of her husband. But her feeling of protest against his despotic nature united her to her six children, of whom Vera was the eldest.

When Vera reached the age of nineteen she married, but her mind was already filled with

the idea of helping and enlightening the peasants, who in the province of Kazan are more down-trodden and miserable, perhaps, than in any other part of Russia. Her father died soon after her marriage, and his iron grip was removed from the family. Vera decided to go to Switzerland to study medicine, in order better to be able to pursue her desire of helping the peasantry, and she remained abroad for four years, at the end of that time returning to Russia.

Her first impressions upon her return were not encouraging. Her sister was in prison in Moscow; and almost the whole circle of young people with whom she had studied in Zürich were in prison, in solitary confinement.

Mme. Figner settled among the peasants as a medical help, and endeavored with her medical knowledge to cope with the evils brought upon them by their poverty and ignorance.

"In no other country save Russia would I have been prosecuted for my activity," she said to the judges at her trial; "in fact, I would have been considered as a not useless member of society. But, as it was, very soon a whole league was formed against me, at the head of which was the Chief of Nobility and the district Chief of Police, while the ranks were filled by such small fry as the village clerk and policeman. All sorts of legends were spread about me: I lived without a passport, my diplomas were forged, etc., etc. When the peasants refused to work for paupers' wages, it was put down as my fault; when the salary of the village clerk was lowered, I was the cause of the evil. The police invaded the village and several of the peasants were arrested. They began to fear to seek my medical help openly, doing so only by stealth. I began to ask myself, 'Of what use am I here?'"

She tried to settle in another village, but immediately the impenetrable wall of police and spies arose once more to separate her from the peasants. For over a year she struggled against these obstacles; and only when she learned that her arrest was imminent did she relinquish her plans. She had come to the conclusion that in order that the people might be helped, help itself must be made free, and this could be accomplished only by the destruction of the autocratic régime. Unable any longer to live under her own passport for fear of arrest, she joined the party of "the People's Will," and for six years lived under various assumed names. Little by little she came to believe that government by violence can be overcome only by violence, and having once made this decision, she acted upon it till the end.

Without committing acts of violence herself, she nevertheless supported every project of the Party. The Party claimed political and civic liberties, and declared that as long as their members were being hanged or done to slow death in prisons or in Siberia for having tried to teach the people, they considered themselves justified in retaliating upon the head of the despotic Government—"striking at the center," as their motto was. In spite of all precautions taken by the Government, the Party became so daring, their readiness for self-sacrifice so boundless, that the stronghold of the Tsars seemed shaken to its very foundations. Bridges and railways over which the Tsar was expected to pass were undermined; the very Winter Palace was blown into the air; and at last, on March 13, 1881, the Tsar Alexander II. fell, in broad daylight, in the heart of his capital, surrounded by troops. The Party then expressed their readiness to lay down their arms if the new Tsar, Alexander III., would grant a constitution. He wavered; but his ministers promptly hanged six of the persons accused of regicide, among them being a youth of nineteen and a young girl, Sophie Perovska, herself the daughter of a Minister of the Interior. The execution of another woman, Gesse Gelfman, was postponed because she was expecting to become a mother. As soon as her child was born in the prison, it was taken away from her, and she died of a broken heart. Her husband shot himself.

The war between the Party and the Government was resumed; but this time the balance turned in favor of the Government, and Alexander III. resolutely applied himself to reaction. One by one, the leaders of the Party were arrested and either hanged or sent in exile to the convict mines. Vera Figner alone, always vigilant and resourceful, remained in freedom. She went from town to town, reorganizing the scattered forces of the Party, enlisting numbers of followers by her superior intelligence, eloquence, and invincible charm. Persons of high military and social rank and literary fame, working-men and -women, flocked around Vera Figner wherever she appeared. In all classes she found recruits for the dangerous work of the Party. Her own existence was hedged in by perils, anxieties, and the greatest discomfort. She was constantly being forced to change her name, her appearance, and her passport. And this anxious life lasted for six years, during which she was on the brink of arrest many times, and avoided it only by hairbreadth escapes. She cared little for her personal safety. Her one great object was the reconstruction of the Party. She succeeded in forming a large

organization of military and naval officers who literally worshiped her. But this in the end brought about a catastrophe. One of their number, named Degaeff, turned traitor, and gave away the whole organization, together with Vera Figner herself.

When Vera Figner had been arrested and lay in the Fortress of SS. Peter and Paul awaiting trial, General Sereda was ordered by the Tsar to investigate her case. When he entered her cell in his gorgeous and imposing uniform, he took the prisoner's hand and kissed it.

"Vera Nikolaevna," he said to her, "you are the most beautiful, the noblest, and most courageous of Russian women. If only you had had children and this had never happened!"

Minakov and Klimenko were already dead when the two young women, Vera Nikolaevna Figner and Ludmilla Volkenstein, were brought to the Schluesselburg. Soon after their arrival two of Vera Figner's friends, the officers Rogacheff and Baron Stromberg, were executed; but she did not learn of this until many years later. Myshkin shared their fate in the manner already related. Several of the prisoners had lost their reason. Tikhanovich and Yuvacheff had become possessed of religious mania, and Aronchik believed himself to be an English "milord." The rest, seeing nothing but slow death before them, resolved at least to die fighting. They tried to work out a common plan of action, communicating it one to another by the rapping method. No ill-treatment, no strait-waistcoats, could daunt them. At times all the prisoners were bound to their beds, with wooden gags in their mouths. But the rapping was immediately resumed on their release. Then "Herod" invented a novel plan. He ordered the gendarmes to beat upon brass trays in order to drown the sound of the rapping. A competition in the most frightful noise commenced between the prisoners and the gendarmes. The former hammered upon their walls with all their power, while the latter kept up a brazen accompaniment upon their trays. This pandemonium would last for hours at a time, sometimes the whole night through, until both parties were brought to the verge of madness; while "Herod," with a face of indescribable fury, rushed from cell to cell, shouting:

"I'll strangle you!"

To which the prisoners responded:

"Go to the devil!"

"Herod" would gladly have hanged them all; but he had received no orders to that effect, and dared not even report the case, for fear of damaging his fair fame as a capable jailer.

The two young women joined in the warfare with "Herod" as dauntlessly as the men. But they had trials of their own which are unknown to men. The constant and absolute exposure to the prying eyes of men was a terrible affliction for them; and every Saturday a new trial awaited them, when "Herod" came into their cells with a woman whose duty it was to search them. These searches were absolutely aimless and exceedingly painful. Nothing could possibly be concealed upon them, because of the constant espionage to which they were subjected. Nevertheless a thorough search of their persons, even to their hair, was regularly carried out. "Herod" watched operations through the spy-glass, and when the prisoners, noticing this, raised a protest, he answered them brutally:

"Have we never seen a naked woman before?"

After a few months of such life not one of the prisoners was in a state of health. Scurvy was prevalent, and many of them became ill with lung-diseases and began to spit blood. Vera Figner described to me the horror she felt when, during her short solitary walks in the courtyard, she saw the traces of this blood upon the snow. The few minutes of exercise in the open air became a torture to her. Her own nerves were so unsettled that the slightest noise caused her to tremble all over, and yet she continued to rap upon her wall to cheer a down-spirited fellow prisoner or to support a general protest against "Herod."

When the prisoners, one after another, were stricken with disease or madness, it appeared that not the slightest care was to be taken of them, and no hospital was prepared for them. Those who suffered from scurvy, their teeth becoming loosened, were unable to chew hard food. Yet they were given the same coarse rye bread as before; and the consumptives were treated in the same manner.

The two exhausted women lay upon the cold stone floors of their cells, and they, moreover, were more lightly clothed than the men. Mme. Volkenstein became dangerously ill with inflammation of the lungs. Some medicine was prescribed for her by the doctor, but nobody attempted to nurse her, and nobody entered her cell save for the purpose of bringing food or searching her. For weeks she could not move from her bed.

Death haunted the prison perpetually during these first years. The insane Tikhanovich was among the first to succumb. His dying shrieks were frightful. Malevsky, Butzevich, and Nemolovsky died one after another, all from consumption. Dolgushin succumbed from sheer

exhaustion. When death was near, in order to hide the knowledge of it from the other prisoners, the dying were carried away to an old building called the "stable," in which the cells were exceedingly damp, dark, and cold. In this appalling solitude they breathed their last.

At the end of 1887 Grachevsky, unable to stand his life any longer, struck a guard in order to be executed. But the commandant of the fortress declared him to be insane and therefore exempt from punishment.

"Then," said Grachevsky, "it remains for me but to kill myself." He was taken to the "stable" and kept there under most vigilant watch.

"One night," related Ludmilla Volkenstein, "a terrible, inhuman shriek was heard. Footsteps hurried toward Grachevsky's cell. Feeble groans followed, and then his door was quickly opened, and it was evident that something terrible had happened to him. Smoke and the smell of burnt clothing and flesh pervaded the building and hung about it till the following day. We then knew that Grachevsky had burnt himself alive. He had soaked his clothes and bedding with the oil from the little night-lamp, and, rolling himself up in his blanket, had set it on fire. For several days beforehand he had disarmed the suspicions of his guards by exceedingly rational behavior, so that they had relaxed their watchfulness a little and enabled him to commit the dreadful deed."

IV

This tragedy brought about a new régime in the Schluesselburg. "Herod" was dismissed for having "*allowed* the prisoner Grachevsky to burn himself." "Herod" upon his dismissal was seized with a paralytic stroke.

At last it became evident to the authorities that if no change were made in the conditions of the fortress, all the prisoners would soon be dead. Such a contingency was not desirable, it being necessary to uphold the institution in order to preserve the many posts and salaries attached to it. A new governor was appointed, and conditions now became milder. In the courtyard several tiny allotments were given to the prisoners, in which they were at liberty to cultivate flowers and vegetables. Each tiny plot was surrounded by double wooden walls four yards high, and in each two prisoners were free to work. The women were also given a little plot.

"My nerves and constitution," says Vera Figner, "were shaken to the bottom. I was physically weak, and mentally almost abnormal. And here, suddenly, a friend was given to me; and that friend was the incarnation of tenderness and love. When some calamity had happened in the prison, when our friends lay dying in agony, we met, pale, trembling, and silent. We avoided each other's eyes, but, embracing each other, we silently walked along the little path, or sat silent side by side upon the ground. On such days the mere physical proximity, the mere possibility of grasping the hand of a friend, was a blissful relief."

However, even this consolation they were soon forced to relinquish. They learned that it had not been accorded to all of them, and, thinking it unjust to be privileged above the others, they refused the daily meeting.

For a year and a half they endured this voluntary privation, until at last, impelled by more deaths among the prisoners, the authorities gave in, and all the prisoners enjoyed equal privileges and were allowed books to read. But these privileges which they had wrested from the Government at such terrible cost were never stable. In 1889, five years after their imprisonment, after a visit from the Chief of Gendarmes, General Shebeko, the allowance of books was suddenly discontinued. These books were their only instruments of self-forgetfulness, and the prisoners resolved to commence a "famine strike" rather than to lose them. For ten days no food was taken by the prisoners; but as this was ignored by the authorities, they resolved to abandon the "famine strike" in favor of some more effective measure. The strike had hastened the death of several more of the prisoners.

Of the fifty-three persons brought into the Schluesselburg between 1884 and 1889, nine were executed; five went mad; sixteen died or committed suicide; and three were removed to Siberia. Less than half the number survived the first five years, and only in 1890 was a decided improvement made in the conduct of the prison. The isolation from the outer world was as complete as before, but the prisoners were given opportunities of meeting one another, and more books were given to them; little workshops for carpentry, etc., were opened; their gardening plots were extended, and the wooden walls separating them were lowered, so that the sun could shine upon them and the prisoners could see and speak to one another during their work.

This régime lasted for twelve years, till 1902. And in their little forgotten island the prisoners showed of what they would have been capable had their energies been given free play. The little plots were transformed into wonderful plantations. Even tobacco was cultivated in

them, and the astonished gendarmes beheld the prisoners smoking "real cigarettes." The most artistic objects in carved wood and iron were turned out in the little workshops, and the prison authorities gladly took possession of them. The breakages in musical and other delicate instruments belonging to the prison authorities were always skilfully repaired in the prison workshops. Most interesting collections of minerals, insects, and plants were arranged by the prisoners. One hundred and fifty of these collections were purchased by one of the St. Petersburg museums through the medium of the prison doctor.

Thanks to the vegetables grown by the prisoners, their food became more varied; and the long hours of work in the open air partially restored health to those who were not beyond hope of restoration. At the same time, through the constant addition of new books to the prison library, the intellectual activity of the prisoners became intense and systematic. There were among them men of high education in science, economics, history, etc., such as Lukashevich, Morosov, and Lopatin. Regular courses of lectures were established, and each prisoner endeavored to develop his store of knowledge to the utmost. This was not because of any hope that a day of freedom might dawn for them, or that their knowledge might be of use to mankind. It was simply to satisfy the natural craving of the brain. Their days were more or less occupied. "But," said Colonel Ashenbrenner, "it was not flowers or vegetables or workshops that were necessary to us; what we really needed was — freedom."

Vera Figner was the natural center of this prison life. She herself took to carpentering, making wardrobes, tables, chairs, binding books, painting on wood, boot-making, and arranging collections. She made, among other things, a tin coffee-pot, and a straw hat which became an object of much pride to the fellow prisoner to whom it was presented. She was a great reader of science, literature, and philosophy. She studied the English and Italian languages in her cell, and translated much of Kipling into Russian. Her love-longing heart also found some outlet. She brought up some orphaned swallows whose nest had been blown down from the prison roofs by the summer storms. The little creatures were intelligent and affectionate. They followed her about in her cell like little dogs, fluttered on to her lap, and frequently in the early summer mornings they nestled upon her breast and awoke her by their chirping. When they grew up she let them fly — herself remaining alone behind the bars of her prison. She was the center of the prison life as, when free, she had been of the revolutionary party.

"Energetic, intrepid, ever ready for self-sacrifice," says Ashenbrenner of Vera Figner, "she was always to the fore, and no wonder that in great as well as in small matters all eyes instinctively turned toward her, awaiting a word, a sign, an example."

She had frequently been incarcerated in the dreaded "black hole" for six days at a time, with no food save dry bread and water, and no resting-place but the damp stone floor. But this had never bowed her dauntless spirit. And she had had other bitter griefs with which she had fought alone and uncomplaining.

In 1888 Uri Bogdanovich, the dearest friend of her life, who for so many years had fought side by side with her in the revolutionary struggle, lay dying of consumption in the third cell from her own. When, a month before his death, the General of Gendarmes visited the cells, she, for the first and only time, stooped to ask a favor of her jailers. She asked that she might be transferred to a cell next to that of her dying friend, so that she could speak to him at least through the dividing wall, and that his last moments might not be so utterly lone and friendless. Bogdanovich joined her in this petition, but it was refused. She could hear his dying moans, but could not soothe them, and she knew that he died alone and unattended. His death was such a bitter sorrow to her that for several months afterward she shut herself up in her cell, refusing to leave it even for exercise, and beseeching her fellow prisoners to leave her in peace and not to endeavor to communicate with her. When at last she emerged from her cell and joined in the prison life once more, no trace could be seen of her terrible and lonely struggle.

In 1896 the companion of Vera Figner's walks, Ludmilla Volkenstein, finished her term in the Schluesselburg and was transferred to the island of Sakhalin; there she was immediately joined, after fifteen years' separation, by her husband.

Vera Figner thus lost the only person with whom she was allowed freely to consort. The men could meet one another, but Vera Figner was kept apart from them. She could hear their voices, but could not see them. She worked alone, in her little garden, in her workshop, in her cell. Only some years later was she allowed to see her fellow prisoners through the little wicket in the door of her workshop.

In this way eighteen years of prison life passed away. A few of the prisoners at the end of their terms were transferred to places

of exile. Janovich was sent to eastern Siberia, but the contact with the outer world was overwhelming to his shattered nerves, and he shot himself. Martynof, also transferred to Siberia, shot himself for the same reason. Polivanov, in 1902, after twenty years of imprisonment was exiled to Central Asia. He escaped from there and went to Switzerland. There he met Aseff, the traitor of hideous fame, who persuaded him to return to Russia with a bomb, and even accompanied him to the shores of Bretagne to test its explosive force. On his way to Russia, Polivanov stopped in a French town, and shot himself, leaving a note which ran:

"No strength is left in me to live."

A few weeks before Polivanov's release from the Schluesselburg, a new change had taken place in the prison régime. The revolutionary movement in Russia had grown very powerful, and in order to suppress it such towers of reaction as Sipiagin, and after his assassination Plehve, had been placed at the head of the Government. Plehve ordered many of the privileges won during the previous years by the prisoners of the Schluesselburg to be denied them. But those few who survived after twenty years felt that a return to the old order of things would be worse than death to them.

Vera Figner, without informing her friends, decided to die for them. When the governor of the fortress entered her cell, she, by a sudden unexpected movement, tore the epaulets from his shoulders and flung them in his face. She expected to be court-martialed and shot for this action, but believed that it would at the same time restore to her friends their former privileges. When the other prisoners learned of what had happened, they immediately informed the governor that if Vera Figner were touched they would all imitate her action, and die, by one means or another.

For this reason, or because of other considerations, Vera Figner was left unpunished. And, more than that, by a curious stroke of fate, it even turned to her advantage. Her mother somehow learned of the danger that threatened her daughter. During their last meeting, in 1884, on the day of Vera's condemnation to death, she had extracted from her mother a promise that she would never ask a favor from the Government for the purpose of bettering her daughter's lot. For eighteen years the mother kept this promise; but when news of this new danger reached her, she could resist no longer. She appealed to the Tsar — her son is one of the greatest Russian singers and the chief singer of the Court. The Tsar ordered that Vera's sentence should be reduced from life-long imprisonment to detention for twenty years. Eighteen years had passed since her trial, but she had been kept two years in prison awaiting trial. The mother therefore hoped for her daughter's immediate release; but Plehve ordained that it should be otherwise.

"There is still too much life left in her," he said, and ordered that she should remain two years longer in the Schluesselburg.

The mother, in the meantime, became incurably ill, and counted the days that brought her nearer to her child. But not before the full term had elapsed was Vera Figner released. It was too late. Her mother's death had occurred a few weeks before. To this day, Mme. Figner cannot speak of her mother without a burst of tears.

Several months ago, four years after her release, I was walking with Mme. Vera Figner in London. After a few minutes' walk she was so tired that she was obliged to take my arm. She was telling me of her impressions since her release from the Schluesselburg.

"When I think," she said, "of those past long years, it seems to me as though they were a nightmare. To be here now, in this great city; to be free and to watch the whirl of life . . . I often ask myself, Is it really I? Am I not dreaming still? Am I really living?"

A heavy cart suddenly rumbled by. Mme. Figner let go my arm and, pressing her hands to her ears, began to tremble all over.

"It was the sudden noise," she said in explanation, still very pale. "But I am gradually getting stronger. At first I could not bear the slightest noise."

Mme. Figner was not set free immediately after her release from the Schluesselburg. She was first kept in the Fortress SS. Peter and Paul for a month, and afterward transferred to another prison in the town of Archangel in the most northern part of Russia, where she remained for another month.

"You see," she said ironically, "the authorities considered that a sudden great change might be bad for me. But the delays were exceedingly exhausting."

At last she was sent to her place of exile, a tiny village close to the polar regions.

"They considered me a very valuable piece of State property," she said, "and took the greatest precautions. First the police were sent in advance to examine the whole stretch of the river Pinega, to see if the ice were strong enough to bear me. Only when they returned with a satisfactory report, was our procession

allowed to start. Our *avant-garde* was formed by a three-horsed sledge drawing the Chief of Police himself. Then came another troika, occupied by me and my sister, who had joined me in exile. Behind us came the sledges of the convoy. We caused the greatest sensation wherever we passed, and a legend spread among the population that the Grand Duchess Elizabeth Feodorovna had fallen into disfavor with the Tsar, and was being carried to exile. When in the Archangel prison, I frequently corresponded with the Princess Korsakova, and perhaps my letters addressed to 'Her Highness' gave birth to this rumor.

"'The little Duchess is going about asking the peasants how they live,' said the people. 'She writes it all down in a little book, and she is going to ask the Tsar to help them.'

"When I was brought to the village that was to be my place of exile, this story caused me great discomfort, as the peasants constantly besieged me with requests for help and all sorts of complaints. From far distant villages came letters with various demands.

"Only after I had spent nine months in this village was I allowed to settle on our Kazan estate," she said. "When I took the steamer at Ribinsk and saw the Volga again, I felt for the first time that I was free. We passed through the scenery which I knew so well and for which I had longed for a quarter of a century. But still, even now, I was not left in peace. Two police officers in plain clothes, especially selected for their loyalty, were fastened upon me, and I was obliged to pay their passage and even to make them a daily allowance.

"The authorities said to my sister, 'We know she won't run away, but the Party may abduct her by force in order to have her in their hands.'"

When at last Vera Figner arrived on the family estate she was the mere shadow of a human being. She suffered from insomnia, and the slightest sound at night, even the fall of a button in the quiet country house, caused her to shriek aloud, terrifying all its inmates. When her brother, the great court singer, Figner, at her request began to sing to her, she burst into tears and hurried from the room. Her relations constantly feared that she might commit suicide.

"The first year and a half," she said, "it was very difficult for me to live in freedom. I had no desire to live at all. I was like a plant suddenly uprooted from the ground and left to wither in the air. The appetite for life had left me, and I could find no object in living. I felt no desire to overcome obstacles, or to clear a path in life for myself. And, note, the others felt the same after leaving the Schluesselburg. Even Lukashevich, the powerful giant, only forty years of age, told me that he felt the same, and Surovsteff told me that he desired to enter a monastery in order to get away from life. Ludmilla Volkenstein said that her feelings were the same."

Poor Ludmilla Volkenstein! She was put out of her sufferings by the benevolent authorities. After having passed through thirteen years in the Schluesselburg, she was sent to the convict island of Sakhalin, and there she spent another seven years, living, as she wrote in her letters, in conditions of "indescribable horror." Only in 1904 was she allowed to remove to the continent of Asia. She wished to settle in the town of Vladivostok, but the commandant of the fortress of that town refused to allow it, and proposed that she should settle in some uninhabitable corner of the Amur wilderness. But the cholera broke out just then in Vladivostok, and there were not enough doctors to cope with it. Mme. Volkenstein's husband, who was a doctor, was asked to remain in Vladivostok, and he agreed to do so on condition that his wife remain with him. For a year they worked together side by side, tending the invalided soldiers and the population. Then came the time of revolution. On January 10, 1906, the commandant of the fortress having arrested the doctor most popular among the soldiers, Lankovsky, a deputation headed by the military governor of the town went through the streets to the commandant to ask for the doctor's release. Mme. Volkenstein was one of the deputation. When it turned the corner of one of the streets, it was met by a volley of bullets from the fortress. Forty persons were killed on the spot, and among them fell Ludmilla Volkenstein, pierced by several bullets. It was a great and noble heart that ceased to beat — the heart of a woman whose whole life had been one long self-sacrifice.

But her leader, Vera Figner, is still with us. She was at last allowed to go to Italy for a cure. Here freedom, the southern climate, the beauty of nature, and the tenderness of her friends wrought a miracle. Vera Figner is again active, filled with a desire to live in order to help the innumerable victims of Tsardom in the Russian prisons and in exile. Quite unexpectedly, she has developed an unusual gift of oratory, which is the more impressive because of her extraordinary self-restraint, simplicity, and modesty. She is now addressing crowded meetings all over Great Britain. Her nervous system is still extremely delicate, and she frequently returns home nearly prostrated by the excitement of those meetings; but her indomitable

will and determination overcome physical weakness.

One of the Schluesselburg prisoners, Nicholas Morosov, had always retained a strange, never-failing belief that their release was near. He had been condemned to penal servitude, and had been in the prison ever since 1881. Every winter he assured his fellow prisoners that the next spring they would be released; and when the spring passed, he again assured them that release would come next autumn; and so on, from year to year, for twenty-five years. In October, 1905, while he was taking his exercise in the yard with another prisoner, the gendarme suddenly summoned them to the commandant.

"What can he want us for?" asked Morosov's companion.

"Why, to release us, of course," said Morosov, with conviction.

And this time he was right. A few days before, a revolution in the form of a general strike had broken out in Russia. The gates of the Schluesselburg opened and set free the remaining eight prisoners.*

Beneath the walls of the Schluesselburg, on the narrow strip of land touching the water, there are eight and twenty graves of the Schluesselburg prisoners. In the dead of night the gendarmes had dug them, and had covered them with green turf, hoping to hide all trace of them forever. But Nature has frustrated this design. In the course of years the graves have sunk below the surrounding level, and twenty-eight green indentations mark the spot where the Martyrs of the Schluesselburg lie sleeping.

* The political prison in Schluesselburg was emptied in 1905, and thrown open for public inspection. It was announced that the career of this most terrible of bastilles was at an end. But a year later, after the triumph of reaction, the emptied cells were repeopled, and now they are filled to overflowing. The eight veteran prisoners who were released by the amnesty have been replaced by three hundred prisoners, political and criminal, and these are crowded together in conditions that defy description.

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind—
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art!
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned,—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,—
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

From Byron's Sonnet on Bonnivard

THE CRUSADER'S MASS

BY

PERCEVAL LANDON

MILBANK of the *Daily Press* had been out in the direction of Sanna's Post on the day following the Kornspruit disaster, and was now retreating with General Colville upon Bloemfontein.

But the work of the Nineteenth Brigade in covering the collection of the wounded, and the operations of the mounted troops on the right to protect the withdrawal, drew him some distance to the south before Macdonald reached Bosman's Kop on the return journey.

He attached himself to three men of Rimington's Guides, who were reconnoitering a few miles out in the direction of a farm that flew a white flag. After making a hurried inspection of the house, and finding nothing except a stolid Dutchman, who showed them, with a grim smile, that his house had been ransacked and pillaged by both sides, the guides turned back to the flank of Smith-Dorrien's brigade, while Milbank parted company with them, intending to work back upon Bloemfontein by himself, and hoping to strike the retreating column about four miles east of the capital, at or near Springfield.

But he had hardly gone a mile when an instinct for which he could scarcely account made him wheel round under cover of a fold in the ground and halt; after a moment's hesitation he made a quick detour and returned to the farm he had just left.

He tied up his horse behind the kraal a hundred yards away, and stealthily approached the house, till through a side window he was able to command a view of the bare, dirty little room in which the Boer had received them a few minutes before.

"I'll have those papers, please."

The window crashed in, and Milbank was inside. Van Zyl turned, with an oath. Had he known that the correspondent was unarmed, he would have shown fight; but Milbank's right hand lay in an ominously bulging pocket, and the man was taking no risks. He stood aside from the grimy packet of despatches without a word, but his catlike brain was working, and he was almost ready to snatch them and make a bolt for it. Milbank's horse whinnied outside and he saw the uselessness of it.

Milbank looked at the first of the papers, and would have given much to have learned Dutch more thoroughly during the time of waiting at Modder River. He saw, however, that the papers explained the general plan of operations that had been begun so successfully at Ladybrand and Thaba 'Nchu. A little farther down, the repetition of the name of Reddersburg made him examine the paragraphs more closely, and he suddenly realized the importance of his find.

The Boer stood sullenly aside. Milbank had placed himself between him and the door, and the Dutchman's little eyes ran nervously over this self-possessed intruder, who seemed to belong to none of the corps with which Van Zyl had taken some pains to make himself acquainted in Bloemfontein.

Milbank turned up the second paper. It was a roughly drawn map of the country round Mester's Hoek and Reddersburg, and it contained dates and directions. Now, he knew well enough that Lord Roberts expected a counter-attack as soon as the Boers should have discovered that neither the Zand River nor Kroonstad was defensible, but the north-western approach to the town that the British were holding was notoriously the easiest point of attack, and there Milbank knew that the Field Marshal was more than ready for any advance. But this was a different thing, and he realized the importance of conveying at once to headquarters the news that the affair at the Water-works was but part of a well-considered and brilliant counter-stroke. In brief, the intention of the Boers seemed to be to continue their advance toward Edenburg and cut the railway south of the Kaffir River, holding both that place and Jagersfontein Road station until the bridges over both the Riet River and Van Zyl's spruit had been destroyed, their retreat being secured by the capture of Mester's Hoek and the Beyer's Berg.

This scheme entirely altered the military

situation, though it was one that twenty-four hours' notice would be amply sufficient to frustrate, as Gatacre and Clements were both within easy striking distance of Reddersburg, a fact evidently unknown to the Boers.

But, beyond this first realization, the ruling pride of his profession touched him, and he flushed with excitement to think of the magnitude of the scoop he had secured.

The third paper was apparently a hastily written scrawl on a leaf torn from a notebook, granting a commission, and signed "pprinsloo."

Milbank folded the packet up and put it in his pocket.

"You damned scoundrel, I know you! You were among the first to sign the oath of allegiance." It was a shot in the dark, but it told. The Boer shifted uneasily. "This — er — commission of yours will be —" He was watching the small blue eyes of the coffee-faced Dutchman as he faced the light from the window, and saw something that made him turn his head sharply.

"Friends of yours, I see," said Milbank. "You'll come outside."

Two mounted figures appeared a mile and a half away, and moved cautiously forward, reconnoitering the house, near which the white square of calico hung motionless from the truck of the flagstaff.

Milbank happened to know the trick that had already lost his side many men at one time and another, and determined to use his information as his only chance.

"Pull down that flag!"

The Boer started, but did not move.

"I'll count three," said Milbank, and his hand went back into his pocket. The flag dipped like a swerving bird before two was said, and the approaching burghers reined in their horses.

"Up with it again till I tell you to stop."

And the white flag pointed its way up the pole until it hung three feet below the pulley at the top. "Stop!" And the Boer, frightened as much by the knowledge of his captor as by the suspected revolver, tied it so.

The pair of horsemen vanished like magic into the veldt, for the sign of British occupation of a neutral house was well known — far even beyond the frontiers of the republics.

Milbank felt that not even so was he out of the wood. He had, indeed, scared off the scouts of the enemy, but he knew that Van Zyl would not have been given a commission without being supplied with a rifle and ammunition, and these he had neither time nor opportunity to find. Getting away would be the difficult thing, he knew. The two men eyed each other. Milbank recognized the necessity of acting at once. Ordering the man into the middle of the kraal, he bound the strap of his jacket round Van Zyl's eyes, and forbade him to move. Then he moved a few paces, and waited, creeping back to his prisoner in time to press the cap of a fountain-pen into his neck as he made a sudden movement to tear off the bandage, believing that Milbank had gone. Then the latter moved slowly and steadily toward his horse, swung himself into the saddle, and set off. It was impossible to conceal his intention any longer, and Van Zyl, after a moment's hesitation, heard the thud of the retreating horse on the veldt, tore off his bandage, and leaped into the house.

"Now, old lady, you've got to go for all you're worth!" And under his voice and spur the country-bred pony of thirteen hands tore across the veldt like a stumpy whirlwind.

"It's the most jumpy thing I've ever been in," thought Milbank, expecting the first bullet every yard. But there must have been some delay in disinterring the rifle, for he was seven hundred yards or more from the house when the first shot touched the veldt ahead of him with a scream like a siren. Forty yards on, another whipped into the dry, sandy grass still nearer. "God, he's a good shot!" muttered Milbank, wondering how far he was still from the left wing of Smith-Dorrien's brigade, and making a sharp detour to avoid giving the Boer a practically stationary target. Just as he was beginning to fear that ——

Milbank slowly recovered consciousness, to find himself in a heap on the veldt, his shoulder bruised, his back aching, and a bullet-hole in the front of his tunic, just in the ring of unfaded cloth that was usually protected by his belt.

He was in less pain than he expected to be, and, indeed, was thankful that his leg, which had been twisted under him when he fell, seemed all right and gave him no pain.

But he was losing a little blood, and found himself very weak. Quite calmly he decided to use one of his putties to bind himself up with; of course, he hadn't the first dressing with him — no correspondent ever has, after the first action.

He slewed round a little in his cramped and doubled-up position so as to move his body as little as possible, and reached for the string at his knee. There was something odd, he felt, in what he was doing, and the quaint thought came into his mind that it was like taking off some one else's putty.

At the thought that followed, the pupils of

his eyes contracted to pin-points, and he stared vacantly at the string in his hand; then, like a man in a dream, he felt for and opened his pocket-knife and deliberately struck it an inch into his leg above the knee.

It dropped bloodstained from his hand, and he watched the responsive red outflow matting the cut edges of his breeches in silence, a silence that was only broken by the whirling and blazing of wheels and wings within his head. He saw nothing in the darkness that encompassed him, nothing outside a two-foot circle of which the cut in his breeches was the center.

There had not been a twinge of pain, and he knew well enough what that meant.

He said quite slowly, "So my spine's broken!"

He played idly with the dry twigs of the sage-bush that pushed its thorns and sharp elbows deep and painlessly into his thigh.

"I've got a few hours yet," he said; "I must see about those papers."

Pulling the Boer despatches from his pocket, he wrote a note explaining the urgency of the news they contained, and especially ordering that any one who might find his body should take them instantly to headquarters before even reporting his death.

Outside the package he wrote in the largest letters he could: "Most urgent: to be given to Lord Roberts at once."

More than this he could not do, and he lay still and reconsidered his position. At any rate, he had done his duty to the army. For his editor he then wrote out a short telegram in his note-book: "Mortally wounded Lyons acting temporarily."

Then he remembered that the cable people counted words of more than ten letters as two, and he altered the last word to "interim," wondering, with a smile, whether the censor would disallow it as being in a foreign language. Then he saw that he could save a word, and scratched out both the last words, and wrote "substitute." He signed it and placed it between the leaves of the packet containing the despatches, and then leaned back into the bush, waiting — waiting.

He knew exactly the effect that would be caused by the news of his death among the other correspondents; he even felt that he could almost write the very words they would use in their letters home. Cartwright would note in cold blood that the unofficial work of a correspondent was at times of service to an army in the field, and would without doubt twist the affair into a "further proof, if, indeed, any were still needed," that the intelligence department should in time of war be recruited from civilians — an ever-present hobby of his; Britton would be full of inaccuracies as to the facts, but the story would have just that golden touch that no one else could apply, and that made his stuff worth precisely four times the amount paid by his shrewd editor at home; Emmelin would say nothing about it at all in his letters home, and would in Bloemfontein deprecate the wholly unnecessary prominence given to a press casualty; Farmer, whom no one trusted a yard, would write a dainty little paragraph about his own personal loss; Gregson would recall a similar incident in 1881.

Milbank's mind moved rapidly. He wondered whether the best of the whole corps, Roberts himself, would mention that his loss would be regretted. He felt that that would be all he could wish or hope for. Lyons, of course, would have to report his death formally to the paper. As he meditated, an idea came. Why shouldn't he write his own account? There wasn't much else to do — only one thing, and that he meant to put off to the very last.

So he set to work, and, as he wrote, his horse, after a riderless gallop of three or four miles, came back to him. She moved her head painfully, and Milbank saw that the bullet that had struck him had pierced the side of her neck and made an exit near her windpipe.

She snorted and smelt her way up to him, and whinnied when she saw that he took no notice.

"Poor old lady!" said Milbank. "If I could only make sure of your being found by our own side, I'd send you off with these. But the odds are that you would go galloping off straight into the arms of my friend over there; wouldn't you, you old idiot?"

She came up and shoved an impatient and insistent nose against his shoulder. Milbank smoothed the velvet skin with his pencil.

"No, it's no good, Kitsie; I've got to stop here for some time."

He wrote quickly and easily; the Sanna's Post affair took him only half an hour, for he had had the story told him in outline clearly enough by a man of Q Battery. Then he briefly described the morning's work, and the retreat to Bosman's Kop, of which he had seen the start with many misgivings. He ended with the short comment: "I was fired upon and wounded while riding away from Van Zyl's farm to the south of our late position."

When he had finished his letter, he overhauled his pockets. Now that his public work was done, he set to work to put his own house in order before he died.

A bullet thee-e-e-eu-ued over his head near his mare, who stood a few yards away, pecking uncertainly at the dry sage-brush of the veldt. Milbank smiled. He remembered that the Boer, although he might by this time have established communication with his friends, was not at all likely to approach a man, whom he believed to be armed with a Mauser pistol, over the absolutely coverless veldt. Milbank had a small but quite sufficient patch of brush at his back, so that the only target offered was the horse, which, of course, could be plainly seen from the upper window of the farm-house. Evidently Van Zyl hoped to destroy the only means of escape for Milbank, of the extent of whose wound he could have no knowledge, and trusted to recover the papers by rushing him in the dark.

Milbank picked up a stone and threw it at his horse. He missed her by a strange distance, but she moved away with a start, just as another bullet pecked up the dust near her. Would no one ever come?

He began to despair of ever getting the information to Lord Roberts. He had a fair knowledge of projected movements on the line of communication, and realized to the full the importance of getting the two grimy documents to the Residency; also, he knew that unless help came by nightfall there was not the slightest chance of withholding them from the Boer, whose eyes, as he knew well enough, had been watching all the day. But the inertia that was paralyzing more than his physical powers was attacking his energy, though his brain remained as clear as before—perhaps clearer: his conscience was at rest; he could do no more.

An extraordinary brilliancy of memory possessed him, and he lived in a rapidly changing panorama of incidents, facts, and perceptions, many of which had previously faded completely from his memory. He wondered idly if this could be the reliving of the past that so many who have been near the gates of death have described. Anyway, he stood aside and watched the workings of his own brain as a spectator, and rarely had he known anything more intensely interesting.

The kaleidoscopic variety of his recollections was their only importance. A blot in a copy-book was as important, neither more nor less, as a change of dynasty, and a wrinkle in the scalp of his Cape boy passed across the stage of his mind as deliberately as the pacing ritual of a Christmas mass in Rome. It seemed to him that he was unable to forget a detail of anything he had ever seen. Once he thought of recording his sensations up to the last moment, but gave up the idea out of sheer laziness, a fact that did not prevent him from actively recalling the exact words of another man who had done so — or said that he had; for he did not much believe that it could be a genuine account, so utterly willing was he himself to lie at rest and do nothing. It was the beginning of the end, he knew well enough, but he didn't very much care.

Merlin's disguise and the double railway out of Genoa, the tongue of a sick woodpecker, Grimm's law and the l. b. w. rule drifted in natural and orderly sequence through his brain without his seeing, or indeed much wishing to see, the connection. But the next vision, a pale face at Lord's glancing back quickly at him through a silver-gray veil, followed naturally enough, and he accepted it as a warning.

He recalled himself, moved one hand stiffly to his pocket, and pulled out a letter-case, one corner of which stuck tiresomely in the lining. It seemed to him a little unfair that at such a moment he should have to deal wearily with a spiteful little mischance.

He took out a letter, and, after letting his eye fall over the first page, tore it up into very small pieces with his weakening fingers; then, recollecting, he sorted out with infinite fatigue and weariness the pieces that contained the name, and put them into his mouth.

It was all he could do, and he remembered wistfully that, do what he might, the news could not be broken to her. She ought never to have been so much to him, though, indeed, he had nothing to reproach himself with, except that he was humbly in love with another man's wife. And she was only a child, a disillusioned child of twenty. Not that the man in question cared, or had ever cared at all; only, he knew of it. He used it at times to hurt his wife with. Milbank could well enough see him reading the news out to her casually from behind the newspaper to-morrow morning, and watching her face closely as he did so. He would be careful to do it while the servants were in the room.

Milbank remembered what she had said to him when he left England, and had always hoped that it might be for him, in case of accident, the last of all human remembrances.

He wrote a note to Emmelin, whom he knew he could trust, to burn all letters and papers he could find, locked or unlocked up, except the *Daily Press* accounts; also, he left him the curio number of the *Friend*, which he knew Emmelin coveted. He added: "Do this even if you have to break the law. You might suggest afterward that the testamentary powers of

a testator under martial law expressly include the case, and say it's Savigny or Montesquieu or Eldon — they won't know the difference. By the way, if you come across a half-written article on the matter, send it in to the *Friend*."

The pen dropped. His thoughts flashed home, but he wilfully kept them from the woman who was going to be so desolate tomorrow.

The sunset was beginning, spreading wide in the western sky, and Milbank, lying huddled up and almost unable to move, faced it full. He could watch the gorgeous belts of incandescent color, flecked with the light hurricane of sudden flakes, orange-crimson and gold, that flamed in his eyes. His fast-tiring gaze fixed dilated pupils on the molten horizon, which lighted with clear fire a face that bore no trace of fear.

It was all over for him. But still the world would do its daily work, and still the gray, orderly columns of the northern Abbey would upbear the dim vaultings in the ocherous half-lights of London; still, as he lay there and for a thousand years after, the lamp of repentance flickered and would flicker high upon the sea-turned wall of St. Mark's; and still the thin, high tinkle of the aërial bells of the Shwé Dagon would filter downward to the moving crowd below — what matter if he were dead, he, Milbank of the *Daily Press?*

It couldn't last much longer. The heat of the sun parched his mouth, and he was now sorry that he had thrown his water-bottle away. The pain of his wound was but slight, and the loss of blood had ceased, but his power of movement seemed going fast in the upper part of his body as well. He cared very little now, and a drowsiness settled down over him.

Then a long-extinct memory of the "Crusader's Mass" came quaintly into his head, and he felt beside him weakly on the veldt for the three necessary blades of grass.

And three brown, dry grass-bents, pricking up like thin bristles, he found by feeling on the ground. As he picked them, he realized that it was the last movement he would ever be able to make.

Painfully crossing his hands over his breast, helping one with the other, he managed to reach his mouth, and, one by one, he put the blades of grass between his lips.

"In Nomine Patris . . . et Filii . . . et Spiritus . . . Sancti."

As he moved his teeth, the tiny morsel of paper that protected Her mingled on his tongue with the grass, and a feeling, first of incongruity and then of appreciation, swept through him. In one sense, perhaps in the right one, certainly in no poor one, he had been faithful unto the end.

Then, with his Mass between his lips in the quickly fading light of the dying day, she, the only deep source of work and faith that life had held for him, brooded more and more deeply over his sinking consciousness. He knew that life would be a little — it could only be a little — more lonely and bitter for her henceforward, but his weakening senses allowed him little poignancy in his grief.

His ears were drumming with music now — deep-swelling chords that he recognized now and again, though they were not especially the sequences that had most deeply impressed him before; he could not imagine why they had not done so, for he did not doubt that he had heard them all before, somewhere; and always, behind every change in this sweeping harmony of sounds, a dull, fulfilling chord as of a heaven full of waters falling through rainbow light supplied the ground bass.

His tongue still moved the bitter grass and paper in his mouth, and, as he had wished, her words came again into his mind with a feeling of quiet triumph more than anything else: "If you don't come back, I'll try to go through with it alone for the sake of the best man I ever knew."

He waited with a little apprehension for the actual end — that last struggle of the heart against the grip that was to paralyze it, that was already tightening upon its greatest vessels; he knew that would hurt him a bit. Clear and magnificent, the thundering "Adeste fideles" was filling the heavens above — he had always thought it the finest tune that man had ever written. . . . "Venite adoremus." . . . It rolled and wailed in his ears, louder and still louder, and he smiled. "Faithful?" And God, in His utter mercy, saved him from the end he mistrusted, for Van Zyl, in an hour's wary stalk, had come up to within three hundred yards, and a bullet crashed into Milbank's brain even as the words and music he loved were floating through his tired mind.

The Boer uttered a guttural cry of thanksgiving for the good God's exceeding favor, and leaped forward to rifle Milbank's pockets, finding the packet he sought in a moment. Then he gazed for one instant on the bullet-broken face of his victim, where even in the instantaneous shock of death there had been time for a weary flash as of disappointment after great hope, and he raised his hat almost in shame.

Then he crawled back to the farm-house, unseen by the scouts who dotted the horizon on the flank of the still moving brigade.

THE LIGHTED HOUSE

BY

MARY STEWART CUTTING

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BLANCHE GREER

ALTHOUGH hardly any one knew little Mrs. Sinclair,—she had moved into the place only two months before, and had never been out of the door since,— everybody going down to the village on the afternoon of Christmas eve had noticed her sitting at the second-story window of the big double house fronting directly on the snowy street, the folds of a blue curtain behind her, and her small face, with its fair hair, pressed closely against the pane, looking down at the children who went past in twos and companies, most of them scarlet-coated or scarlet-capped, their heads turning upward as if pulled with a string as they passed underneath her window; they were used to seeing her smiling wistfully at them.

There was a Christmas tree this afternoon at the other end of the town, and the children going to that took hands along the narrow, slippery white pavement, the older leading the younger; their eyes had almost the expression of infantile holiness that children wear coming home on Sunday morning from Sunday-school, when they are very clean and dressed in their best and are still filled with the wonder of being so very good. It was the wonder of the Christmas party that filled them now. The thin winter sunlight was already beginning to be gathered into a red glow in the west, leaving the world damply colder, before the glow suddenly faded out, and there remained only the white snow and the black of the lamp-posts, with the yellow flicker of the little flames against the growing darkness, while Mrs. Sinclair still sat there for all to see.

Young Mrs. Hartwell, tearing along toward the village with a friend in tow, a little earlier than this, looked up at the window, as so many others had done, and, smiling, waved her hand impulsively.

"I don't really know her; I haven't called yet," she said, "but, dear me, on Christmas eve! Doesn't she look pretty?"

The hand that Polly Hartwell waved was incased in a glove that was flappingly unbuttoned at the wrist; her black-winged hat tipped insecurely on her rumpled brown hair as she tore ahead — it had evidently been snatched up at the last minute and fastened to her coiffure by the single jab of a hat-pin; her eyes were surrounded by deep, haggard lines,— although their expression was eagerly undaunted, — and on the back of her black cloth walking-skirt a white thread lay clingingly in long loops and spirals. Mrs. Center, her companion, though much older, showed equal signs of haste and disorderliness, reflected in the aspect of the other women who were abroad, every self-respecting person being immersed on Christmas eve in that last, ever-increasing whirl of "things to do" that made a conventional appearance impossible. Ranville kept its Christmas with enthusiasm. Mrs. Center half unconsciously retrieved an unhooked and dangling belt ribbon as she responded to her friend's remark, after a glance across the street.

"She doesn't see us — she's looking at the children. She's perfectly crazy about children — *they* know her, even if we don't. I haven't called on her yet, but I'm going to, of course, after — What did you say? No, it's not expected for two or three weeks. Did you hear that they'd been married for ten years, and this will be the first? They count everything on it. Mary, the doctor's wife, says she's not at all strong — he's very anxious about her. Mary says she's a perfect darling. Mary sends little Gordon in there every morning"; Mrs. Center paused an instant; "she says Mrs. Sinclair loves to squeeze him."

"She must be sweet. I'll let Robin go over to-morrow, and Juliet, to wish her a Merry Christmas," said Mrs. Hartwell, with a little break in her voice. In Ranville Christmas was not so much the festival of a Child as a festival of children — it was the children themselves that counted; they were of paramount importance. For this one day, at least, the houses in which there were many vaunted the fact; where there was but one child, whole outlying families grouped themselves triumphantly around the solitary chick; but even toward the households where there were none there was a feeling that at this season children really belonged to all who loved them. In that joy of

spending one's self for "Christmas" one got back to something unexpectedly dear and divine that was the child heart in one's self. People unconsciously proclaimed the loss of what was theirs by right when they complained that they no longer enjoyed Christmas. Polly Hartwell went on:

"Oh, I do *hope* she'll get through all right. Perhaps by another Christmas — goodness, I nearly knocked over that child!" She swerved around a light-haired infant standing stockily in the middle of the pavement. "Why, it's the baker's little boy! Run home, Otto! I do hope there'll be nothing to interfere with this Christmas. I think it's so dreadful when things happen then. Isn't it interesting when children get big enough to really appreciate things — but your children are grown up, of course, Mrs. Center."

"Your own children are never grown up," said Mrs. Center contentedly.

"You see, Juliet is eighteen months old, and Robin is three years! I'm furnishing a doll house for Juliet, like one I used to have, and Robert is working on a perfect model of a boat for Robin — of course, after the children are in bed — every part of it is exact. He says he wants Robin to have the right idea of a boat, to begin on. Robert fools with it himself every night before he gets to work on it — that's what takes him so long! but he's going to finish it to-night, if he sits up till morning. I've got to get some more ribbon for those dolls. I just thought I'd dress a big one for the new washerwoman's little girl — I didn't know she had a little girl until this morning; and I have the dearest little bit of a doll with two long braids — it's so sweet I want to play with it myself — for — you won't tell?"

"No," said Mrs. Center.

"Well, it's for little Alma Kenny. She wants a doll, and, what do you think, she's ten, and the family think she's too big for toys. She's to have a mahogany bedstead and a dressing-table instead. Some people have the strangest ideas! So I'm going to dress the doll for her. I can't bear to think of a child's being disappointed — I can't bear to think of *anybody* disappointed on Christmas day, can you? I wish Mrs. Sinclair could be out having a good time, don't you? Oh, here's Townley's. I must get my ribbon — No, you've got to come in too; we *always* go around together on Christmas eve. I like to do *everything* on Christmas the way we've done it before."

"Well," said Mrs. Center, yielding. It is the oldest custom that is the dearest at Christmas. Woman of fifty though she was, the plea was valid, although every minute was precious. That long opera-cloak for Elinor, made out of an old velveteen skirt, for which the inspiration, as usual, had come at the eleventh hour, would take most of the night for completion. That was the trouble, that, no matter how forehanded you were about present-giving, you always thought of more and more things you wanted to do as the time lessened. Townley's lighted interior was full of women supplementing with the "last things" which they had meant to buy in town and hadn't — even Miss Grayson, who never gave anything but her exquisite little iced cakes, was buying more tissue paper to use in the wrapping of an extra couple of dozen. It was almost like a tea, you met so many people that you knew under the green festooning over the ribbon-counter. There was a cheerfulness, a lightsomeness about the whole thing — the stress of preparation was really almost over, the holiday of Christmas eve already begun.

Mrs. Hartwell hurried home to get back before her husband came from the station. He had promised to leave town early, but, after all, he did not arrive until long after dark, with his arms delightfully full of bundles. The children were already in bed and asleep, but she dramatically reproached and forgave and kissed him all at once — dragging him in to look at the pendant stockings, while he smiled down at her,— he was a good-looking young man,— before he had even brushed the snow off his overcoat.

"We'll get to work just as soon as you finish your dinner," she said happily. "Is it snowing very hard?"

"Yes; very quietly, but very fast — the air is thick with flakes. You can't see anything in the street but the double house on the corner below — it's lighted up from top to bottom. Are they having a party?"

"What house do you mean?"

"Why, the one those new people moved into — Sinclair, the name is. I met him the other day — nice fellow. He seemed rather anxious about his wife."

"And that house was all lighted up?" There was an arrested note in Mrs. Hartwell's voice. In Ranville there were only two occasions when every room in a house was lighted — for an entertainment, or for a fight with death. She pressed to the door to look for herself. Yes, the house down the street wore a fearsome illumination — every window blazed out brilliantly even through the softly falling snow. It was very still — so still that far away one could hear a strange, low, recurrent murmur that was the rolling of great waves upon the distant shore. It was an eerie sound. Mr. Hartwell

put his arm around his wife as she stood there. The next moment somebody ran up the steps — a large woman, with a cloak over her head.

"Let me in just a minute, will you? It's Mrs. Fowler, Mrs. Hartwell — I thought you didn't recognize me at first." She brushed the snow from her hair. "No, I can't sit down — they want me down at the house — at the Sinclairs'. I thought perhaps Mr. Hartwell would see about delivering these — they're all marked." She laid down a pile of oddly shaped red tissue-paper parcels, tied with holly ribbon, on the hall table. "Why," — she looked at the evidently uncomprehending faces opposite her with astonishment, — "why — don't you *know?* Hadn't you heard, Mrs. Hartwell? You saw her sitting by the window this afternoon, didn't you? — Mrs. Sinclair, I mean. Emily Center said you nearly tumbled over little Otto, the baker's child, in the road there. Well, it happened just after we all came home from Townley's. Emily Center just turned the corner in time to see it. That child was standing out in the street in front of Stetsons' automobile — that fool boy was running it, and he had his head turned t'other way, talking to some one. Mrs. Sinclair threw up the window like a flash and leaned out and called, 'Come to Santa Claus, little Otto, *quick!*' Emily said her voice was so sweet and clear — and he ran, and the car just grazed his blouse, no more. That fool boy went right to pieces when he saw; they had to take him into the drug-store and fix him up. Land, he's nothing but a young one himself! And then Mrs. Hanssen came out and grabbed Otto — she was so busy fixing his tree, she'd forgotten all about him — But when they went upstairs to *her*, she was lying on the floor in a dead faint — and oh, my, my, she'd been hoping so, before, that everything would go all right. She knew it was just a chance, her having a real baby of her own, but she'd been so careful, for its sake. She'd been *hoping* so! And now —" Mrs. Fowler's voice trembled; she had to stop for a moment before she went on: "There's just a *chance*. The doctor's sent for two more doctors, and they can't get 'em. Mr. Sinclair, he's 'most crazy. He found these things in her room — they're for the children — he said he knew she'd like to have 'em sent out now, by to-morrow — Oh, doesn't it seem the worst *ever*, on Christmas eve!"

Ranville long remembered that night. The snow fell so fast and so thickly that it broke down the telegraph wires; far off screeching, abortive train-whistles shrilled through the stillness at unscheduled intervals from shunting cars on sidings; passage from house to house became unexpectedly difficult; people who had intended to go out for more "last things" left them off the list, and made what they had do. The cold grew bitter; husbands made up the fires while their wives trimmed trees and tied up parcels. Yet none were so busy that they did not go to the window every little while and look up or down the street or across the fields to the double house that, with all its lights blazing, shone hazily through the falling snow. There was no lessening of the illumination. Each house burned a light in some room until a late hour, but that was the only one that had lights in all the rooms, that no one might hasten into one of them for some need and meet the delay of darkness. The other houses were alight for pleasure, but this one for sorrow — a fight with death, where one must keep all one's weapons handy. There was a woman there fighting for her own life and that of a child — and a helpless man who, while other people had so much, was like to lose all he had. In spite of the enshrouding snow and the bitter cold, word went from telephone to telephone of what was happening; figures ran here and there, cloaked or overcoated, on errands made necessary by the disabling of the telephone in the double house itself. Polly Hartwell, running upstairs betweenwhiles to put another stitch into the clothes of the little doll with the light braids, — for a child mustn't be disappointed on Christmas day, no matter what sorrow was abroad, — had twice buttoned up Robert's coat for him, at a telephone summons — after the pathetic delivering of Mrs. Sinclair's little parcels — and sent him plowing knee-deep through the drifts, once with a great bottle of alcohol, and once with a bulky kerosene stove. Twice he had gone out, at his wife's entreaties, to remonstrate with the family two houses below, whose dog would keep howling in a manner that curdled the blood, though, as Polly bitterly pointed out, he hadn't even the excuse of a moon to howl at. And for a fifth time he had rushed out, without any coat, to help Mrs. Center as she went staggering along with that big pot of hot coffee. The Farringtons had sent over hot biscuits and stuffed eggs for the workers in the lighted house, whose strength needed to be kept up through the night — Mrs. Fowler, good soul, had stayed there, wringing her hands, all this terrible Christmas eve, as a means of communication with the outer world. The Stetsons' automobile had been run untiringly, in the intervals of conveying children to and from the Christmas tree, taking the two long-cloaked nurses to the house before the festivities, and dashing up and down with supplies. Every one knew by telephone the exact moment when it brought the doctor from the

long-delayed train from town. Every one knew when the word went around that there was a chance. Every one knew when the greatest doctor of all was expected to reach there. The Stetsons' automobile brought him, after a long, long time. The last that could be done was done now.

Then the trains seemed to stop running; the whistles ceased, except very far off. It was growing late indeed. As Robert and Polly sat there in the nursery, with the pretty tinseled tree in the corner of the room, his fingers ploddingly adjusting the blocks and tackle of the "model" boat, and hers taking stitches in the doll's hat with its bit of scarlet feather, there was a growing sense of awe; in the stillness the dull, muffled, recurrent sound of the ocean could be heard. Polly shivered — death seemed to be coming very near. Many people had died on Christmas eve, on Christmas day, and that fact had always seemed to give an additional pang to bereavement. Suddenly, in some way, it seemed instead to bless it, as if to bring heaven and earth so near at this holy tide that it made little matter on which side you stood, you were in touch with those you loved anyway.

The children stirred in their sleep, and she went in to cover them, her rosy darlings, her treasures — and after a minute Robert came and stood beside her. Juliet lay with an old doll in her arms. Robin opened his blue eyes as his father and mother looked at him, murmured, "Santa Claus!" and shut them. The two who stood there were so rich — it was almost as if they had no right to be so rich; that longing woman yonder had never put her arms around a child of her own, that agonized man — Oh, was there *nothing* to be done for them now but to wait — and wait — for the end?

"Hartwell!"

There was a hoarse whispering call from the stairway.

"Yes!" whispered Robert, tiptoeing out, with Polly holding fast to his hand.

"I knocked, but you didn't hear," said the newcomer, a dark-haired, stocky young man from the opposite house, which had kept in telephone communication during the evening. "I found that the door was unlocked, and I knew you were up, so I walked in."

"That's all right, Bowley," said Robert. "You're out of breath, aren't you — been running?"

"No," said Bowley.

"You haven't heard anything ——"

The other checked him with a gesture. "No — oh, no. The fact is, my wife wants to know, Mrs. Hartwell, if you can put on your overshoes and wrap something around you, and come across the street for a moment. I'll get you over all right. Lucy's about crazy looking at the lights in that house since Doctor Armstrong got there. She's got such a cold herself, I can't let her out, or she'd come over to you."

"Yes, of course I'll go," said Polly, fumbling hastily in the closet. "What does she want me for?"

"She thinks, you know — she says — well, 'when two or three are gathered together in His name' —" Mr. Bowley lowered his voice in the embarrassment that an unwonted expression of a religious sentiment is apt to bring. "You know the rest of it. Of course, there *are* two of us, but I've got the worst kind of a mind; if I want to really fix it on anything, I always think of football instead — so she thought perhaps three would be better. She's looking up the right prayer out of the Prayer Book. It can't do any harm —" His voice pleaded for leniency.

"No, it can't do any harm," said Robert, with prompt indorsement. He lingered irresolutely after carrying his wife bodily down the steps.

"I'd come over myself — I would indeed, but I don't like to leave the children to-night, when Polly's out. Besides, I can't seem to let go of a cigar to-night — mouth's so dry!" He took a last furtive look down the street. The dampness of the snow gave the illuminated house a larger nimbus.

It was very, very late — so late now that it was early — it was near morning. One knew it was near the dawn, for one of Mrs. Center's roosters was crowing, but it was still very dark. There had been so many things to finish, after all the interruptions, that the Hartwells had not gone to bed yet — they were just finishing when the door opened once more quietly below. It was a woman's voice this time that said softly, "May I come up?"

"It's Mrs. Fowler," said Polly apprehensively. She turned pale and clutched the table, while Robert ran downstairs, coming up the moment after with a supporting arm around Mrs. Fowler's broad figure. For a large, heavily built woman, Mrs. Fowler looked extraordinarily unstable — she seemed to rock where she stood, and to crumple up inertly as she sank into a chair. Her face was white, with great dark marks under her eyes, which were full of tears, yet there seemed to be a light behind them.

"She needs something to drink," said Hartwell authoritatively, but Mrs. Fowler waved the suggestion away.

"IT WAS THE WONDER OF THE CHRISTMAS PARTY THAT FILLED THEM"

"IT WAS GROWING LATE, BUT ROBERT AND POLLY STILL SAT IN THE NURSERY"

"The doctor gave me something — I'm all right — I just came in to tell you —" Mrs. Fowler burst into a fit of weeping, her face hidden in her hands, and then raised it, to add in a shaky voice of triumph: "I ain't given way like this till now. You can get your presents ready — and put blue bows on 'em. What do you think? She has a little boy! I knew you'd be glad — a little *boy!*"

"Oh," said Polly, her eyes brimming over. She sat down suddenly because she couldn't stand. "Did she — was it ——"

Mrs. Fowler nodded her head, with a shudder coming over her; her face seemed to grow white and damp with the horror of remembrance. "Awful. The doctor he thought — well, we thought at one time that she was — *gone*, but that's all over now. I waited until morning to be *sure*. Why, the way she's coming up is *wonderful!* The doctor says he never saw anything *like* it. And a little *boy!* Why, she ain't remembering anything she's gone through, lying there looking at him. And you never in your life saw a little boy that looked so *like* a little boy — his feet and hands ——"

Mrs. Fowler broke down and wept unreservedly, her face emerging like the sun after a heavy fog.

"What do you think Mrs. Fair did? She doesn't know Mrs. Sinclair, but she ran home a few minutes ago and got a little Teddy bear she'd bought for Hubert — he's got two besides — and she tied a blue ribbon around its neck and sent it in for a first Christmas pres-

"JULIET LAY WITH AN OLD DOLL IN HER ARMS"

ent, and the nurse let Mr. Sinclair take it up to her — though his hands shook so he could hardly hold it. She's forbid to speak, but the nurse tied it to the footrail of the bed, so's she could see it. She's lying there — they say you never in your born days saw any one with such a look as she has, with the little boy on her arm, and his own little Teddy bear at the foot of the bed. Mr. Sinclair, he gets out of the way when he sees me coming, but land, I don't mind a little thing like that. He'd like to be able to act as if they'd been accustomed to having a baby every week or so; it sort of rakes him all up to be feelin' so *much!* He's been writing a whole pile of telegrams already. Mrs. Gracie, she's got a little tree, and she's going to dress it up and send it around to-morrow afternoon — everybody can send things to put on it, if they want to. The nurse, she's real nice — she says if any of the children come around she'll give 'em a peep at the little boy."

Mrs. Fowler rose to throw her arms around Polly. "Oh, my dear, ain't it just *grand!*"

The windows were all darkened at the double house down the street in that darkness of the dawning, save where one peaceful glimmer came from the window of that upper room. The oldest Christmas story is always the dearest. Every one in the village seemed to touch something of the divine spirit of the first Christmas in this old, old, commonplace joy of welcoming a little child into the world.

THERE IS NO MORE ANY PROPHET

BY SAMUEL McCOY

WE that are weak are lonelier to-night,
For all the learned —
The men of knowledge, those who might
Have warmed the world's worn heart — have turned
To unenduring things;
And those who yearned
For God's great gift of vision, and the wings
Of mighty Truth, have each one spurned
The life of sacrifice, and service meet
For sorrow's feet.
And hearts, — not dead, not living, — that once burned
As mine does now, are cold.
Do they forget the meek?
Shall those who might be bold
To stoop and gather all the poor and old
In an immortal happiness, be weak?
Oh, ye that are endowed
Beyond us who are frail,
Whose hands cannot avail,
God calleth you aloud
Through His innumerous people's prayer —
Like theirs that find the desert's whitened trail
And reach the shallow well — but find no water there.

A CHILD'S WORLD

A SERIES OF PICTURES
BY
JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

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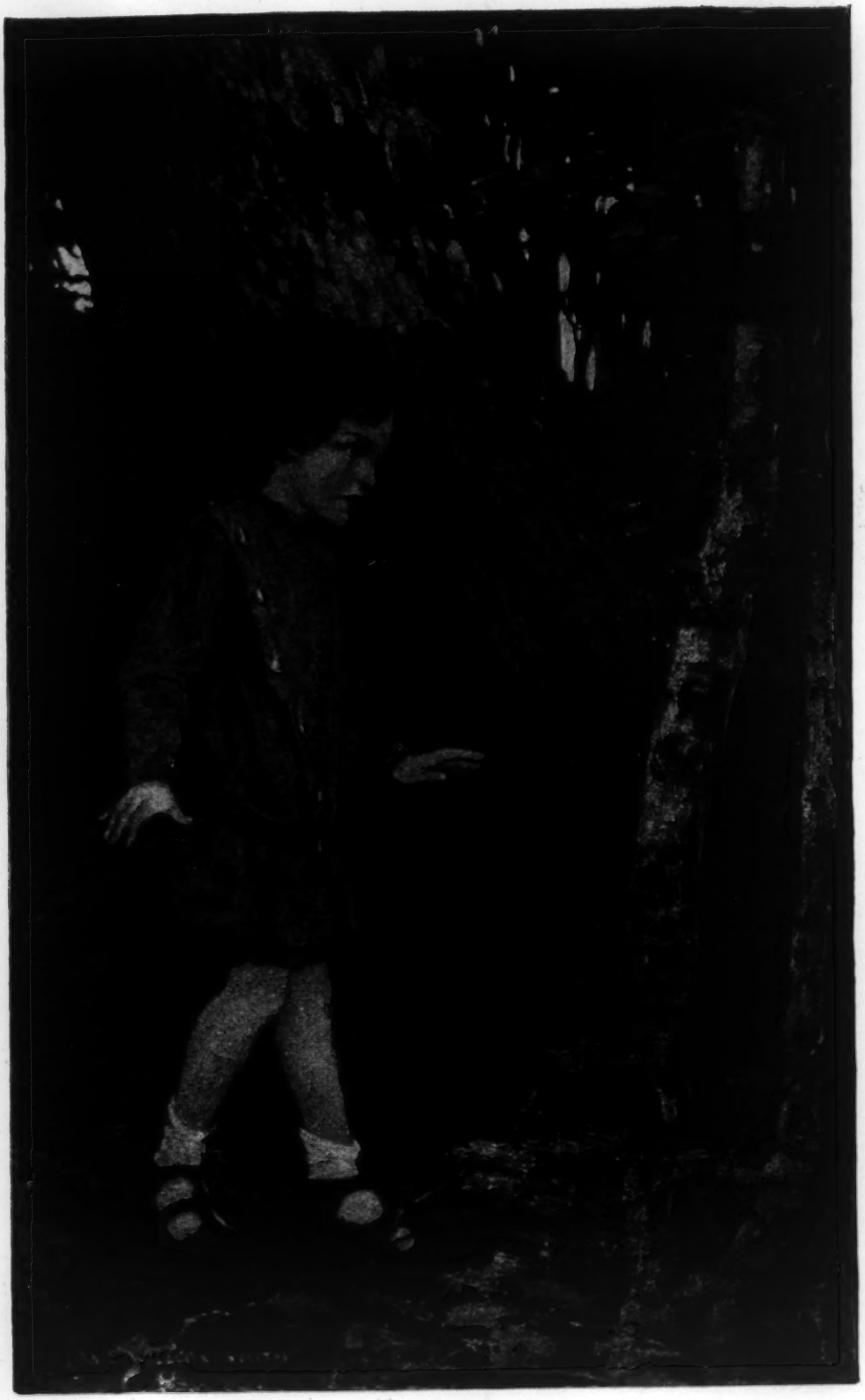

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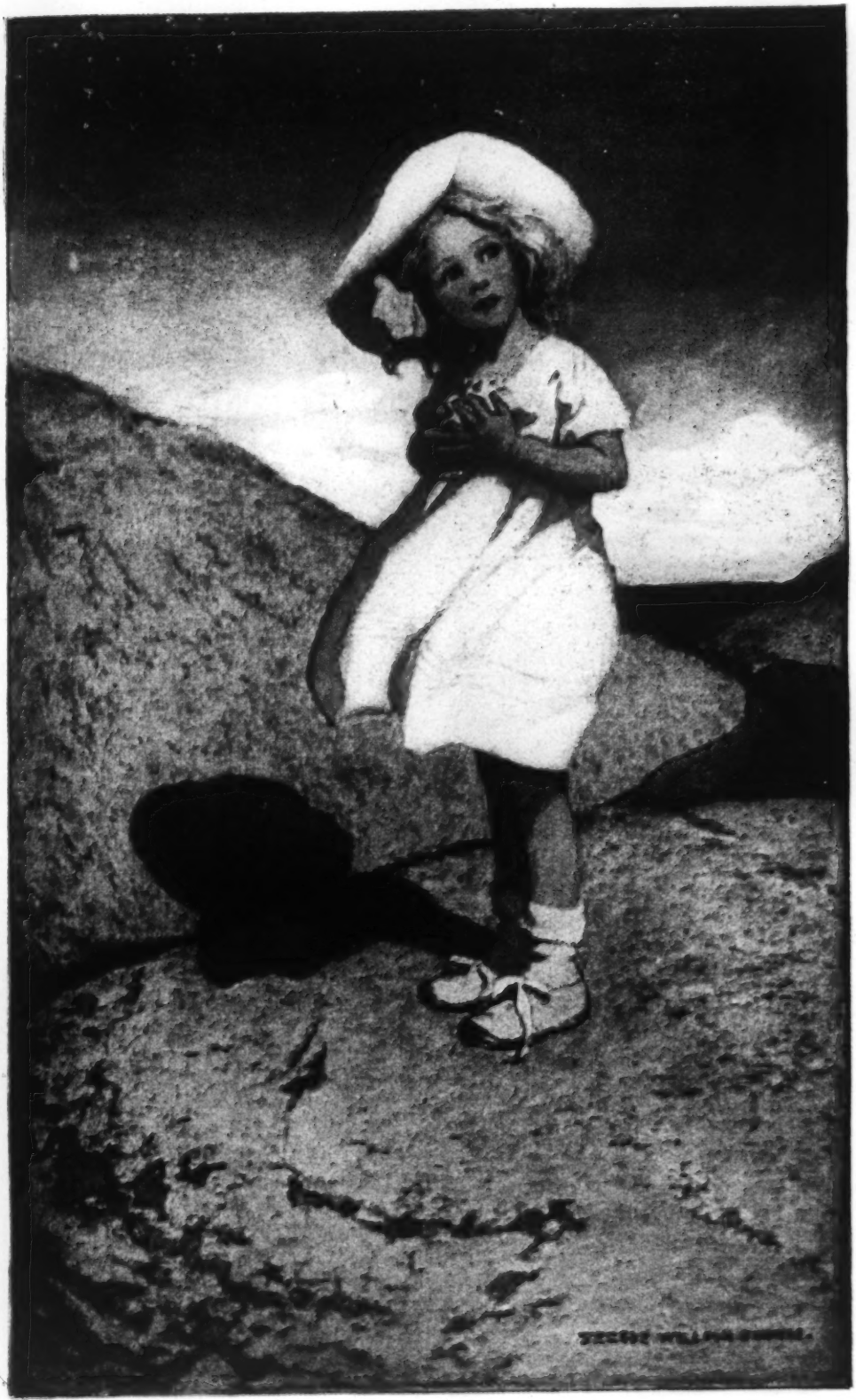

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THE DARK

THE NEW GERMANY—AN OBJECT LESSON

BY

RUDOLF CRONAU

SINCE, in the eventful years of 1870 and 1871, the new German Empire became an established fact, its remarkable rise as a military, naval, and commercial power has been viewed by all other nations with astonishment, nay, even with suspicion and fear. Great Britain, the mighty ruler of the oceans, seems to be especially alarmed, and many of her journalistic scaremongers are exerting themselves to point out that Germany strives for nothing less than the hegemony of Europe as well as the supremacy of the sea. Not understanding the true motives of the German nation, they attribute to it all kinds of aspirations and aggressive tendencies. Decrying Emperor William II. as a "war lord," as a permanent menace to the peace of the world, they hold him responsible for the fact that "humanity is groaning under militarism"— notwithstanding the declarations of such responsible men as Chancellor von Buelow and Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador at Washington, and many others, who have frequently stated in public speeches that Germany is absolutely free from aggressive motives.

"But if the German nation has no such tendencies, for what reason does she keep so enormous an army and develop her fleet?" the reader may ask.

If he will only look at the geographical location of Germany and take a glance at her past, it will not be difficult to find the answer.

Why Germany Has a Powerful Army and Navy

Occupying the greater portion of central Europe, Germany is, in political respects, the most unfavorably located country in the world. Nowhere protected by such natural boundaries as large rivers or high mountain-ranges, which would block the way of enemies, but easily accessible and vulnerable on all sides, Germany has been, since remotest times, the object of hostile assaults. For a period of four hundred years the German tribes were compelled to defend their independence from the Romans. Later came the horrible invasion by the Huns; the piracies by the Northmen; the frequent attacks by the Magyars, Mongols, and Turks. During the Thirty Years' War Germany served as the great battle-ground for Spanish, Swedish, Italian, and Hungarian troops, who reduced the population from seventeen to four millions and made the country an almost uninhabitable desert. In Saxony, during the two years 1631 and 1632, 943,000 persons were killed or swept away by sickness. In Württemberg over 500,000 lost their lives, and 8 cities, 45 towns, 65 churches, and 36,000 houses were burned. The Palatinate, having at that time a population of 500,000, suffered a loss of 457,000, and in some parts of Thuringia more than ninety per cent. of the population perished. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries brought the frequent raids by the French, who left the ruins of hundreds of beautiful castles on the Rhine, Moselle, and Neckar as lasting monuments of their visits. The beginning of the nineteenth century saw the onslaught of that monstrous adventurer Napoleon I., by whom Germany was humiliated as never before. The imperial mantle was torn into shreds and stamped into the dust. The German kingdoms and states were given by Napoleon as presents to his relatives and favorites, who made the German cities ring with their gay life.

Would any nation ignore the lessons taught by such an unhappy, terrible past? The enormous losses she had suffered pressed Germany to take steps by which a repetition of such dreadful calamities might be prevented. Luckily for Germany, throughout all the times of unrest, wars, and depression the enormous vitality of the nation never failed to produce such patriotic and high-spirited men as Fichte, Arndt, Jahn, Scharnhorst, York, Blücher, Gneisenau, Hardenberg, and, above all, that splendid statesman, Baron vom und zum Stein. This fore-

runner of Bismarck was practically the first man to see the urgent necessity of German unity under the leadership of Prussia. To realize this, he coöperated zealously with Scharnhorst in the reconstruction of the Prussian army. With York, he aroused the eastern provinces to take arms against the French, and called the Landwehr into existence for the first time. By his masterly reforms, by abolishing serfdom and eliminating the distinctions of caste, by abrogating the feudal restrictions upon the free disposition of person and property, by the conversion of Prussia from an absolute monarchy into a free representative state, he paved the way for that great master spirit, Otto von Bismarck, who, in the second half of the nineteenth century, not only made Prussia the leading power of Germany, but made Germany, the former Cinderella among the nations, one of the leading powers of Europe.

To attain these astonishing results would have been impossible even for Bismarck without the support of a splendid army and a corps of such brilliant men as von Moltke, von Roon, and others; for the disposition of Germany's neighbors was often anything but friendly. In 1864 the Germans were compelled to resist the oppression of Schleswig-Holstein by the Danes; and in 1867 the demands of Napoleon III., who held himself entitled to Belgium, Luxemburg, the Palatinate, and a part of Hesse as a "compensation for Sadowa." In 1870 the German troops were forced to restrain the French army from its proposed "promenade à Berlin." And after that it was the attitude of the "Revanche party" in France and many other circumstances that taught Germany the necessity of an effective army for its defense. It is well to remember that on October 7, 1905, the Paris *Matin* revealed to the world the news of a proposed dual alliance between France and England for the purpose of combining their forces and wiping out the German navy and German commerce. This alliance was negotiated on the French side by the Foreign Minister Delcassé, without the knowledge and sanction of Minister President Ruvier. When that gentleman received the news of the proposed alliance, he, foreseeing the terrible consequences of such a treaty, urged at once the retirement of Delcassé, saying that he deserved to be put to the wall and shot as a criminal.

In order to enforce peace at any price, Germany made her army the most powerful the world has ever seen. In 1908 the standing army amounted to 621,000 men. The reserves added, but without the Landsturm, the war strength amounted to 2,549,918 men.

In July, 1909, the new Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg added to that already enormous defensive power two and a half to three million well-trained men, by allowing the members of the 27,676 unions of former soldiers to practise with the modern army rifles upon all military shooting-grounds. In this way, every former soldier belonging to the Landsturm is kept acquainted with such reforms and weapons as may be introduced in the active army.

Amounting in all to about five and a half million well-trained men, led by able officers, this enormous force spells the warning to all opponents that it is a dangerous risk to assault Germany and to interfere with her interests.

The Navy a Necessary Instrument of German Expansion

The blockade of the German coasts by the French fleet in 1870, the unreasonable holding up of German mail-steamers during the South African war, and, finally, the establishment of colonies in different parts of the world, awakened Germany to the necessity of an effective navy for the defense of the German coasts and the protection of her merchant marine and the colonies.

Plans for the formation of a navy had been in existence since 1873. But it remained for Emperor William II. to carry out the program. It was he who expounded to the nation that, to secure peace and some place in the sunshine, it must work to get a fleet. His urgent requests awakened in the hearts of the German people a resounding echo. The Flottenverein sprang into existence and spread all over the Empire. East and west, north and south, the cities and the country, rich and poor, combined their endeavors and contributed so freely that the German navy, amounting twenty years ago to only a few insufficient vessels, to-day ranks third among the great navies of the world. In 1908 it had 132 vessels, with a total capacity of 624,390 tons, besides about 155 torpedo-boats. The personnel amounted to 50,323 men, and there was a reserve of about 120,000 men. So, making army and navy the strong foundations upon which the structure of the new Empire could safely rest, the German nation began to develop the country in a thousand directions at the same time. By grasping all opportunities, by spurring the abilities of every individual, the nation succeeded in building up a state that in many respects may serve as an object lesson to other nations.

The New Policy Transforms Germany from a Poor to a Rich Nation

Before the reign of William I. Germany was a poor country struggling under most adverse conditions. The many wounds inflicted by the

Thirty Years' War and the assaults of the French were slow to heal. The meager soil, especially of northern Germany, allowed to its occupants only a frugal existence. The industries were undeveloped and their situation unfavorable, as almost all raw materials had to be imported from other countries at great cost. The commerce with foreign lands was handicapped everywhere. Germany was without any natural harbor, and the few ports were often frozen for many weeks. Those upon the Baltic were cut off from the ocean by Denmark, which, until the middle of the last century, levied "sound dues" upon all vessels entering and leaving the Baltic Sea. And, last but not least, Great Britain tried to scare the Germans from the ocean by refusing to acknowledge a German flag, and by giving the warning, in 1849, that she would treat it as the flag of a pirate.

But commercial expansion was a necessity to prevent national stagnation. The country became unable to sustain the ever-growing population. And so, after the new Empire had been established, the Government took steps to extend industries and trade far enough to enable the people to live. The magnitude of this task becomes clear when we state that in 1871, the year of the founding of the Empire, Germany measured only 208,830 square miles, or 56,950 less than Texas. Upon this limited space it had to sustain a population of forty-one millions. Since that time the population has increased to more than sixty-three millions, and is growing almost at the rate of a million a year.

But Germany was so fortunate as to possess a large number of patriotic men of all classes, willing to devote themselves to the interests of the nation. First, there were many excellent scientists, who carefully studied the opportunities of the nation and taught the people to make use of them. Then, there was a large corps of brilliant statesmen and well-educated officials, forming perhaps the most scientific and expert governmental organization in existence. Not subjected to the dictations of political parties and bosses, entirely free from graft and corruption, they worked solely for the benefit of the nation. Directing their minds and energies to a solution of the many difficulties, these men overcame them so successfully that Germany, poor before, is at present one of the wealthiest countries on the globe, and perhaps the richest in Europe, not excepting France and Great Britain.

Authorities in national economics, as Professor Delbrück, Sydow, and Steinmann Bucher, estimate that the national wealth of Great Britain amounts at present to 300,000,000,000 marks, while that of Germany is about 350,000,000,000 marks. This result, almost beyond belief, was reached within the short space of an average lifetime. Let us see how the Germans did it.

How the Germans Have Increased Their Forests

First of all, by making wise use of the natural resources of the country, such as forests, water, soil, and minerals. These means, compared with those of other countries, especially of the United States, are not abundant, but limited. This fact compelled the nation to apply the same methods of business economy to the use of these resources that are applied by a wise merchant to his operations in trade. The importance of the forests to the welfare of the entire country being realized, the greatest attention was paid throughout the Empire to forest culture. Originating from tribes that from remote times dwelt in forests, the Germans of to-day are a tree-loving people. Fully understanding the significance of the situation, they assisted the Government in its efforts to save a proper amount of forests. And this explains the fact that Germany has a far greater proportion of woodlands than any other State in western and southern Europe. Its forests cover approximately 35,000,000 acres, of which 31.9 per cent belong to the State, while 68.1 are private property.

From a leaflet distributed a short time ago by the United States Department of Agriculture I quote the following:

"Forest experts of all nationalities agree that Germany is in an enviable position as regards her lumber supply. No nation in the world makes more thorough utilization of its forest resources. German forestry is remarkable in three ways: it has always led in scientific thoroughness, and now it is working out results with an exactness almost equal to that of the laboratory; it has applied this scientific knowledge with the greatest technical success; and it has solved the problem of securing, through a long series of years, an increasing forest output and increasing profits at the same time. Starting with forests that were in as bad shape as many of our own cut-over areas, Germany raised the average yield of wood per acre from twenty cubic feet in 1830 to seventy-five cubic feet in 1908. During the same period it trebled the proportion of saw timber secured from the average cut, which means, in other words, that through the practice of forestry the timberlands of Germany are of three times better quality to-day than when no system was used. In a little over half a century it increased the

money returns from an average acre of forest sevenfold, and to-day the forests are in better condition than ever before."

The kingdom of Prussia alone gets out of her cultivated forests over 100,000,000 marks net a year.

No Deserted Farms in Germany

The policy of conservation that made German forestry such a success is applied also to agriculture. As we have stated before, Germany is not at all a land flowing with milk and honey. In enormous parts of northern Germany the soil is decidedly poor. With that of the United States it cannot compare at all. But proper care did wonders. While the methods of farming used by many Americans have resulted in the utter decline of good land in a comparatively short time, the farm-lands of Germany, even though they have been under cultivation for centuries, bring forth rich crops year in and year out.

Mr. James Hill, one of the most noted experts on land affairs, at the famous Governors' Conference, made the remarkable statement that the soil of America, once the envy of every other country, gave during the ten years beginning with 1896 an average yield of 13.5 bushels of wheat per acre, while Germany produced 27.6. For the same decade the yield of oats was in America less than 30 bushels, in Germany 46. For barley the figures were 25 against 33, and for rye 15.4 against 24.

Deserted farms, which, as a result of soil exhaustion, can be found all over the eastern half of the United States, are absolutely unknown in Germany.

A number of years ago Germany also began to cultivate its hitherto unproductive waste lands, such as marshes, heaths, etc., of which it has about 12,000 square miles. It has been so successful that in time it will by this peaceful conquest not only double its present area of wheat-land, but also provide ample living for many hundred thousand families. The Lüneburg Heath, an immense tract of moorland in northeastern Hanover, has already to a great extent become a thing of the past. Its former monotony has given place to pleasant vistas of flourishing little farms, that nestle upon the banks of clear brooks among beautiful trees.

In mining, the Germans take great care to reduce the waste to a minimum. In America it has been customary to remove only the best parts of the total deposits of coal and minerals, while inferior qualities and such portions as can be less easily mined are never touched. Very frequently the lowest, richest beds are taken out first, in consequence of which the overlying strata cave in, which makes subsequent mining forever impossible. By these methods from forty to seventy per cent of the total deposits are left unmined.

German Mines Saved by an American Invention

Nothing of this kind happens in Germany. Everything is removed. And, to prevent cave-ins, every worked-out mine is filled up with sludge, tailings, and sand, mixed with water and pumped through pipes into the exhausted places, where they harden into a compact mass and support the overlying strata. By the appliance of this "flushing method" — an American invention — the miner is able to remove all pillars of coal or ore, which formerly he was obliged to leave standing as a support for the upper strata. He may also attack lower beds without fear of being killed. Germany, wishing to make use of its mines as extensively as possible, and to preserve the prosperity of mining for the future, applies this flushing method everywhere, while the Americans, in their eagerness to get rich quickly, make only a limited use of their own invention.

In using the most valuable of all natural resources, water, Germany is, of course, not behind any other progressive country. It has already numbers of *Talsperren* for the storage of drinking water as well as water for the use of power. In the great industrial region of western Germany, in the valleys of Rhur and Wupper, over twenty were in existence in 1907. Many others in all parts of the Empire are under construction, and will produce millions of horse-power for industrial purposes.

The utmost care has been given to the proper use and development of waterways. Hundreds of millions of marks have been spent in regulating navigable rivers and in connecting them by canals, which might induce traffic. Hundreds of millions have been expended also in acquiring the railways of Germany, almost all of which now are owned or controlled by the Government. Devoted to the interests of the entire country, these waterways and railroads cooperate in harmony. Conditions such as prevail in the United States, where, to satisfy their own selfish interests, the railroad companies purposely kill (by discriminating tariffs, adverse placement of tracks and structures, by acquiring water-fronts, terminals, competing vessels, and in many other ways) all water traffic, are absolutely unknown in Germany. Her rivers are crowded with craft of all kinds, that profitably transport such freight as it would be unprofitable to carry by railroads. To what extent river transportation has become a figure in the life

and economies of the Empire may best be seen on the Rhine. In 1907 that river carried more than 21,000,000 tons of freight; 14,000,000 of it, mostly raw materials, passed upstream into the heart of Germany, while 7,000,000 tons of finished products were sent down to foreign countries. As all means of transportation and communication, the post, telegraph, and telephone, are owned by the Government, there are, of course, no discriminations in tariff, no tariff wars, nor excessive charges, such as are extorted from the people of the United States.

Some Facts about Germany's Commerce

The Germans have developed their industries and commerce with the same energy and scientific thoroughness that they have applied to the development of their national resources. While in former times the majority of the population was engaged in agriculture, to-day the industrial and commercial classes have a preponderance of almost three to one. The enormous increase of commerce is best illustrated by the following figures. In 1872 the value of imports amounted to 3,468,480,000 marks; of the exports to 2,494,620,000 marks. In 1908, although it was a year of depression, the figures for the imports were 8,720,000,000 and for the exports 6,841,000,000, making a total of 15,561,000,000 against 5,963,100,000 in 1872.

Some of Germany's industries have become world-famous. The cutting implements from Solingen, the tools from Remscheid, the heavy cannons and armor-plates from Krupp in Essen, the beautiful velvets from Krefeld, the embroideries from Elberfeld and Barmen, the gloves, laces, and hosiery from Saxony, and many other German products are found everywhere; and by their splendid quality and reasonable prices they hold their own.

The chemical industry of Germany, not much older than thirty years, is already the wonder and the fear of the modern commercial world. Keeping nine thousand factories with over two hundred thousand laborers busy, it has revolutionized and overthrown whole branches of foreign industries. It practically drove indigo, cochineal, and the dye-woods from the market, just as the sugar-beet products of Germany were a heavy blow to the sugar plantations of the West Indies.

If you visit the principal sites of the chemical industry, Hoechst, Mainkur, Elberfeld, and Düsseldorf, you will be surprised at the enormous mass of different products and wonderful colors that are extracted here from tar, coal-oil, and other unassuming matter. But if you wish to see the Germans at their best, you must study the famous coal-and-iron region at the Rhur and Wupper, the two most important tributaries of the lower Rhine. The Krupps, August Thyssen, and others are kings here, with enormous armies of workingmen at their command. Everywhere you hear the thundering reverberation of powerful hammers, the rattling and stamping of tremendous machines. Everywhere you see regiments of miners emerging from the bowels of the earth or ready to delve into them. In the daytime the sky is dark with smoke, in the night-time it is aglow with the lights of thousands of furnaces, foundries, and smelting-works — a German edition of Pittsburg, on the same scale and with the same impulsive hustle and deafening noise.

When, last spring, I traveled through this region, I had the impression of being in the busiest part of America. Throughout the length and breadth of the land I met with new surprises. Vast stretches of former farm- and wood-land, over which twenty years ago I had wandered, I now found occupied by big cities, the names of which were utterly new to me; and towns familiar to me I found expanded to astonishing proportions. My native town, which, in the days of my youth, numbered but 15,000 inhabitants, had, during the three decades of my absence, increased its size and population five times. Others, unimportant before, had swelled to cities of 150,000 to 200,000 population.

In the industrial districts of Westphalia, Saxony, and Upper Silesia I noticed a similar wonderful increase of people, factories, mills, iron and color works, mines, tanneries, and hundreds of other establishments, and also the unmistakable proofs that the German nation has become wealthy and lives in much more comfortable circumstances than ever before.

This enormous development of German industries, and the increase in wealth, explain the astonishing shrinking of German immigration into the United States, which in 1882 amounted to 250,630 individuals, and has since that time steadily gone down to only 32,000 in 1908. The surplus population formerly compelled to emigrate now finds plenty of work at home or in the colonies the Empire has established in many parts of the world. Not willing to lose such enormous masses of strong and capable individuals, and stimulated by the desire to provide for them new outlets under the German flag, the Government began a colonial policy in 1884, with the acquisition of Angra Pequena. Since then it has acquired — not by conquest, but peacefully — Kamerun, Togoland, great parts of East and Southwest Africa, the northeastern third of New Guinea, the Bismarck Islands, Samoa, the Caroline, Salomon, Marshall, and

Ladrone Islands, having, in all, 2,657,204 square kilometers and a population of twelve millions.

These acquisitions, as well as the rapid growth of the German industries, of course called for an adequate merchant marine. Conditions for the establishment of such a fleet were not at all favorable. In the matter of shipbuilding Germany was again handicapped by nature, for her supplies of tough wood and iron, the materials for construction, were very limited. Nor did the country possess any great natural harbors. But by placing the import of shipbuilding material upon the free list, and by spending many millions for dredging, the difficulties were overcome. With the construction of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, a communication between the Baltic and the North Sea was established. By granting subventions the Government encouraged new steamboat lines to all the colonies. As these vessels call at many important harbors in Africa, Asia, and Australia, new fields of trade were tapped.

In 1872 the capacity of the German merchant marine amounted to only 982,000 tons. It had increased to 4,076,175 tons in 1907.

Germany's Care for the Working Classes

During all these times of enormous activity the nation never forgot other important problems it was obliged to solve. Above all, the social conditions of the working classes called for reforms.

Wages before 1870 had been low, and many of the evils that developed in other industrial countries had spread over to Germany. Discontent and socialism were increasing, in spite of all repressive measures taken by the Government after the attempt by the socialist Hoedel, in 1878, to kill Emperor William I.

Seeing that repression would never settle the question, and believing that the working classes have a right to be considered by the State, Prince Bismarck resolved to cut the ground from beneath the feet of the socialistic propagandists by bettering the conditions of the working classes. And so, with the Emperor's message to the Reichstag on November 7, 1881, opened the era of "State social politics," which brought about an enormous change in the situation of the working classes. Besides many reforms in regard to the length of working time and women's and children's labor, this "State socialism" provided for three important institutions: first, a compulsory insurance against sickness; second, a compulsory insurance against accidents; third, a compulsory insurance against invalidity and old age.

To the funds of the first class, the *Krankenkassen*, of which at present 23,214 are in existence, all laborers earning less than two thousand marks a year must pay two thirds and the employer one third of the weekly premiums. In case of sickness, the insured person receives half the amount of his wages for twenty-six weeks. Doctors, hospitals, and medicines are free. At present about thirteen to fourteen million laborers are in this way protected. Up to the end of 1907 more than 2,997,000,000 marks had been paid out to sick laborers. Besides, seven to eight million marks are paid every year to poor mothers, who are supported for several weeks before and after confinement. To prevent sickness, especially tuberculosis, the institution supports numbers of sanatoriums and recreation homes, where thousands of people, who would perish otherwise, regain health.

More than Five Billion Marks Paid in Public Insurance

The insurance fees against accident must be paid entirely by the employers. In case of an accident, it is not the employer in whose factory it happened who is held responsible, but the whole group of employers of the same branch. Every group is compelled to establish an insurance company, of which, in 1907, 114 were in existence. About twenty to twenty-one million laborers are thus protected by 150,000 employers. An injured laborer receives, during the time of his disability, two thirds of his wages, also free medical treatment. In case of his death, the family receives at once fifteen per cent of his annual wages and an annual support of sixty per cent. Up to the end of 1907, 1,486,000,000 marks in all had been paid out. As the employers naturally wish to keep the amount of expenditures as low as possible, this kind of compulsory insurance has greatly stimulated the invention and institution of measures by which accidents may be prevented.

The premiums for the insurance against invalidity and old age are paid half by the employees and half by the employer. Support is given to invalids without regard to age, and to persons above seventy years; also to the widows and orphans of insured persons. To every lawful pension the Government contributes fifty marks. At present about fourteen million persons are protected by this insurance. And 1,501,000,000 marks had been paid out up to the end of 1907.

In all, 5,984,000,000 marks have been distributed among needy people by these three branches of insurance. This enormous amount would be increased by several hundred million

marks, if we considered the similar institutions that protect the miners of Germany. The splendid results of such compulsory insurance have induced the Government to prepare also a special insurance for widows and orphans. It might be mentioned that the management of these insurance companies lies entirely in the hands of the working classes and the employers.

The German nation applies an enormous part of its present wealth to the sanitary improvement and the beautifying of its cities and buildings. These measures are not confined to the quarters of the rich, but extend also to those of the working classes. Besides preserving and restoring as far as possible all interesting features and monuments of the past, able architects adorn the cities with magnificent municipal buildings, museums, libraries, schoolhouses, theaters, churches, and domes. Expert landscape-gardeners provide beautiful parks and squares for recreation-grounds and fit surroundings for the statues of the great men the nation has produced. The triumph Germany has achieved in improving its cities must be clear to every one who has had the opportunity of comparing the great modern German cities with those of other countries.

That in regard to public education Germany leads among the nations, that in literature, music, and arts it marches in the very first rank, is a fact too well known to necessitate the giving of details.

And so the modern German Empire presents itself, as Mr. Robert J. Thompson, United States consul at Hanover, said in a contribution to the New York *Herald*, "as a modern organization of the most efficient character, calculated to fit the times, and operating, from His Majesty the Kaiser down through the Reichstag to the humblest manufacturer, with a singleness of purpose to capture her full share of the markets of the world. It is no dream, but one of the greatest realities of modern history."

Is Germany a Menace to the World's Peace?

That such a "great reality," looming up on the horizon, must cause uneasiness among competing nationalities is only natural — especially when this "reality" is powerful enough to fight everything that might be adverse to its intentions and interests. It is the fear for their own security, for their own commerce and interests, that makes certain European nations look at Germany with anxiety and suspicion. But if these nations will be just, they must agree that Germany, in spite of her military supremacy and many provocations to the contrary, has been for the thirty-eight years of the existence of the Empire nothing but the safeguard of peace to Europe. Her readiness to submit all problems of the Morocco question to an international tribunal, her attitude on the Balkan question in 1909, have made clear that the policy of Germany has been decidedly pacific.

And the Emperor?

Although he is ambitious and stands at the head of the most powerful army of the world, during the twenty-one years of his reign he has directed his vigor, not to an aggrandizement of the Empire by conquest, but to the peaceful development of commerce, industries, and arts. Indeed, nobody can fail to acknowledge that it is one of the most significant characteristics of Emperor William II. to remain on friendly terms with all his neighbors. This wish he has manifested not only in his many speeches and by his frequent visits at the European courts, but also by his ardent efforts to bring about a better intercourse between Germany and France. His endeavors in this last direction have been, as many Germans believe, almost too frequent.

That army and navy are purely defensive institutions has been explained by the German authorities often enough. On March 29, 1909, Chancellor von Buelow declared emphatically, in the Reichstag, that Germany has no aggressive tendencies nor the intention to compete as a naval power with Great Britain. But as, up to the present time, there has been presented no basis, practicable and just to all nations, for negotiations on the limitation of armament, the Empire knows no better way than to follow the advice of George Washington, who said in his political testament: "If you will secure peace, prepare for war."

Emperor William himself made on September 11, at a gala dinner in Karlsruhe, a significant speech, in which he said: "So long as there are human beings, so long will exist enemies and hostile tendencies, against which we must protect ourselves. There will be always wars and threatening situations. We must be prepared for everything. My army stands ready to defend the honor of our country and to secure its peace. It bears its armor for nobody's joy and for nobody's harm."

And the Germans themselves? Absorbed in the solution of the many peaceful problems before them, they have neither time nor wish to think of war. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand would regard a war as a dreadful calamity, by which everything might be risked and the end of which nobody could foresee. Most assuredly, any measure that would guarantee peace would nowhere find stronger advocates than among the German people.

MY BOY CHARLIE

BY ORR KENYON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HANSON BOOTH

THE tides of war were at the flood when the surge reached the home of Martha Winthrop, away up on the Kennebec River in the old State of Maine. Abner Winthrop had called her "Mother" ever since their boy was born, and she had grown so used to it that she readily answered to the name, even when some of the neighbors caught the habit from the father and son.

Martha read in the weekly farm paper the call for volunteers, and gave a queer little gasp that caused the rather slow Abner to look up at her in wonder.

"What is it, Mother?" he managed to ask, as his potato hung suspended on the three-tined steel fork.

"Don't you go an' tell Charlie. You hear me, Abner Winthrop?"

"How kin I tell him, when I don't know what's up?" queried Abner cogently.

"It's the President," said Martha gravely. "What he says goes, you know, Abner. An' Charlie just worships the ground his feet stand on."

"What does Mr. Lincoln say?" inquired Abner, helping himself to another mess of savory country-fried potatoes. "I ain't hitched onto your thread yet, Mother."

"The President has issued a call for volunteers; wants 'em for three years. Think of it, Abner. Oh, sakes alive! If——"

The foreseen possibility was too much for Martha Winthrop, and she threw her apron over her head and rocked back and forth in her chair with a faint moan. This unusual demonstration was not lost upon Abner, but he never permitted anything seriously to interfere with his meals, and therefore calmly proceeded with that important function.

"I'm 'mos' certain he'll go," almost wailed Martha, taking her apron from her face. "Heavens above! Abner, what will I do?"

"Who'll go? Our boy Charlie?" asked her husband in surprise. "They want men; they don't want boys."

Martha looked at him with curling lip. Sometimes Abner's density got on her nerves.

"My soul! Abner Winthrop, can't you recollect telling Jennie Sykes last week that Charlie could foller the plow with any man in the country? Oh, I know what was runnin' through your head. You was a-thinkin' of Jennie's Cynthy. You always was forward at match-makin'. But that's all a waste of time. Charlie don't care fer her. Not a bit. He thinks more of that city gal that was up last summer than he does of all the Cynthys in the

"IF MR. LINCOLN WANTS YOU, CHARLIE, I'LL LET YOU GO",

land. More fool him, I know, fer she's likely forgot all about him long ago. An' it don't make a bit of difference now; he'll go an' volunteer for three years, sure's he knows Mr. Lincoln wants him to."

A quick step came up the garden path, and Martha turned eagerly to greet her son. Her fears were alert, and the glow of excitement in Charlie's face struck her dumb. Her lips moved thickly, but no words came.

"Well, Mother, have you heard the news? President Lincoln has called for volunteers. Lots of the boys are going, and I——"

He stopped abruptly at the sight of his mother's face. Never had he seen such an ashen pallor on her florid cheeks.

"Why, Mother! What is it? What's the matter?" he inquired anxiously.

"You hain't been so foolish, Charlie! Tell me you hain't." The words were almost a cry.

"No, Mother, I haven't enlisted — yet."

"Yet? Oh, Charlie! Then you're going?"

"Not unless you say so, Mother." The reply came, clear and decided.

Martha Winthrop clasped her hands gratefully.

"That's like my boy!" she exclaimed. "But, Charlie, what made you think you ought to go?"

"Mr. Lincoln wants me," replied the youth simply.

"How do you know that?"

"He says the young men of the country should rally round the flag, and sweep the enemy from the field, and give peace to the land. I'm one of 'em, Mother. You know that."

"Don't you be a 'tarnal fool, Charlie," broke in Abner, at last waking up to the seriousness of the situation. "You better stay to home and take care of your Mother when — well, when I'm laid by."

"Now, Father," replied Charlie brightly, "you ain't laid by, not by a considerable. You're here to take care of Mother. Somebody's boy must answer that call from Mr. Lincoln; and it seems to me if I don't do it I'll be a sneak and a coward."

"Do you feel that way, Charlie?" asked Martha in a hard, strained voice.

"Yes, Mother, I do, for sure."

"An' you won't enlist unless I say so?"

"No, Mother, I won't. But — but, Mother, I — I think somebody's mother has got to say go, or the country's lost."

Martha Winthrop swallowed hard and rose to her feet. She laid one hand on her son's shoulder and said calmly:

"All right, Charlie. I love you, my boy, better'n anything in this world; but God's given us this grand country of ours, and I ain't goin' to play traitor. If Mr. Lincoln wants you, Charlie, I'll"— her voice caught in a sob —"I'll let you go."

II

Martha Winthrop and Abner never forgot the last good-by as the military train pulled out of the station at the State capital: the crowded cars, with soldier boys leaning from every window and crammed on the platforms; the multitude of friends, relatives, and well-wishers at the station; the waving flags; the rather cracked horns attempting to play "The Girl I Left Behind Me"; the tear-dimmed eyes and the aching hearts. With dry lips they tried to cry, "God bless you!" as their Charlie's sad but resolute face looked over the shoulder of a comrade on the rear platform, and his clear voice rang out in a final, "Good-by, Mother! Good-by!"

The little home was very quiet and very desolate as the days dragged by. There was no one to call in the upper room, though Abner caused Martha a sharp pang by forgetting this when, on the next morning, he went to the foot of the stairs and called out, "Charlie! Time—" He did not finish the familiar words. "Blamed if I ain't forgot!" he muttered apologetically, while Martha buried her face out of human sight and wept many bitter tears.

In the evening, when the chores were done, Martha went out and watched Abner water the stock, drive the few sheep into the barn-yard, and put up the bars. This had been Charlie's work for many a year, and the very animals missed him and gazed around with plaintive calls. When old Robin, the large white horse, who had carried Charlie as a little boy on his back, temporarily refused to notice his oats, raised his head, and whinnied long and loud, Martha turned and went into the house, while Abner suspiciously wiped his eyes on his red cotton handkerchief before he locked the stable door and followed his wife to the kitchen, where the two sat silently, as Martha knitted, with many a smothered sigh.

Day by day Martha bought a paper at the village store, until the days turned into months and her frugal mind suggested the economy of subscribing to the daily *Argus* from the city. At first she had been unwilling to admit that Charlie was to be absent very long. It soon grew to be a habit for the pair to spend the evening, after the supper dishes had been carefully washed and put away, in absorbing the story of the great war as given in the day's despatches from the front. Martha read, and Abner listened, his mouth drawn in curious shapes as his emotions were stirred by the narrative. And so the second year added its months to the first, and Charlie's regiment was with the Army of the Potomac in front of Fredericksburg.

Letters came at very irregular intervals, though Charlie said he tried to write once every week, at least, and the old couple had come to recognize these delays as among the necessary incidents of war. But Martha always expected several at once whenever the time passed beyond a month, and, with patient finger on the big map of Virginia, she followed the regiment as best she could, leaving a little pointer lying constantly on the spot that had been named in the last letter.

III

"Mother," said Abner slowly, "how long has it been?"

"Five weeks," replied Martha, with a grave nod.

"An' there's been a big battle nigh Fredericksburg," continued her husband uneasily.

"Yes. The rebels have got the city."

"So they have. H'm!"

Abner was silent a few minutes; then he looked at his wife across his big "specs" and inquired:

"There's been time since the battle to hear? Eh, Marthy?"

"Yes, Abner."

"What d'ye think, Marthy?" Of late Abner had sometimes called her by the old name of their courtship.

"The Lord is good, Abner."

"H'm!"

The dinner dishes waited on the table. Abner rose and walked to the door.

"Hello!" he called. "There comes the postman.

"For me, Jim? Yes? I don't know the writin'."

"Here, Abner Winthrop, let me see," demanded Martha, taking the letter from his trembling grasp. She tore it open hurriedly and read:

"SHE TORE IT OPEN HURRIEDLY AND READ"

"Near Fredericksburg,
Sunday morning.

"Mr. Winthrop: There has been a big fight. We're whipped off for just now, but we'll get in at them again. Charlie was hurt ——

"Oh! oh!" The cry went straight from Martha's bursting heart. But she went bravely on:

"Charlie was hurt in the last charge. We had to run, but I promised him to let his mother know. Tell my folks I'm all right.

"James Barton."

Abner's voice failed him utterly when he tried to speak. He looked at his wife in dumb terror. But she only moistened her lips and whispered hoarsely:

"My boy Charlie! My boy Charlie!"

Then she shook herself and began a hasty inspection of her wardrobe. From the closet she took down her best plum-colored dress and brushed it carefully. Then she reached up and brought out the big bandbox containing her Sunday bonnet; and then produced her knit gloves and her best shoes. Abner watched her with dilating eyes.

"Mother!" he said at length, "what be you goin' to do?"

"What am I going to do, Abner Winthrop? I'm goin', of course."

"Goin'? Goin'?" repeated her husband. "Where?"

"I'm goin' to Charlie."

The thin lips shut tightly, and Martha went into the next room and shut the door upon herself and her preparations, while Abner sat in despairing wonder. Presently she returned, attired for her journey.

Producing an old, thin "carpet-sack" from its hidden retreat in the attic, she said sharply:

"Abner, don't set there gaping at me. Go down to the store an' buy me a place in the stage for Augusta. It starts at four, an' it's 'mos' three now. D'ye hear?"

Abner heard and obeyed. When he came back, his wife sat on the little porch, carpet-sack by her side, gazing down the road where the stage would be first seen. At last he ventured a remonstrance.

"Mother!" She did not heed. "Mother! don't you know it's mighty far to Boston, an' Charlie's a long ways from Boston?"

"Yes, I know."

"Mother!" after a minute. "Charlie's a big piece from New York. Don't ye know?"

"Yes, Abner."

Her husband waited a while, and then mustered his forces.

"Mother! I reckon this here Fredericksburg's a hundred miles from Washington, even. It's a terrible journey, an' you've never been fifty miles from home in your life."

"My boy Charlie!" sighed Martha, apparently not hearing her husband's voice.

Abner got on his feet and went over to her

side. Putting a trembling hand on her shoulder, he said finally:

"Mother! it costs a heap to go to Washington. An' you can't travel for nothin'."

Martha looked at him sharply. Her voice had a ring in it that Abner knew belonged only to special occasions.

"I know it, Abner," she said. "I've got all the money in the old stocking that I've been savin' for a rainy day ever since we was married. Lord have mercy! I reckon it's rainin' as hard this day as it ever will." Her lips closed tightly.

Abner looked at her steadily.

"I hope the good Lord won't let it rain any worse!" he ejaculated gravely.

Then the stage came.

IV

On the way from the village to Augusta, Martha Winthrop made the acquaintance of a kindly old gentleman, and naturally told him of her undertaking. Her new friend advised her to make some effort to secure letters of introduction, and asked if she knew any one of influence in Portland or Boston.

"No, not one," said Martha sadly.

"Governor Andrew has a big heart," remarked the old man. "Suppose you try to see him in Boston. Just possibly he may help you to see the President in Washington."

Martha gasped.

"That's just what I was a-dreamin' about," she confessed, "but I couldn't see any way. I'll try the Governor."

Massachusetts' famous "War Governor" was at breakfast next morning, when his bell rang decidedly. The butler, opening the door, saw an elderly woman in very modest dress, and at once began to say formally:

"Governor's at breakfast; can't see ——"

"My boy Charlie is dying down there in Virginia," exclaimed the woman in a strained voice, pushing past the astonished butler. "I've got to see him!"

"HIS WIFE SAT ON THE LITTLE PORCH, GAZING DOWN THE ROAD"

The way to the dining-room was straight ahead, and in another moment the door was flung open and Martha entered. The Governor sat with his face turned partly toward her, and in an instant she spoke, holding out both hands imploringly:

"Governor Andrew, my boy Charlie is dying down there by Fredericksburg, and I've come all the way from Augusta. I must go to him, Governor. Won't you help me?"

The sad, earnest face, the tearful eyes, and the touching appeal in the broken voice went to the Governor's heart.

"My dear madam," he said gravely, "if there is anything I can do, I will do it. But, let me ask, is it wise for a lady of your years to undertake this journey?"

"I'm going, Governor, if I have to walk."

Governor Andrew smiled approvingly.

"I think you will get there," he said. "All I can do is to give you a note to the President. If any one can help you reach your son, Mr. Lincoln is the man."

He rang for paper and ink and hastily wrote a brief letter which he addressed to the President at Washington.

The thanks that Martha gave him were of the sort that are not soon forgotten, and there was a mist before John A. Andrew's eyes as he sat down again to finish his interrupted meal.

From Boston to Washington seemed an endless distance to the troubled mother, but she pressed Governor Andrew's precious letter in her hand, even while she tried to sleep through the tedious hours of the night.

"I must not get played out too soon," she said warningly to herself.

Washington was

"'YOU'LL HAVE TO SHOOT, IF YOU WILL. I'M GOING TO MY BOY,' SHE SAID"

reached in the morning, and Martha soon found herself standing on the steps of the White House, a feeling of awe in her breast, but with courage undiminished.

"Can't see the President, madam. He is in a Cabinet meeting." The stately official waved his hand with finality.

But Martha pushed resolutely on, saying in a high key:

"My boy Charlie is dying down there in Virginia. I will see the President. I ——"

The first official and another had started forward and grasped the offender against rule, their voices raised in emphatic denial. A door opened at a short distance, and the President looked out inquiringly. In an instant Martha recognized the sad, kindly, furrowed face, and held out an appealing hand.

"Oh, Mr. Lincoln!" she cried in tense tones, "my boy Charlie is dying down by Fredericksburg, and I've come all the way from Stag Hollow, in Maine, to save him. Won't you help me?"

The man of the great and sorrowing heart stepped out into the corridor and closed the door behind him.

"Come with me," he said kindly, taking her arm and drawing her into another room. "The Cabinet can wait a little."

She looked up at the gaunt, tall figure in amazement, but with the instantaneous confidence of a child toward one whose mien inspires it.

"Oh, Mr. Lincoln," she gasped, while the tears flowed freely, "is it true? Can you help me find my boy?"

"Where is he, madam?" asked the President.

"He was hurt nigh Fredericksburg last week. Jimmy Barton wrote they had to leave him when the rebels drove 'em back."

Mr. Lincoln shook his head doubtfully. Martha saw it, and cried:

"Don't say no, Mr. Lincoln! Charlie wouldn't enlist unless I said he could; but he kept a-tellin' me that Mr. Lincoln wanted him, an' he said if somebody's mother didn't say go, the country was lost. Then I weakened. I couldn't stand that."

The tears stood in the President's eyes. He leaned his elbow on the mantel, towering far above his companion.

"What did you tell him then?" he asked.

"I said, 'Charlie, if Mr. Lincoln wants you, you can go.'"

The President's hand covered his brow for half a minute. Then he sat down at a table and wrote a brief note, and after that another, then tapped a bell. An orderly appeared, and Mr. Lincoln gave him one note, saying:

"Forward that at once to General —— at the front."

Handing the other to Martha, he said gravely:

"I am afraid, madam, that I cannot do all you wish; but I will do all I possibly can, and back you with the Army of the Potomac, if necessary. I have written the general in command to get you as near your boy as he can,

"'MOTHER! I KNEW YOU'D COME!' HE CRIED"

and this letter will pass you along to Fredericksburg. The ground where your son was wounded is now in possession of the enemy; but you shall go just as far as we can send you."

He paused a moment, while Martha's thanks choked in her trembling throat. Then he added:

"God bless you! I wish there were more mothers like you. Give my love to the boy who was ready to go when I called for him."

Another orderly led her away and put her on a train bound for the front. But Martha Winthrop saw nothing but a lined, grave face bending over her, and heard nothing for several hours but the echoes of that kindly voice.

V

"Halt! and give the countersign!"

The sharp command rang out on the quiet air. But Martha Winthrop pressed on, apparently unheeding. She had been conducted to the extreme outposts of the Union Army, and shown a hill in the distance as the probable place where her son had fallen. The officer accompanying her urged her not to go, stating that some exchange might be made in a few days, and her boy included among those sent back. But she would not listen. A moment's delay was terrible to her mother's heart. So now, when the Confederate sentry challenged her, she pressed right on till his second order and leveled musket arrested her attention.

"Halt, woman, or I will shoot!"

Without slackening her pace, Martha cried, as she waved one hand distractedly:

"I tell you, young man, my boy Charlie is dying over there on yon hill. I'm going to him. You'll have to shoot, if you will. I'm going to my boy."

"Why didn't ye shoot, Randall?" queried a companion round the camp-fire that night.

"I just couldn't, Tom," answered Randall. "She looked too much like my old mother I

left down there in Georgia. Blank it all! She couldn't do any harm."

On the crest of the hill Martha found an improvised hospital camp. Everywhere the men lay thick, under slight shelters of boughs and scraps of tent-cloth. Groans and cries of anguish saluted Martha's straining ears as she eagerly scanned every face, but all were strangers. At length a negro woman, acting as an attendant, answered her repeated request for news of her boy by saying:

"Mebbe he's ober dar, down in dat corner, Missus. Dar's a mighty sick sojer dat's allus callin' fer his mammy."

Under a scrap of tent-cloth, in the extreme corner of the rude camp, Martha Winthrop fell on her knees with a great, hungering cry, grasping one thin, sunburned hand in both her own:

"My boy Charlie! My boy Charlie!"

The light of reason conquered the fiercer fires of the fever, the eyes turned upon the loved face, and the boy saw what, in the twenty-five years of his subsequent life, he never forgot. Stretching up both feeble arms, he cried, with all his heart and soul in his voice:

"Mother! I knew you'd come. I knew you'd come!"

BUT ONE LEADS SOUTH

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTER

So many countries of the earth,
So many lands of such great worth;
So stately, tall, and fair they shine,—
So royal, all,—but one is mine.

So many paths that come and go,
Busy and freighted, to and fro;
So many that I never see
That still bring gifts and friends to me;
So many paths that go and come,
But one leads South,—and that leads home.

Oh, I would rather see the face
Of that dear land a little space
Than have earth's richest, fairest things
My own, or touch the hands of kings.—
I'm homesick for it! When at night
The silent road runs still and white,—
Runs onward, southward, still and fair,
And I know well it's going there,
And I know well at last 'twill come
To that old candle-lighted home,—
Though all the candles of heaven are lit,
I'm homesick for the sight of it!

TRAPPING WILD HORSES IN NEVADA

BY

RUFUS STEELE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

UPON the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevadas, in a harsh region embracing parts of Eureka, Nye, Lander, White Pine, and Elko counties, Nevada, lies the last wild-horse pasture in America. The place is a fit desert stronghold. The only railroad that crosses the State is a hundred miles away. It is three days' ride from one ranch to another. In this barren and nearly inaccessible territory, the wild horse has made his last stand against captivity.

In Nevada there are to-day not less than fifty thousand wild horses. There may be one hundred thousand, for their habits are such as to make any exact count impossible. It is easy to believe that their ancestry goes back to the Arabian horses that strayed from the camp of Coronado in 1540, for they have the fine head, the slim legs, and the flowing mane and tail characteristic of the Arabian stock. There are bays, albinos, chestnuts, red and blue roans, pintos, sorrels, buckskins, and milk-whites. The mares average eight hundred pounds in weight, and the stallions frequently weigh three hundred pounds more than that; they stand from thirteen to fourteen hands high. Their endurance is phenomenal, and as for agility, the marks of their unshod hoofs are found at the summits of monumental boulder-piles which even a mountain goat might reasonably be expected to cut out of his itinerary. They keep to an elevation of from six to nine thousand feet, descending to the plains hardly at all. The water-holes are from twenty to fifty miles apart, but when the taint of man is upon a drinking-place, they will turn aside from it, even in midsummer, and wander on until instinct leads them to a spring that man has not defiled. In winter the water-holes may be solid ice, but the horses are not inconvenienced — they eat the snow. Bunch-grass is their sustenance in summer; then the first frosts cure the white sage, and that becomes palatable; they paw through the snow to reach it, and keep fat throughout the winter. In extremity they gnaw at scrub pines and cedars, the sparse chaparral, greasewood, and rabbit-brush, and, with starvation ahead, they eat the bitter brush of the black sage.

Big Profits in Capturing Wild Horses

When a man has once mastered them, these horses yield complete submission. They make wonderful saddle-animals, sometimes race-horses. Geronimo, a celebrated quarter horse of the Elko race-track, is an example of this. They are not heavy enough for draft work, but many thousands of them are to-day drawing farm-wagons, buggies, and delivery-wagons in the States of the Middle West. The average value of one of these horses, after it has been shipped to North Platte or Kansas City and slightly broken, is one hundred dollars. Men spend all winter planning campaigns against them in the hope of making big profits, and all summer in proving that most of these plans have flaws in them. Not infrequently the novice finds, at the end of the season, that the saddle-horses he has ruined in the chase outnumber the wild horses in his corral.

Any good bronco-buster who perseveres on the trail and waits his opportunity can get among a grazing band and rope his single prize. But roping wild horses one at a time — and not the best of the bunch — is not a profitable game. How to take the wild horse in numbers — that has been the problem for two generations.

The man who seems to have been most successful in solving it is Charles ("Pete") Barnum, a native of South Dakota, who in six years — he is now thirty-two years of age — has shipped from Nevada to Middle Western markets more than seven thousand splendid horses. Seven thousand head is probably two thousand less than he has caught, for about twenty-five per cent are killed in the process of breaking. I have tried to set down Mr. Barnum's story of his work — the most exciting outdoor trade in the West to-day — as nearly as possible as he tells it.

You may be riding along carefully among

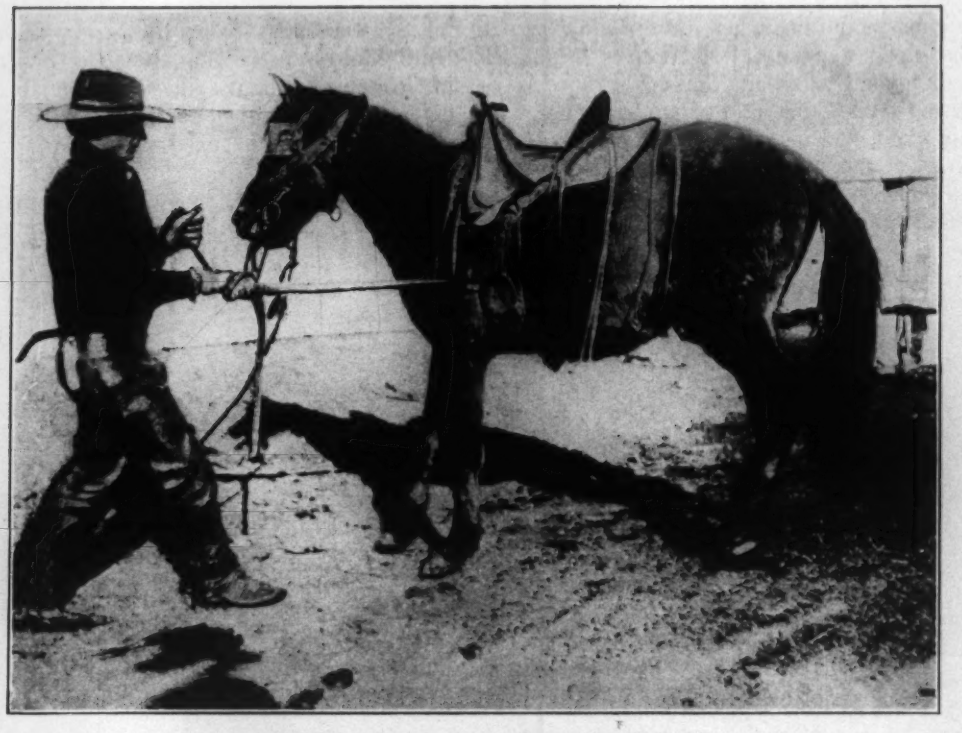
towering mountains when, quite suddenly, you come upon a band of wild horses feeding or standing half asleep in the shade of rocks or stunted trees. One of the band sees, hears, or smells you, and instantly all are alert. If you rein in your horse and remain motionless, the wild stallion will advance toward you with extreme caution. At last he halts, throws up his head, emits a mighty snort, and instantly he is away at full speed, with his band at his heels. Down the mountain-side they go, with never a trail to follow. They leap, scramble, tumble, crash through old dead timber, and when they strike a bit of good running ground, their hoof-beats come back to you like the roll of a drum. If they are pursued, the thick-necked, thin-legged, many-scarred stallion continues to lead. If no pursuer appears, the stallion drops to the rear, to be on the alert against surprise, and his place in the lead is taken by a crafty old mare. During long runs I have witnessed this change in leadership many times. Often it spells defeat for the "mustanger."

How the Wild Horse Outwits the Mustanger

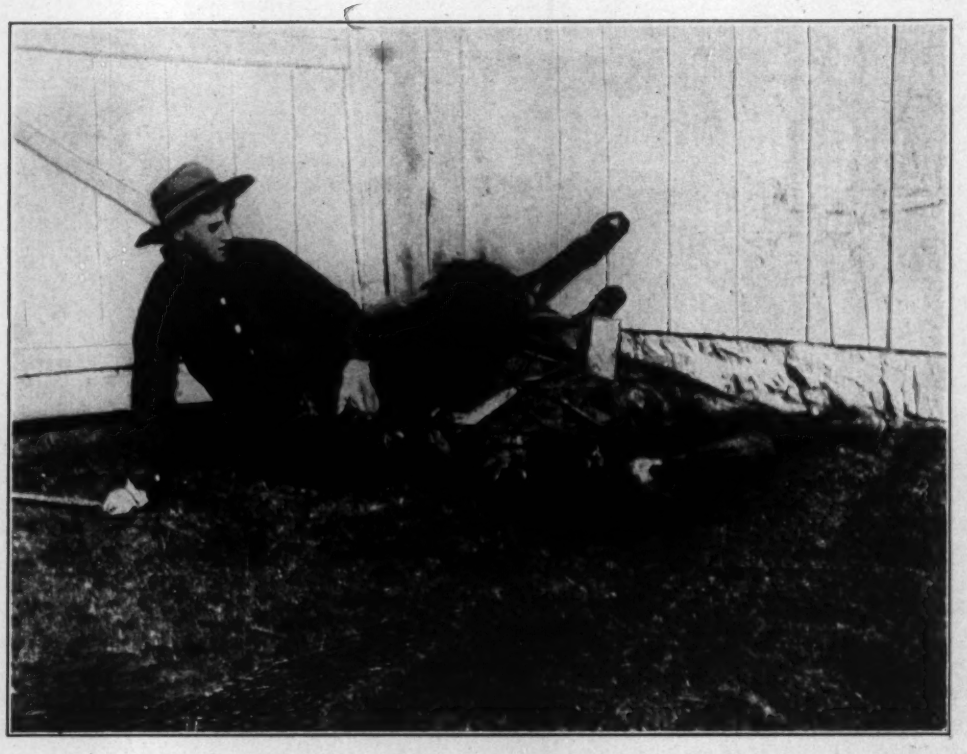
To catch the wild horse is a real problem. A man may have worked around the mustangs for years, may be an expert, fearless rider, a sure shot with the lariat, may know the range perfectly, may have schemed and toiled unremittingly in arranging to take his captives, assisted by men of experience equal to his own, only to have a wily stallion or a sagacious old mare outwit him and escape.

CHARLES ("PETE") BARNUM
WHO IN SIX YEARS HAS SHIPPED FROM NEVADA TO THE MIDDLE WESTERN MARKETS MORE THAN SEVEN THOUSAND WILD HORSES

Yet these mustangs are caught, not by twos and threes, or by scores, but by hundreds. I have made this my business for six or seven years. To many men the catching of these



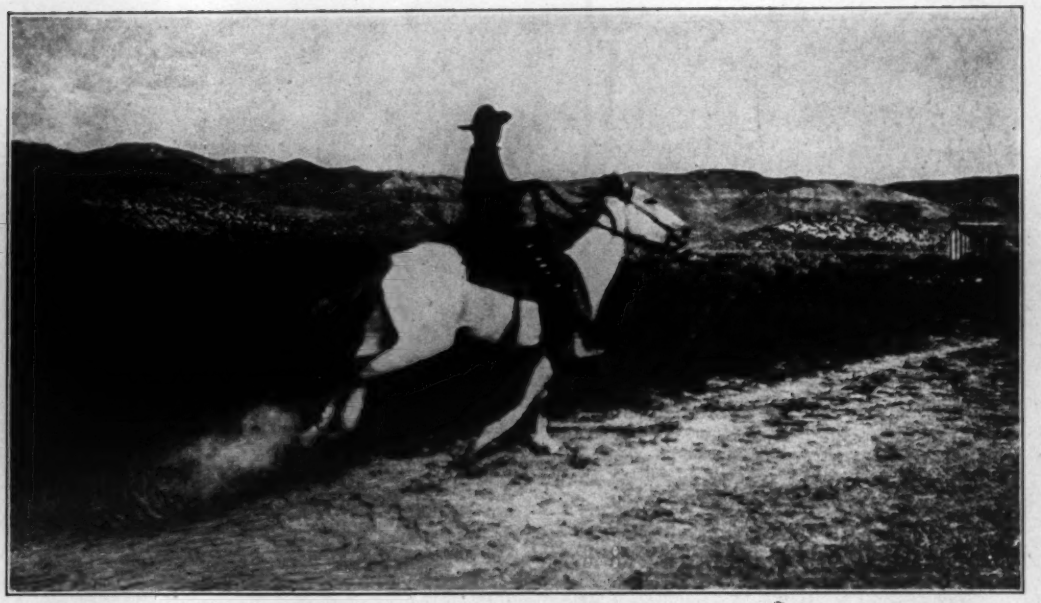
SADDLING WITHOUT THROWING THE MUSTANG



DOWN ON THE RIDER'S LEG

THE FIRST TRIAL WITH HARNESS

A WILD HORSE IN THE ACT OF THROWING HIS RIDER THROUGH A GAP IN THE STOCKADE



ONE OF THE SADDLE-HORSES USED IN CATCHING WILD MUSTANGS

horses is a source of livelihood. They live among mustangs, they think mustangs, they measure in mustangs. I have worked from dawn until dark felling trees and dragging them to some mountain pass where I had previously watched long strings of mustangs file unsuspectingly back and forth to water or a favorite feeding-ground. In such passes my men and I have erected strong stockade corrals, from the gates of which we would build long brush fences, or wings, so that the outer opening would be half a mile across. Then a trained man would be sent to ride, walk, and crawl, until he had a bunch of wild horses between him and the corral. He would start the horses in a terrified run for the pass. A second rider would dart out from behind a rock or tree and lash his horse after them. Other men would join the chase, appearing suddenly as if from the ground itself, their object being to sweep the horses at top speed into the wings of the corral and straight down into its hidden gate. Do they race into the trap? Not always, nor nearly always. More often a sense that we cannot define warns them of danger. Over rocks, through pines, cedars, and mahoganies, even over mounted men, they tear their way to liberty! The stockade corral was carefully hidden, the trails were not disturbed, yet they would not go that way. Our combined efforts were unavailing. The horses would not be caught.

Pursuing a Band by Relays

When the country is sufficiently open and level, five or six experienced men, if well mounted and properly stationed, can sometimes keep a band of horses running in great circles, and, by relieving each other at regular intervals, they can in time wear out the wild horses and corral those that do not give out during the run. The distances these horses will run when thus pursued by relays of riders are almost beyond belief. I have known instances where bands that had run twenty miles would take a spurt and outrun fresh horses. Bands that have been chased a few times discover that the pursuers are not after individuals, and the horses quickly learn to drop away from the band one at a time and escape. At length the pursuers find that they are trailing only one or two horses, and give up in disgust.

When a band is started, they will race away for a short distance, then halt and face about at the crest of the first ridge, like a line of soldiers. If they see the pursuer coming, they will snort, wheel about, and start on the long, long race. Immediately the mustanger begins his work. Should the horses start off in the direction of his trap, he will follow at such speed as to keep close to them without crowding them. Should the leader attempt to take a new direction, the mustanger must force his own horse up to the stallion and fight him, for the "drags" and "tails" will follow their leader blindly. The mere appearance of the enemy at such close quarters means increased speed on the part of the mustangs, but the rider must show such speed and determination that the leader will acknowledge defeat and turn away from the rider — turn back in the direction

A GROUP OF HALF-BREED HORSE-TRAPPERS

the rider wishes him to take. This is usually the vital moment of the chase. If the stallion can be turned, the capture of at least part of his band is almost assured. But experience or instinct has taught the wild leader not to turn. Seven out of ten bunches of wild horses will strive to go just the way you do not wish them to go, and all that one can do will not turn them. I have ridden neck and neck with these game old stallions; I have beaten them across the nose with my quirt until their faces were drenched with blood, only to have them slacken sufficiently to dodge behind my horse and thence to continue on their contrary way.

Trapping a Wild Band with Tame Horses

Of the older methods of capturing wild horses the most successful is the *parada*. A number of gentle horses are driven to a section where wild ones abound, and are concealed in a natural runway. Sharp-eyed men scour the neighborhood for mustangs, and, having found a bunch, start them in the direction of the *parada* of gentle horses. Relays of men are stationed out of sight along the course that the wild horses are expected to follow, to keep them to the right direction. At length the running band tears into the little valley where the gentle horses in small bunches are feeding and moving slowly about. The wild horses mix with them and, in theory, at least, come to a halt. Suddenly men appear on all sides. The gentle horses are not excited, and this quiets the wild ones, so that the entire reinforced band may be driven away intact to a corral.

Thousands of wild horses have been captured in this way, but in most parts of the wild-horse country the method is played out. The horses have grown wise. If they cannot evade the relays of riders and go off in a new direction, they will dash into the *parada*, through it, and away, before the men hidden near at hand can stop them. Sometimes they excite the gentle horses and carry them off also. Or else, when the men begin to hem in the band, the wild ones, one at a time, will make a dash for liberty, knowing full well that if they slip away singly they will not be pursued. Strangely, it is only the stallion that can be induced to return to a *parada* from which he has escaped. Often the stallion will dash to liberty outside the circle of men, but, if his mares are held, he will return to them if the men remain quiet. Horses that have escaped from a *parada* never forget the lesson. When pursued again, they will avoid any band of horses.

It has always been the weaker and poorer horses that were caught in largest numbers: the cream of the herds — the strong, the fleet, the capable and crafty — escapes. The elimination of the poorer stock has improved the breed, and the standard is higher among these wild horses to-day than among domestic animals.

The Canvas Corral Revolutionizes Wild-Horse Catching

We had long believed that if corrals could be erected quickly in passes much traveled by them, the horses could be caught and held. We wasted many months in erecting stockade corrals in different places, but the noise and

A BIG CATCH OF WILD HORSES AT A FENCED-IN WATER-HOLE

A STUBBORN MUSTANG LIES DOWN WHEN HE HAS FAILED TO THROW HIS RIDER BY BUCKING

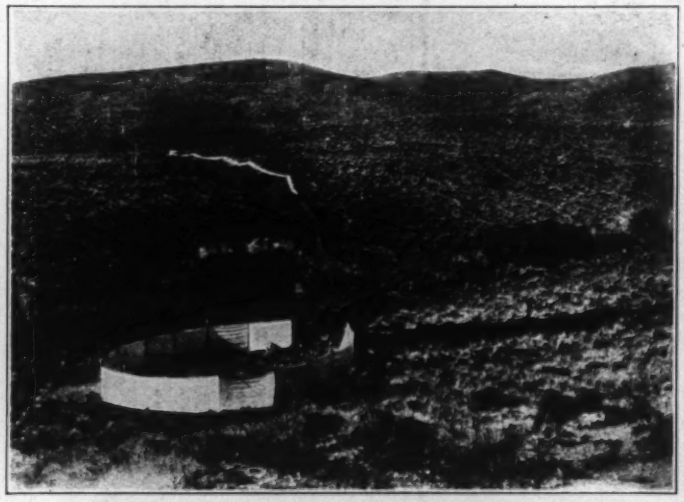
WITH ONE FORE LEG THUS BOUND UP, THE WILD HORSE
CAN BE DRIVEN TO THE HOME RANCH

ONE WAY OF SADDLING A WILD MUSTANG

disturbance — even the presence of mounted men upon the range — would cause the horses to forsake the range or refuse to run in the direction we wished. Timber is very scarce and must be hauled many miles. Often we could not get it to the place where we wished to build a trap. We tried heavy woven wire. Not only did its weight and bulkiness prevent its being taken into the rough places, but having once been stretched out to form a corral, the wire could not be taken down and used again elsewhere.

A WILD HORSE TRYING TO UNSEAT HIS RIDER BY RAPID TWISTING

It was only after long, costly experimenting that my inspiration came. It must have been an inspiration, for the development of that idea has revolutionized the trapping of wild horses in Nevada. Observation had taught me that wild horses seldom try to jump anything they cannot see through or over. So I figured that if a corral could be devised that should have some strength, with walls that the horses could not see through or over, and that had little weight, the problem would be solved. The corral would have to appear to the horses to be a great deal stronger than it really was, so that they would not try to break it down, and it would have to be so light that it could be packed in sections upon the backs of pack-animals and moved quickly to this or that pass and erected before the wild horses observed us or suspected danger. I decided to try canvas. I obtained two pieces, each long enough and wide enough to make a circular corral fifty feet in diameter and seven feet in height. In weight the canvas was nearly as heavy as belting. The experiment worked well — the canvas corral, easily shifted from point to point and quickly and noiselessly erected, proved at once the best sort of trap that had ever been tried on the wild-horse ranges. We loaded the canvas corrals upon pack-animals and carried them to the wildest and least accessible parts of the mountains. The corral could be set up in two hours. As the canvas began a foot above the ground, the wall had a height of eight feet. In these corrals we have caught the wildest horses, old veterans that had been escaping for years. We learned how to select the right place for the corral trap and how to get it into position and ready so that the horses would suspect nothing until too late for them to turn back. We would then start out early in the morning and move up to the point where the trap was to be set. A few hours' work sufficed for the erection of the corral and the cloth and bunting wings. Everything ready, the starter would slip away and start the nearest bunch of horses. If he saw them running



ONE OF THE CANVAS CORRALS ORIGINATED BY CHARLES ("PETE") BARNUM

toward the trap and into the hands of the outlying men, he would go farther back to start another bunch, and still another. I have seen separate bunches totaling thirty head coming into the corral within a hundred yards of each other. They were all corraled and held, though the riders had a very busy time of it.

The Water-hole the Strategic Point

South of Eureka, water is very scarce. Here I have caught great numbers of wild horses by trapping them when they came to drink. It must be understood that the only water the mustangs can get is at the mountain springs, which are not numerous, and which are often twenty miles or more apart. Some years ago I fenced in a number of these springs, making small fields, with a wide opening for a gate at the front. At the far end of these little inclosures I built corrals of woven wire, then left them. At first sight of these fences the wild horses invariably ran away, but in the heat of summer they had no choice — they must enter or die of thirst. Although it took many months for them to become accustomed to these water-traps, it has proved a most satisfactory way to catch them; for, instead of crippling and killing good saddle-horses in terribly exhausting runs, and incidentally taking chances on broken bones and serious accidents ourselves, we merely lie in wait in a place where the wild horses cannot see, hear, nor smell us. We either construct a shelter on top of a ridge that commands a view of the gate, or dig a hole close to the entrance, large enough to conceal two men and their bedding. This hole is roofed over with brush and dirt, and a dead tree laid on top of it all to give it a natural appearance. We have found that if a man is thus hidden the horses will not get his scent readily. This is a very important consideration, for we have lost more horses through their scenting us than in any other way.

Getting the Captured Horses to the Railroad

The reader may wonder how, when we have a corral full of wild horses, we ever manage to get them to the home ranch or to the railroad, which may be a hundred and twenty miles away. Just there lay problem Number Two. By most methods a certain percentage of the horses are lost in the moving. My own method is as follows: Each horse in the canvas corral is lassoed and thrown, and one of his front legs is firmly bound up at the "elbow." When the horse is released, he springs up on three legs and charges about at first. But when we begin to drive the bunch, they find that they cannot run very far away on three legs. The going is painful and their stubborn spirit of resistance is broken down. Presently a horse grows weary and lags behind. That is the sign that he surrenders. We rope and throw him, remove the rope that binds up his fore leg — and find that we can now drive him along without great difficulty. At night we put the bunch into the corral that we have brought along with us. By morning the spirits of the horses may have recovered, and they are ready to renew the dispute. Again they are thrown and bound and driven along on three legs. After a few miles they begin to drop back, to have the leg-binder removed. They are pacified. Subjugation is somewhat slow, but usually sure, and after a while the horses will cease to fight.

"Sontag," the Outlaw Stallion

Five years ago there were thousands of horses in the mountains bordering Fish Creek valley. From the peaks on either side one could see bands in every direction, peacefully grazing. Here we caught many magnificent horses; the feed was excellent, and they seemed to thrive in winter as well as in summer. One big brown stallion was the cause of many an exhausting run. He was powerfully and faultlessly proportioned, weighing close on twelve hundred pounds. His band numbered fourteen head. The beauty of the leader and the variegated coloring of his swift band marked them out from the wild horses everywhere around. The stallion was so wild, so alert, and so game that some one declared, one day, that he was as much an outlaw as Sontag, the noted California bandit. The allusion gave the stallion his name; always after that he was "Sontag."

Early one spring we were bringing about two hundred head to the railroad for shipment. Wagon Johnnie, a half-breed Shoshone, who was riding in the lead, signaled us to stop. He rode back and told us that Sontag and his band were feeding about two miles ahead of us, in such a place that it would not be difficult to get behind them and drive them into our semi-gentle bunch, or *parada*. I gave my men their positions, and we began to move. An Indian named Philip Arrowtop made a wide circle and got behind Sontag and his bunch without being seen by them. The mustangs were so close to us that the only way to get them inside the circle of our men was to "fog" them from the start. Fog them the Indian did. I saw him dash at them, enveloped in a cloud of dust. He charged among them on his big white horse, swinging a bright-colored serape above his head as he bounded through the brush. Sontag

fled instantly, followed by his bunch, straight toward us. The relay men closed in in perfect order, and, before they realized the situation, Sontag and his herd, after a terrific run of two miles, were turning and twisting among the two hundred horses of our band. A crowd of yelling riders beat them back whenever any of the wild ones approached the edge of the drove. The old leader was surprised. He circled through the strange herd, neighing as he went and trying to reassemble his followers. In this he was not successful. He began to run about. Suddenly he darted straight at me. I sent my reata curling at his head, but he dodged it cleverly, found himself outside the hateful circle, and away he raced to the hills, minus his herd of followers.

Within a week Sontag must have fought and conquered another stallion, for the old leader appeared with a new band. Three months later two of my saddle-horses escaped and joined Sontag's flock. I planned to run down the entire band, believing that when thoroughly exhausted they could be driven, with gentle horses, to a corral that I erected in the foothills. Our run was a success, though we made a ten-mile circuit twice instead of once. Each man did his work well, and for a second time the old stallion was ours — almost. His sides heaved from the long exertion, and vapor rose from his body in little clouds, but his head was still high and his eye full of fire. He looked at me, advanced a step, and I unswung my rope. Like a flash he dashed between me and a young Indian on my right. I anticipated the movement correctly and got my lariat over him neatly. When he felt the rope tighten about his neck, he surged against it with all his strength. In the long race the cinch of my saddle had become loose, and the sudden strain jerked my outfit upon the withers of my horse. My horse "stayed," and so did I, but I knew that something would have to go soon. Old Sontag continued to rear and plunge, and was gaining his freedom an inch at a time when an Indian rode in between my struggling horse and the stallion, grabbed my rope, and shouted, "Let go!" I did so; the Indian attempted to fasten the reata about his saddle-horn, but missed his turns, and in an instant Sontag had torn the rope from the Indian's hands and was leaping off to the hills, dragging my twelve-dollar reata in the dust behind him.

Two years later we caught Sontag and a new band at a water-hole that we had fenced in. This time we succeeded in getting him safely to a field where we were holding about sixty other horses. They had plenty to eat and drink, and we left them there for ten days. When we returned to our corral it was absolutely empty. There was a gap in the heavy wire fence, and the broken ends of the wire were covered with blood and hair and flesh. Two mustangs lay dead there. A terrific onslaught, led by a horse of far more than average intelligence, had beaten open that door to liberty. It was easy to believe that we owed the loss of him and of sixty other good horses to old Sontag. I have never seen the proud and splendid stallion since.

An Adventure with Wild Horses in a Cañon

Last summer unusual numbers of mustangs frequented the range of mountains that separates Antelope Valley from Fencemaker Wash, in Eureka County. Our work necessitated crossing the range frequently. We noticed that when the horses were scared they would strike out down a long ridge toward the foothills below. This course took them through a cañon that had perpendicular walls of granite. The only possible escape from the cañon was by two trails fifty feet apart. The trails passed through veritable rock gates. If these gates were closed by trees laid across them, running horses would be swerved squarely into a natural rock corral of considerable size, as perfect a corral as we could possibly build. We felled some pine trees and laid a good-sized tree across the boulders, thus blocking each of the trails. We agreed that our barricade was perfect.

Soon after daylight one June morning, we set out to try our rock corral trap. In the vicinity the mountains were exceedingly steep and rough. Viewed from a distance, they seemed in many places to be almost perpendicular. The mountain-sides were embedded with large flat stones jutting out at every angle. This was the country through which we must ride at break-neck speed, so every man chose for his mount the horse he believed to be most sure-footed and agile. I rode a wiry, nervous, four-year-old mule, who could run through seemingly impassable places with ease. By my side rode Allison, an Indian with thirty years' experience among wild horses. Allison had an almost miraculous eyesight. He reined in and pointed toward the filmy summit of Nine Mile Mountain. I reached for my glasses, and soon discerned what he had already seen — a band of about thirty horses quietly grazing. They were miles away and thousands of feet above us. It was an ideal spot from which to start them: they must surely come down that long slope and race into the cañon where lay our trap.

Allison's son, a lad of sixteen, light in weight, fearless, of good judgment, was sent around the mountain with instructions to get above and behind the band and start them toward the cañon. The rest of us took up stations on high ridges, where, out of sight, we could watch the movements of the band. I had a fine stand. Far away above me I could watch the mustangs through my glasses. Back of me, out beyond the foothills, was Fish Creek valley, wide, hot, barren. From its far side arose other mountains. Still farther east were the snow-capped Rubies.

For nearly three hours I waited for the Indian boy to appear on the mountain above the mustangs. I had become impatient, and my eyes ached from the strain. To ease them I watched a column of ants laboriously dragging little twigs across the rock on which I was seated. My mule, standing lazily by, suddenly raised her head in the direction of the mustangs. I looked. A mile below the spot they had occupied, I saw the advancing end of a ribbon of dust. Leading it were flying objects that seemed no larger than the ants at my feet. Back of the mustangs, through my glasses, I could see a small black object that appeared to be falling downward through space. It was the half-breed boy riding down the mountain like a fiend. My mule was nervously pawing, scenting the excitement. Every moment brought them nearer, but until the leader crossed the ridge on which I sat there was nothing for me to do.

The mustangs were coming exactly as I wanted them to come; the pace was terrific. The leader, a fine big sorrel stallion with light mane and tail, crossed a few hundred yards below me. Stringing out behind him, came the rest, their sides heaving, their coats dripping water. I had tightened my cinch, and now climbed into the saddle. The mule, keen for the run, champed the bit. My legs were pressed hard against her sides and I could distinctly feel the pounding of her heart. The mule leaped out even before I could give the word.

"Whoop! Whoop!" I yelled. The last mustang was about a hundred yards ahead of me. The yelling and the sight of the long-eared creature I was riding added to their terror, and with renewed energy the wild horses flew down toward the cañon and the corral. I sent my mule galloping after them. At every bound we cleared rocks and dead timber. I felt a lurch and knew I was falling. I tried to "clear," but was not quick enough. I struck among the stones and brush, and down upon me came the mule. A spur had caught in the saddle and I could not free myself. Together we rolled down the hill, but, by one of those miracles of the wilds, neither of us was badly hurt. Though somewhat dazed, I clung to the bridle-reins, and when the mule lifted herself off my body at the foot of the hill I pulled myself into the saddle again.

In another moment we were racing down the mountain again. The wild horses had disappeared from sight, but a blind man could have followed the broad trail they left. I rode into the cañon and on at top speed to the corral. There I saw two little colts running about excitedly, and an Indian who had been stationed near was sitting motionless and rather stupidly on his pony. There were no horses in the corral nor in the cañon. I could not understand it, and called to the Indian, "Where are the mustangs?" He pointed to the trails we had blocked with trees and said, "He go that way."

Then I saw that the leader had blindly followed one of the two trails. At the last moment, unable to check himself when he saw the tree barring his accustomed way, he had lowered his head and crashed into the barrier. With a mighty lurch he had struggled forward and lifted the tree from its place in the rocks, thus removing the barrier entirely. Every one of his band had followed him and escaped.

THE UGLY MAN

BY

J. O. COBB

WE were delayed five hours in St. Paul by a snow-bound train on the Soo line. The immense room was filled with immigrants, waiting, like ourselves, for west-bound trains.

As we promenaded slowly up and down, stopping here and there to read the notices on the walls, the train schedules, and all the other advertisements, we noticed a family of Russian Jews huddled together in the midst of innumerable boxes and bundles, upon which the man kept a sharp eye. The poor sick mother, worn and exhausted with the long journey, half reclining on the bundles, paid no attention to the others. A little boy of about five, wrapped in his father's ragged overcoat, lay upon the floor, and a scrawny infant, too ill to cry, was held close in the arms of the eldest child, a girl of ten, the most beautiful child I have ever seen. Her long, wavy brown hair was wonderful in coloring, for ruddy, burnished gold tipped the crest of each wave. The father, too, was remarkable — tall, erect, and handsome, with the same beautiful color in eyes, hair, and long flowing beard. His features were gentle and Christlike, but in his eyes there was the hunted look of the hungered and oppressed.

I never look back upon this day that the eyes of the Jew and his daughter do not appear before me in mute appeal. His look of suffering and the motherly anxiety shown in the little daughter's face as she walked back and forth with the sick child haunt me even now, though at the time I passed them by, I fear with repulsion and indifference. This feeling did not come altogether from hardness of heart, but rather from a state of mind that had been gradually bred in me by constant contact and close familiarity with want and suffering. What I saw here was a daily and familiar picture at Ellis Island, where I had been stationed for the last four years, inspecting immigrants. Not an immigrant can enter this country until he has passed the physical inspection of the Government doctors, and it was while doing duty on that detail that I became hardened — no, not hardened, but inured — to the harrowing sights of poverty and distress.

As we walked up and down, back and forth and across, we noticed one other person particularly. He was so repulsive that one could not fail to mark his every feature with loathing and fear. It was not a face that one would care to meet when alone in the dark, on some lonely roadway. His face was pockmarked, and covered with a stiff beard which grew high on his prominent cheek-bones, almost reaching his eyes. His eyebrows were very heavy, and fell downward, nearly covering his small pig eyes, which were close together and deep-set in their sockets. His hair grew well down on his forehead; it was coarse and black, except in patches, where there were locks of gray. His ears were big and stood out from his head like purple conch-shells. His chin was heavy and square, protruding beyond the perpendicular line of his forehead; and his thick and sensuous lips, when parted, showed that two front teeth were missing. The only good feature he possessed was a big, well-shaped nose. His legs were short and bowed, and his gait was swaggering. When he turned and came close to me, I saw that one eye had been knocked out, and the grayish, shiny stump seemed to stare at me in a menacing way. The angry purple scar across his left cheek showed that this man had faced cold steel, and that scar gave me an interest in him, though at the time I was not conscious of it.

"Well, what do you think of Uncle Sam's imported cattle?" he snarled, twisting his thick, bluish lips into a sneer; and then, continuing his speech without giving me time to answer him, "They are a fine breed," he said, waving his arms in a sweeping gesture, so as to make me comprehend that he meant the immigrant passengers. "Russian Jews — the dirty dogs; Dagoes in garlic; Germans smelling of sauerkraut and limburger; square-heads — well, they are the worst, the stupids, how I hate 'em! And they come daily by the thousands, the same ignorant cattle. If you should come to this station tomorrow, there would be no change in type, and

you would wonder whether they were the same you see to-day. It's all fine words, nothing else, this talk we make about the land of the free and the home of the brave. Puh! Never can be free from political bosses and official thieves as long as such cattle are allowed to come in. The standard of morality is being lowered every day," he said, coming to a halt. He reached to his hip pocket and drew forth a whisky flask, presenting it to me with an invitation to drink. When I declined, he made no comment, but turned the bottle up to his lips and took a long swig; then, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand, he startled me by saying suddenly, "Now, what do you think?"

"Oh, I, er — I don't think," I stammered.

He looked at me quizzically for a moment, saying, "Oh, I see; you have opinions, but do not care to express them. Is my conversation objectionable to you?" he blurted out.

Of course I had to assure him that it was delightful and instructive — in fact, I was beginning to be fascinated with the man.

"For, if it is, we'll take a drink and call it off," he said, transfixing me with his eye. "I am a disagreeable cuss, and my voice is like a Hadlock log-saw, and my ideas scatter like a load of birdshot. But I am honest," he said, without a semblance of a smile. "It's the God's truth, though no one would believe it — tried myself lots of times. And my opinions — no, not my opinions, but my instinct and my mental perception, have invariably been correct. It's a kind of a gambling intuition with me. Now, notwithstanding the wonderful progress of our country, especially the Western States, my instinct points unerringly to the time when these poor, down-trodden immigrants shall have produced an economic crisis that may cause me to slay you or you to slay your best friend. That cloud is arising, the nimbus is forming; in time it will break, and that means the maelstrom of bloody strikes, the blackened ruins of the centers of industry — maybe civil war. It will be class against class, the scab against the union, you against me, gold against want, the white, taper fingers of the pampered against the hardened hands of labor; and when that time comes, I'll lap your blood like the thirsty wolf, for I will fight with the oppressed, while your ancestry calls you to those who will win, for your class holds the purse-strings. They will cause division and dissension in the ranks of the laboring man; that's their game. All this will come about because of the lowering of our moral standard, as I said. This influx of the scum from Europe means overcrowding, sickness, woman labor and child labor, all the rest that follows in the train, ever downward, always down. There, now," he cried out savagely, bringing his fist down into his other palm, "isn't it so?

"And why do we still permit them to come in, practically without restriction? Why doesn't the laboring man rise up in his wrath and his might and demand that immigration be restricted? I'll tell you why. They are blinded by the wonderful progress of the nation. They don't see the incoming immigrant reaching for the morsel that they are carrying to their mouths. In time it will be snatched, and then? Why, there will be hell to pay, and blood will flow, and — I'll — lap — your — blood —" he said between puffs of his pipe, as he held the lighted match to the tobacco. "And one laborer will be turned against another, farmer against farmer, section against section. And why? Because of these cattle," he said, waving both hands about. "Such as these, such as these!" he said in a sad voice. The pipe was nearly out again, and he had to suck rapidly a number of times at it to make it burn.

"All aboard, passengers west-bound on the Soo and Canadian Pacific," cried the station-master, and the Ugly Man instantly knocked the ashes out of his pipe and began to run about among the immigrants, talking, gesticulating, and swearing. He demanded their tickets as if he had authority, and they gave them up without question, for by some occult power he made them understand him. Soon he had gathered together all those going on our train, and, with his arms loaded down with their bundles, he made his way to the gate, followed by his "cattle."

All the time he kept up a continuous volley of oaths against the Government for allowing immigrants to come into the country. At the gate he had a controversy with the ticket examiner, but he had his way and got through with his load without showing his tickets. When he reached the inside, he put the bundles down and went back and showed his tickets. By that time the crowd was pushing and shoving, all trying to get through at once. The Ugly Man saw a poor woman being squeezed, whose condition called for protection. Instantly he jumped in among them and began butting and pushing and striking out. In a moment's time he had forced them back, leaving the woman plenty of room to walk in with her little child. As he pushed the crowd back he encountered the big Jew with the brown eyes, and he held on to him until the woman had passed through safely. The Jew was supporting his sick wife, and was frantically holding on to numerous bundles. The Ugly Man stooped and picked the woman up as one would pick up a child, and, taking the little boy

by the hand, led them through the gate to their car. All this time he was swearing as if some one had done him a great wrong.

It was nearly night when we pulled out, and I did not see the Ugly Man again until we reached Moose Jaw. Here we were delayed, waiting for the Overland from Winnipeg, and most of the passengers were stretching their legs, walking up and down the platform in the cold, crisp air. I was well forward on the platform when the conductor called "all aboard" and the passengers came running from all directions. The Ugly Man had been in a near-by saloon; but he had been warned in time, and it seemed that we were not to lose him, for he came into the smoking-car with a flask of whisky in each hand, his coat pockets full. In this car were some miners, and he entertained them with stories about Alaska, all of them drinking his Scotch whisky meanwhile.

The man's knowledge of the country was astonishing, as was his stock of rough stories and oaths. It was very interesting to hear him talk, for he had suitable language with which to express himself to all classes understandingly. He was miner, sailor, priest, lawyer, or gentleman, as occasion required, though one's attention was caught by the frequent outcropping of scientific expressions, which showed more than a passing acquaintance with books. Occasionally he used expressions that showed that he was familiar with the language of the Western Indian tribes.

I listened to his stories for a time, then walked back through the long train of tourist sleepers and Pullmans. I noticed the Jewish family, and I thought that the man looked appealingly at me. The Ugly Man stayed in the smoking-car, drinking, playing cards, and swearing at the immigrant cattle, and it seemed that he never went to sleep. Every time he saw me he pulled out a flask of whisky and offered me a drink.

Finally the foothills began to loom up before us, and we left the flat barren plains to the rear. The next morning we were at the Divide, making ready to plunge down the western slope. I had a permit to ride on the forward locomotive, and soon we ran out of the siding, down the mountain-side. I leaned out of the cab window, entranced with the scenery. All too soon for me we were down in the timber-lands, with the rain steadily falling.

At that time the Canadian Pacific sent its south-bound passengers by steamer from Whatcom to Tacoma. As the boat ride was to be by daylight through those beautiful islands, most of the passengers welcomed the change from the cars to the steamer. A few moments after the *Snohomish* glided out of Whatcom Bay, the Russian Jew came and stood near me by the rail. I noticed that he was there, but attached no importance to it; but the Ugly Man did, for he saw that the Jew wanted to communicate with me. The Jew went aft; soon I heard a roar, and from the harsh voice I knew that something had disturbed my Ugly Man, and I walked back to see what the trouble was. He was coming forward to hunt for me, his arms flying about, and he was swearing dreadfully.

"Isn't that hell!" he kept repeating. "And you riding along with your stomach full, and you actually threw away a big box of lunch; I saw you." He was cursing and calling all kinds of names, and I was wondering what on earth I had done. He grabbed me roughly by the arm, crying out, "Come and see — come and see what we have allowed in this land of plenty! That Jew has nearly mustered up courage a number of times to speak to you in German, as you look like a Dutchman. He wanted to tell you that his food and money had been stolen, and that they have not had a bite to eat since they left New York; but he feared he would be punished if he spoke to you. They have a baby, but the wife is so sick that she can't nurse it, and the child, like the rest of them, is starving. Here!" he cried, dropping two silver dollars into his own hat and holding it out to me.

In a few moments' time he had a hat full of money, for now the story was known among the passengers and every one was eager to contribute. The meal-hour was over on the boat, but when I sent my official card to the captain and told him the story, he ordered the steward to get milk, bread and butter, and cold meats, and oh, the poor famished beings! All this time the Ugly Man did not cease swearing except to hear the Jew's story of cruelty and punishment, as he told it in his poor German, the Ugly Man being interpreter for the crowd.

In our excitement we had overlooked the starving infant. It could not eat, and the beautiful little girl who was acting as mother to it had not yet eaten a bite. She timidly touched the Ugly Man's sleeve and pointed to the child. Instantly the rough man comprehended, and he broke away from us and ran across the saloon to a buxom young German woman who was nursing a baby. He took her baby out of her arms and gave it to its father, and led the blushing young woman over to where we stood grouped about the Jewish family. He plumped her down, and took the sick child from the little girl and laid it against the young mother's soft breast. At first the child was too nearly gone to notice.

"Drink, you little Sheeny, drink!" the Ugly Man cried out, dancing from one foot to the

other in his excitement. "Drink, I tell you! — And to think you threw away a box of lunch!" he said, giving me a vicious shake, "and that I drank seven flasks of whisky! — Didn't I tell you to drink? There, hurrah!" he shouted, loud enough to be heard all over the boat. "It's sucking, it's sucking!" he cried, giving me a snatch toward him and then shoving me back. "Drink, I tell you! More! More, I tell you! Is it good? Is it? Answer me!" He pointed his finger at the child; but it did not seem to be afraid of him and reached out its little skinny hand and grasped his big, stubby, cracked finger and held on to it. And it drank and drank, and we saw its life blood rising in a pink glow again to its lips.

"There, that will do for the present; you mustn't be a pig just because you're in the land of plenty," the Ugly Man said, taking the child in his arms. He made the little girl eat, while he walked up and down with the infant. But before long he gave the child to the young woman to nurse again.

Presently we reached Marrowstone Point, and the Ugly Man said he was nearly home. He insisted that the baby be fed once more before he left, and gave each of the children a silver dollar. The boat ran around a point of land and blew the whistle. We were entering a beautiful bay which projected back into pine-covered hills, overhung with majestic mountains, seemingly within a stone's throw. At the head of the bay was a big saw-mill, and we could see the giant firs being ripped up by massive saws. There was the usual crowd on the wharf, and as soon as we came within hailing distance the Ugly Man climbed on to the rail and shouted as loudly as he could, while he waved a large doll. As the boat drew closer he shouted again and held the doll out. Then I saw a little girl fly about and wave her hands. The man sprang down from the rail and gathered up his bundles, bidding us all good-by and patting the young German mother affectionately on the shoulders before he went below. I watched over the side for him to come up the gangway, and out he came with his hands full, the doll dangling by one foot. As he stepped to one side to leave the gangway clear, a little brown girl ran to him and snatched the doll from his hand.

"Come on, Ma!" the child cried, and we saw an Indian woman coming with her stately tread to greet him. She smiled and patted his arm and he patted her shoulder, much as the Spanish do in greetings. There was no other token of affection between the man and woman; yet one knew in a moment, from the actions of the child and the look in the mother's face, that this man was husband and father and that they loved him and were proud of him.

The little girl then began to go through his pockets, emptying package after package on the wharf, while he stood there with his arms raised, swearing at those who collected around him. They all knew him, and every one turned aside to pass a banter with him and shake his hand and slap him on the back. Even the dogs slipped in between the numerous legs to greet him, and of course the children pressed around him, and he had presents for every one. Not once did he smile or show any sign of pleasure; but he swore at everybody, and they laughed and seemed to like it.

Finally the boat-hands had run down the last truck-load of freight and the steamer whistled to be off. They were ready to haul in the gangway, when we saw the beautiful Jewish girl slip quietly to the Ugly Man's side, and before he could comprehend she grasped his big rough hand and imprinted upon it one kiss after another. She wore a string of amber beads, and she slipped them off and placed them around the little brown girl's neck; then, stooping, she kissed the astonished child and ran rapidly down the gang-plank, back to the boat. The Jew was standing by my side, and when he saw what his daughter had done, the tears rolled down his cheeks. He laid his hand gently on my arm, and pointed aloft to our flag and then to his heart. A smile of confidence overspread his features, smoothing away the hunted, hungered look, and there was that in his face which said, "I see how it is now; under that flag I am a man."

TWO EXPLORERS AND A LITERARY PARSON

BY

WILLIAM H. RIDEING

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

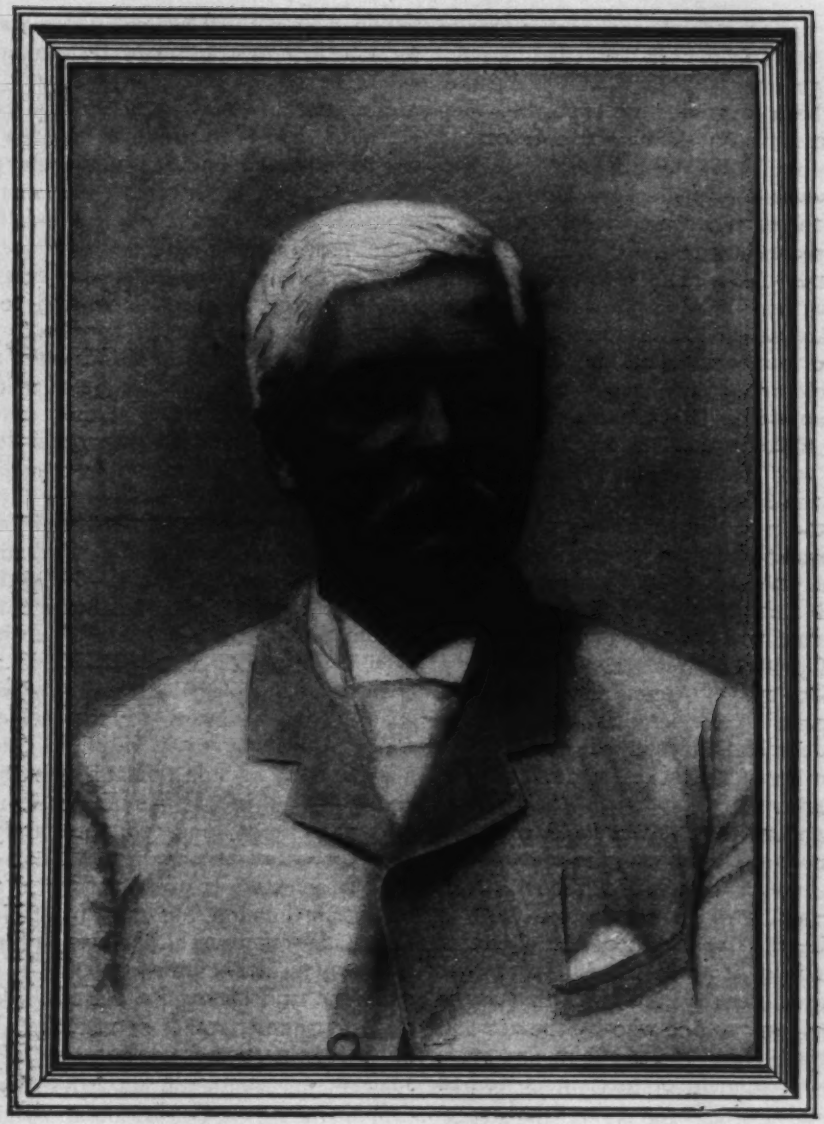
BEFORE I met Henry M. Stanley, I had talked with men who had been under him in his African expeditions, and all they told me about him was more or less appalling. He was not inhuman, but in desperate straits he spared neither man nor beast, nor would he defer to the counsel or the pleas of others, or have any patience with less than instant and unquestioning obedience to his orders under all circumstances. He would not forbear under arguments or excuses, or relax his severity by any familiarity or pleasantries even when his object had been gained. He was both despot and martinet; stern, exacting, uncompromising, silent, humorless, inscrutable, Cromwellian.

"I cannot say we loved him," one of his lieutenants said to me; "we were all afraid of him: but we all believed in him. When he hadn't his rifle in hand, he had his Bible, and no matter where our camp was, or how long and distressing our march had been, he never missed his bath and shave in the morning."

HENRY M. STANLEY AS A YOUNG MAN

What details to inspire an imaginary portrait of him! The silent man in white, imperturbable in the heart of the African forest, his words restricted to commands, which his followers, recognizing their destiny in him, leaped to obey!

I had not met him in my old newspaper days, when he was a



HENRY M. STANLEY

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ABOUT TWO YEARS AFTER HIS RETURN FROM THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION

reporter on the New York *Herald*, but after his return to America from his successful search for Livingstone, he came to one of the monthly dinners of the Papyrus Club in Boston, that Bohemian gathering of "literary" and "non-literary" members that Howells describes in "A Modern Instance." Prominent in it in those golden days of its adolescence were John Boyle O'Reilly, Charles Eyre Pascoe, Robert Grant, John D. Wheelwright, Alexander Young, Frank Underwood (founder of the *Atlantic*), and Frank Harris, dramatist and physician.

A list of the guests would include not only the vanishing or vanished generation of Boston's Augustan age, in which Motley, Holmes, Emerson, Parkman, and Lowell were prëeminent, but also almost every celebrity who ever came to that city.

None of them were received with excessive deference; nor did their presence, however exalted they might be, restrain the customary chaff and exuberance that noisily sped the dinner. I think that when it was announced that Stanley had accepted an invitation, it educed more awe than had ever been seen in the club before, and that others visualized him, as I had done in my mind's eye, superhuman rather than human, for whom one's admiration was necessarily qualified by a certain degree of fear.

Then he appeared, closely-knit, broad-shouldered, and below, rather than above, medium height, with a face whose natural pallor had been overlaid by exposure, and whose expression was more of intellectual problems than of the physical problems the solution of which had made him famous.

Probably those who came to entertain him never had a more difficult task. Unusual compliments were paid, and questions asked, apparently without moving him to pleasure or interest. Whether he sat or stood, he fidgeted and answered in monosyllables, not because he was unamiable or unappreciative, but because he — this man of iron, God's instrument, whose word in the field brooked no contradiction or evasion, he who defied obstacles and danger and pierced the heart of darkness — was bashful even in the company of fellow craftsmen!

His embarrassment grew when, after dinner, the chairman eulogized him to the audience; he squirmed and averted his face as cheer after cheer confirmed the speaker's rhetorical ebullience of praise. "Gentlemen, I introduce to you Mr. Stanley, who," etc. The hero stood up slowly, painfully, reluctantly, and, with a gesture of deprecation, fumbled in first one and then another of his pockets without finding what he sought.

It was supposed that he was looking for his notes, and more applause took the edge off the delay. His mouth twitched without speech for another awkward minute before, with a more erect bearing, he produced the object of his search and put it on his head. It was not paper, but a rag of a cap; and, with that on, he faced the company as one who by the act had done all that could be expected of him, and made further acknowledgment of the honors he had received superfluous. It was a cap that Livingstone had worn, and that Livingstone had given him. The others left their seats and crowded about him for an explanation,— not all knew the meaning of it,— and after a dry, stammered word or two, he sank with a sigh of relief from a terrifying predicament into his chair.

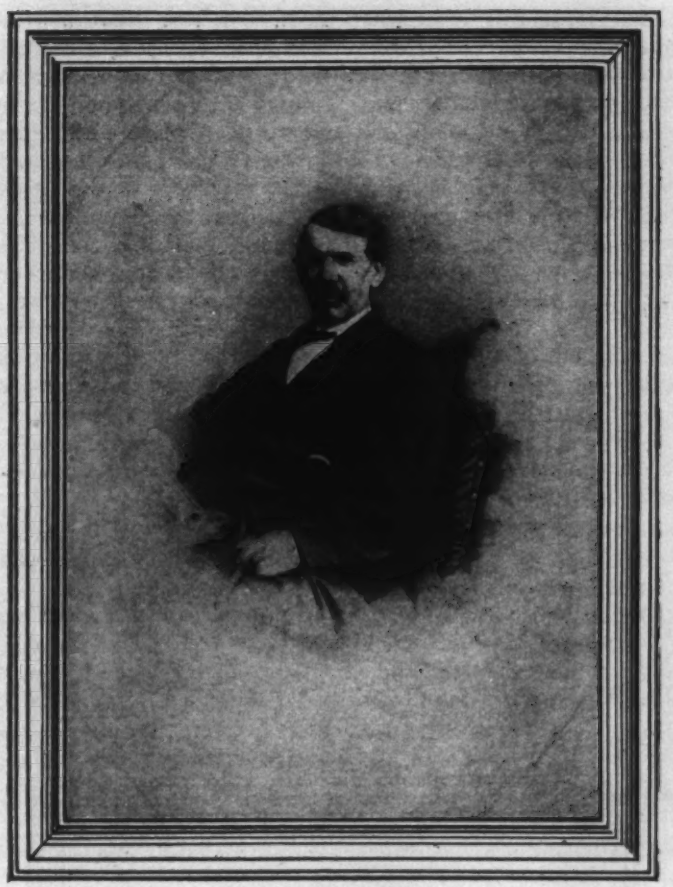
Years afterward I often met Stanley in London at his fine house in Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, at parties, and at the House of Commons. He had finished his work in Africa meanwhile, and, with reason to be satisfied with what he had done in opening that continent to civilization, he had settled down with a beautiful, accomplished, and adoring wife. She would have made a society man of him, but he never looked happy at social functions. The only complaint she made against him was that he would stand aside instead of asserting himself in a crowd. Whenever there was a rush for seats in a train, all the better accommodation would be taken before he made any effort to provide for her or himself, and so elsewhere. He would allow himself to be trodden on without remonstrance; never was there so patient a lion. So, when he entered the House of Commons, he was never as conspicuous as he should have been on his merits.

"There are only one or two subjects on which I should care to speak," he said to me one afternoon at "tea on the Terrace." "For instance, when African questions have come up, I have thought my knowledge of that country sufficient to be of service; but, somehow or other, another fellow is always on his feet before me, and though he may never have been in Africa, the Speaker gives him the floor."

That was the only time I ever heard him bewail his ineffectiveness in Parliament, the only murmur of discontent. Knighthood, the freedom of great cities, and the highest degrees of the universities and learned societies had been conferred on him. His table and sideboard were loaded with caskets of silver and gold holding tributes to his achievements, which his wife loved to display. She herself, a woman of wit and beauty, was the painter and exhibitor in the Royal Academy of the best portrait of him. But he hardly seemed at home or at ease in his own home, among his own guests. It was not the real man that we saw in London, but one out of his element and as distraught as he had been at the Papyrus so many years before. The real Stanley was only seen and known by his comrades in the field. In tamer scenes he vanished altogether, or could be perceived only as a plaintive shadow.

What a contrast between him and Du Chaillu — "I, Paul," as he usually spoke of himself. He reminded me of the old story of the Marseillaise and the Gascon. "I," said the former, "love art — music, poetry, painting." The latter declared, "I love sport, always sport, nothing but sport." He then described his recent experiences in Africa.

"Ten lions in twenty minutes — not a bad record, eh? After breakfast I went out again. Lighted a cigarette. Heard a noise in the bushes to the left. Another lion. Bang! Killed him! Went a little farther, took a sip from my flask. Noise in the bushes to the right. Another lion. Bang! Killed him! Had a nap and a sandwich, getting tired of it. This time a sound in the bushes right ahead. The biggest lion you ever saw — thirty feet from his muzzle to the tip of his tail, every inch of it. Leveled my gun and aimed."



DAVID LIVINGSTONE

The Marseillaise could stand it no longer. "See here, if you kill that lion I'll kill you."

The warning was promptly taken. "Bang! Missed him!"

Du Chaillu claimed too many lions, and listening to him one had the not unpleasant feeling of reverting to childhood and sitting in the lap of the amazing Münchhausen. He was dark, small, volatile, and voluble, and no matter how a conversation with him drifted, it was almost sure to end in the tropical bush, among gorillas and beasts of prey. With fierce gesticulations and a flashing eye, he pictured the scene dramatically. "Bang! Another lion!" or a mammoth ape, excelling in temper and strength all the monstrous prodigies that had already been introduced to us.

I remember his account of his first lecture in Boston.

"Bah! I had ten gorillas behind me on the platform, stuffed, and about twenty in the audience before me, unstuffed. I, Paul—I—I—I!"

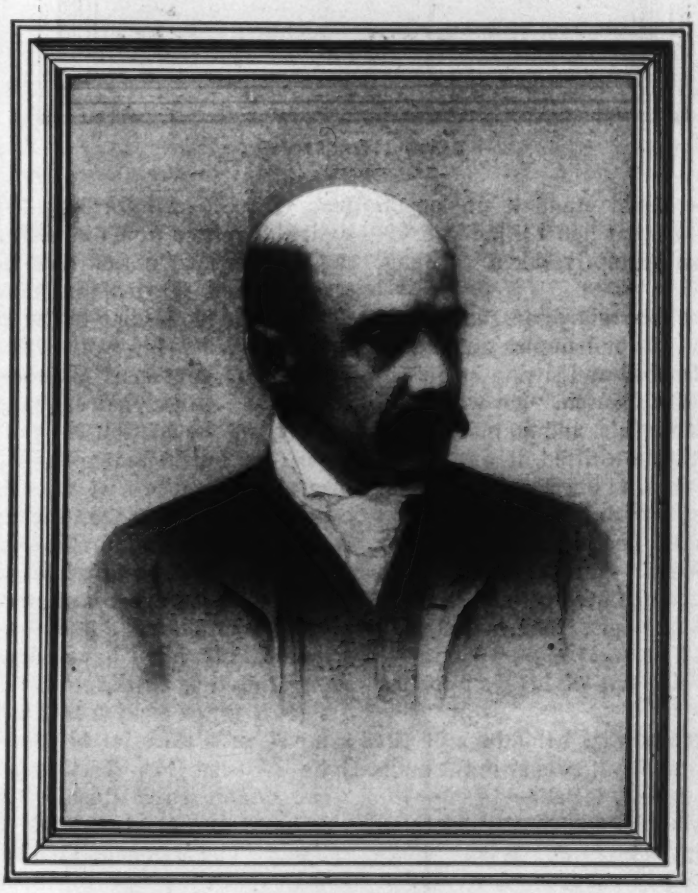
His habit of rodomontade discredited him. He was like a braggart boy who has done something and so obviously exaggerates it that he is deprived even of the lesser glory his actual feats should earn for him. He might have desired to refrain from romancing and embellishing, but his imagination rode him like a highwayman and spurred him into many flights through the moonshine of the unauthentic and illusory. When his work was winnowed, the bulk of it preserved substantial values to science and geography. What had to be cast aside could be attributed, not to intentional imposture, but to that rough rider of temperamental exuberance that risks its neck without other motive or goal than the diversion of spectators. So many admirable qualities had he—he was so genial, so vivacious, and so witty—that I disquiet my conscience in mentioning his foibles at all, and question whether the consciousness of what I have said may not aggravate rather than extenuate the unkindness of it.

I must throw away a taking title for a play, a novel, or a series of articles, in speaking of John Watson (Ian Maclaren), the author of "The Bonnie Brier Bush," "Kate Carnegie," and other stories of Scottish life. I want to call him "The Man Who Looked Like Himself." I insist that the people to whom it would apply are few, and that those of ability, genius, and

individuality differ extraordinarily from what would be appropriate and from what they ought to be. Let a man be much above the average, and within as without he is unaccountable and inexplicable.

To this John Watson was an exception. He "looked like himself." There could be no mistake about him. His qualities were all visible in his person. I should say that his predominant trait was a phenomenal transparency of character which was never afraid or ashamed of itself.

As he appeared he was, one of the sanest and most normal of men, essentially wholesome and reasonable, utterly unaffected and without vagaries; neither subtle nor eccentric, but of the kind whose conduct in any given circumstances can be predicted to accord with the sober judgment of the wisest of his fellow men. I do not imply by this complaisance of character or the conscious or unconscious plasticity which out of sheer amiability or politic adjustability follows the line of least resistance. He could be angry, disputatious, and stubborn,— Highland blood was in his veins,— but never unfair, irrational, or bigoted. The impression he made was of physical and intellectual equipoise; of a sound constitution, carefully preserved, and of an outlook that contemplated and measured spiritual perfection in its relation to human limitations and deserts. Health glowed in him; he was great at golf, great in stature, clear-skinned and keen-eyed, a big, vigorous, rugged man, with a plain, earnest face in which seriousness and humor interplayed. His voice was rather strident, and rose like the skirl of his native bag-pipes, but his talk was fascinating; he made the listeners laugh without laughing himself. In the quietest way he dramatized any trifling incident that amused him.



PAUL DU CHAILLU

Once, when I was lunching with him at his house in Liverpool and he was preparing to resign from the Sefton Park Church, he speculated as to how he might be estimated after his departure. In an instant the table and those around it vanished, and we were listening to two elders with whispering voices discussing a retiring minister.

"A good man, a verra good man," one of them was saying.

"Ay, he was that. There'll be nobody to deny it. But awm thinking — weel, no, I'll no say it."

"Awm thinking the same masel'. Was he no a bit off in his sermons lately, did ye say?"

"Weel, perhaps."

"And no so fraish as he used to be."

"Puir man!"

"Ay, he did his best, nae doot."

"Ye minded him in the Sabbath school? Strange, verra strange hoo the attendance dropped. I canna account for it. What'll you be thinking?"

"I've heard criticism, ay, severe criticism; no that I agree with it, or disagree with it. Mackenzie was telling me we'll be lucky to be rid of him, and Campbell that he was ruining the kirk."

"Ay, and Ferguson was saying — but I'll no speak ill of him."

"Puir man!"

"Awm thinking it's for the best he will be going."

DR. JOHN WATSON (IAN MACLAREN)

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN LIVERPOOL FOR McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

"Maybe. The new man's fine — another John Knox, Mackenzie was saying."

One could hear their undertones, as they damned with faint praise and condemned by innuendo; one saw them in their decent blacks, askance, timorous, insinuating. I wish I could repeat the dialogue in the Scots' vernacular, as Watson spoke it, with a humorous, familiar mastery that R. L. S. himself could not excel: no other dialect is so vividly expressive, so irresistible in appeal. His features hardly moved, nor had he recourse to gestures. He did not act the little scene, but seemed to visualize it to us by hypnotic suggestion as he sat there and conjured us into it.

In the same way he described a "heresy hunt" of the kind that shakes Scotland to its foundations. He described the stir it makes in the silence of the hills and the recesses of moor and lochs. Every tongue in the land is loosened by it; the taciturn break their habit and become voluble. Two shepherds in adjoining pastures who have been estranged for years in sullen enmity draw together once more to argue it; and in less than a fortnight the Duke of Argyll — not the present Duke, but his father — "is out with a pamphlet." The late Duke, a tireless controversialist, was always out with pamphlets, and that detail in this case, as inevitable as rain at all seasons and heather in autumn, was indispensable to the picture, which no elaboration or expansion could have made more complete.

Afterward, in his library, we talked of men, women, books, and theaters. His views were generous, his tastes catholic. Learned as he was in theology, he did not despise the lighter pleasures and interests of the world. He could enjoy a glass of wine, a big cigar, a new novel.

"I am not boasting or exaggerating," he said, "but I can usually get all I want out of a novel in three hours. I have been reading one, however, to which I have given three weeks, and I am going to read it again. Guess which it is."

I had been enchanted by Hewlett's "Richard Yea and Nay," and offered it as a solution.

"Pretty close, but not it. It is 'The Queen's Quair,'" he replied, naming Hewlett's later story, which has Mary Queen of Scots as the principal figure.

"I don't take as authentic Hewlett's interpretation of her, but it is amazingly ingenious and daring, a satisfying picture to the imagination, though not historically veracious."

Modest he was, and yet hypersensitive to any reflection on the fidelity of his own drawing of Scottish character. I ventured to say that in my opinion his pictures of life in Drumtochty were too idyllic, and that they would have been stronger if he had not excluded the grimmer strain which, without being as prevalent as in "The House with the Green Shutters," does not hide itself in the people themselves. He would not have it so; he was out of his chair at once, storming me with instances to the contrary. It was plain that he took himself for a realist, he who in these amiable little stories milked the cow of human kindness until it tottered.

When he was in New York on a preaching and lecturing tour, I invited him to luncheon at one of the gayest uptown restaurants. I and David Munro, of the *North American Review*, who had been a classmate of his at Edinburgh University, called for him at the old Everett House, and he came downstairs to go with us in a fancy tweed suit and a scarlet scarf. I suppose there was not another man in the city that day who looked so little like a cleric as he did.

We boarded a car and put him into the only vacant seat, while we, case-hardened, hung by straps and bent over him, laughing and talking. We were absorbed in ourselves until the shrillest voice I ever heard said: "If you want to lean on anybody, lean on your friend. Ain't he big enough?" Unconscious of transgression, we were shocked and stared into one another's faces. The voice was that of an untidy, vinegarish, waspish woman seated next to Watson. "Did you speak to us?" I asked, abashed.

It repeated the remonstrance even more sharply: "If you want to lean on anybody, lean on your big friend here."

Mine or Munro's had unconsciously touched her chaste and poignant knees. She sniffed at our profuse and humble apologies, as we meekly straightened ourselves, and we had not recovered from our shame and mortification when she, arrived at her destination, flounced out of the car, withering us with a final poisoned arrow from her eye.

Watson's face filled with amazement. "I couldn't have believed it," he panted. "Why, I have always supposed the Americans to be the politest people in the world"; and over his cigar after luncheon he gave us an instance to justify that opinion.

"As I was coming over in the *Teutonic*, I sat down in the library one afternoon, when the ship was rolling and pitching a good deal, to write some letters. Almost immediately a diffident-looking young man dropped into a chair by the desk, and fixed his eyes on me. An hour or more passed, and he was still there, returning my occasional and discouraging glances at him with a foolish, ingratiating smile. I was inclined to be annoyed. I had a suspicion that he was a reader of my books, perhaps an admirer — God only knows why I have admirers! — or an autograph-hunter. He could wait. They are always with us, like the poor. But at last he rose, swept the air with the cap in his hand, and spoke:

"'Excuse me, Dr. Watson; I'm real sorry to disturb you, but I thought you'd like to know that just as soon as you left her Mrs. Watson fell down the companionway stairs, and I guess she hurt herself pretty badly. The surgeon's with her now.'

"After I had found out that she was only a little bruised, and had had time to reflect on that young man's conduct, it seemed so considerate, sympathetic, and delicate, that I said to myself only an American could have been capable of it. Never mind that drop of vinegar. Americans are the politest people in the world."

His thoughts were not envisaged, and whether he was quite in earnest or slyly sarcastic, the reader may decide for himself.

AN ENTANGLEMENT OF TIES

A CHRISTMAS COMEDY

BY

MARGARET AND ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

THE home presents had all been distributed. The two little girls were trailing back and forth from parlor to dining-room, spilling almonds and chocolates out of their stockings of pink mosquito-netting. Wally had already broken the little blade of his new knife. Big sister Het, with no attempt whatever to conceal it, was watching for the postman. And Wash, three years her junior, was also watching for him — with every attempt to conceal it in the world.

When finally his ring came, they reached the door almost at the same moment — long before Mr. White, in slippers, had waddled out to extend his dollar bill and the compliments of the season. Het got the bundle of parcels into her hands, and was for rushing off with a large and heavy something of her own when she observed precisely the same impulse on the part of that younger brother; from his pocket were sticking two flat packets, limp and ribbon-tied.

"Now, Wash," she crowed, "open up! Don't be afraid! We won't tell Chant!"

"Open up yourself!" he retorted, flushing savagely and endeavoring to push back and out. But the little girls were each clinging to a knee. To them his legs, no longer in knickerbockers, were still of the nature of highly humorous phenomena.

"Open up, Washington," said his mother, with the same inward relish she had experienced when, three months ago, he had begun to make his first flimsy excuses to leave the family pew for the evening services and sit in the rear of the gallery, remote from all domestic observation.

Wally also attempted to bar his retreat. Some ten weeks back he had been given the freedom of Wash's tool-shop, on the Monday morning after he had surprised him walking home with Helma Young. But Wash treated him with no such thoughtful consideration now. He thrust him out of his way, twisted from the clutches of the little girls, and retreated burningly to his den in the attic.

There he undid his parcels. Each had an inner wrapper of crêpe tissue-paper, one of "gray nun," the other of myrtle green. Each contained a crocheted silk "four-in-hand" — it was the year when such things raged; and both of those four-in-hands were of a deep maroon. If one were possibly a shade darker than the other, that might be merely as the light struck them. Yet what gave Mr. Washington White pause, palpitating but glittering-eyed, was no secondary matter of coincidence in those gifts. It was that there were two of them at all!

HELMA

It went without saying that on one card, pinned to the "gray nun" paper, was "Happy Christmas from Helma." At this moment, no doubt, she would be exclaiming over the scrollwork pen-rack he had sent her. But that other tie — it was from Verbena Rittenhouse!

Now, in the first place, what Het had made her usual silly allusion to was this: If he walked home from church with Helma now, she had formerly walked with Mr. Chantry Harrison, his particular Achilles. But wherein Het showed such pitiable ignorance, what indeed no woman could understand, was how lofty had been Chant's attitude in that affair. Wash knew there had been no question of winning Helma away; Chant had, by the most tactful of withdrawals, accorded her to him. True, his own principal affections had by that time, as they had many times before, passed on to *some one else*. But no matter for that. Chant's greatness of spirit showed itself in the fact that, wholly without resentment, he had seen Helma's affections, in *their* turn, transfer themselves. In this matter he had preserved the same quietly impassive mien that so distinguished him when in the pitcher's box. It was that imperial something that had brought many girls to call him "Mr." a year before he had got into "longs."

As for Wash himself, for years he had been imitating Chant in his vocabulary, in the cut of his clothes, in his hats and shoes, in the hue of his neck-gear; maroon was Chant's favorite color, therefore was it his also. . . . Yet, now, as he stood gazing at those two Christmas four-in-hands, in his conscience was the sickness of suggested treason. For the Verbena Rittenhouse from whom had come that second tie was the some one else upon whom Chant had settled his regards when they had passed from Helma!

He had felt that it was coming, too. From the first afternoon he had served with Verbena on the Closing Day decoration committee, she had shown him the most indubitable favor. Nor had it availed him to pretend to his heart that she did it in a kind of sisterly manner, on account of his position as Chant's chum.

Nay, worse than that, over his secret meditations had already gone the trail of the serpent. Putting the ties back upon the ledge of his desk, he opened it, furtively groped under some old exam papers in the corner, and brought out a page from a last term's note-book. On the upper half he had bracketed his name, in full, with Helma's; below he had repeated it with that of Verbena. With both pairs he had tried how many letters would cancel out. Between him and Helma there were only six in common. In the case of Verbena there were ten. . . . And supposing, too, that Verbena felt for him one of those unconquerable infatuations you so often read about, would it be right for him, even as Chant's chum, to reject and repulse her? He surveyed himself long in his looking-glass, and wondered just what particular thing it was, anyway, that attracted women to him like that. As Chant had once confessed of himself, it was probably a kind of magnetic influence that a fellow often enough couldn't put his finger on. . . . Again, from the nether depths of his soul, as from the bottom of a well, there came up a smile which, however guilty, would not be denied.

One thing was to do, though. Although, ordinarily, evening visits were as yet forbidden to them, etiquette required that he should call upon both young ladies that night and express his thanks. In the case of each he must wear the proper tie. And, it occurred to him, he would not have time to come home and change between calls. But his pocket-mirror and some deserted park lamp would serve his purpose. He would have to be most mighty careful, though, not to get those two ties mixed. He turned back to his desk — and realized that they were already mixed.

At that moment, as at the sudden on-creeping of an eclipse, he had the sensation of something novel and malignant that had thrown its shadow over him.

It was to Helma's that he first directed his steps. He was wearing that four-in-hand which seven heads to three tails had proved must be hers. The other one was in his ulster pocket. Likely enough, he kept telling himself, she would never know the difference, anyhow. But, at the last moment, there came to him the sagacious idea of saying nothing about the tie at all until he found out from *her* how things stood.

He found out. Helma had not the positive temperament. She was of those meant to be printed upon. Nor, for that matter, did the presence of her mother and two highly interested elder sisters give her much opportunity to say anything. But, from the moment of his entrance, the slow wonderment, reproach, and pain that mounted to her eyes were evidence enough.

She waited, though, until she was showing him out through the vestibule before she tremulously came to it. "I guess you didn't get the necktie I sent you?"

"Yes — yes, of course I did! It's a peach, too! I'm — I'm keeping it for Sunday, you know. You'll see me in it *then*."

The nauseating weakness of the explanation all but choked him. He said good-by and got away as best he could. And, as he passed out of the gate, it was as if from the blackness of the night some wing, impalpable but saturnine, had swooped and smitten him with an exulting jubilation.

He had but one idea — to get the rest of it over with as soon as possible. He made for his park lamp half running, feverish in spirit, roweled by reawakened conscience. From down the second side-path there came to him the secluded gleam he sought. And he had that wrong tie off before he reached it. But scarcely had he got the other out when he caught sight of a couple swinging toward him from Ivy Gate. He crowded the yard of silk back into his pocket, pulled his scarf over his shirt-bosom, and rushed huntedly on again.

By the time he had gained another lamp, isolated behind the band-stand, it surged in upon his comprehension that he should never have changed at all. He felt for the first tie once more, and brought out both together. Both, too, were equally crumpled. . . .

He ended by shutting his eyes and drawing the first his fingers closed upon. And he reminded himself that, by the law of chance,— which old McCordel said was ruled by the infallibility of mathematics,— it ought to be the turn of the other one.

When he had rung the Rittenhouse bell his mental eccentric once more came round full circle, and again he realized that it should not have been the other one. And again, too, even before he entered, he had the feeling of a wing that swooped, of a buffet, this time upon the other side, and of that silent yet hateful burst of laughter from the darkness.

The law of chance worked with its mathematical infallibility, and it *was* the other tie. . . .

"HE WONDERED JUST WHAT PARTICULAR THING IT WAS THAT ATTRACTED WOMEN TO HIM"

Wash remembered even less of that call than of the preceding one. Of one thing, though, he was more than conscious: Chant was there, and he also was wearing a crocheted maroon silk four-in-hand. Verbena, with that hardihood of which her years and sex alone are capable, had not hesitated to put her badge, and the same badge, upon both young men!

Mr. White was not thinking of her hardihood at all. With a mental eye numbed by agony, he was watching her rapidly arrive at a definite certainty that the silk knotted beneath his collar had never passed through *her* fingers. She said nothing at the time, but he could already hear some of the sarcasms her scorn would utter when the moment came.

He was home by half-past nine; and he let himself in by the back way. With the hard, grating laugh of melodrama he took note, from the sounds in the parlor, that it was still Christmas and a day of gladness!

About midnight, when his whirling thoughts at last began to move more slowly again, it flamed before him like a burst of sulphurous fire that his experience with Verbena had given him his second chance to separate those four-in-hands. Now they lay in his bureau drawer twisted together again more inextricably than two Medusa serpents. He knew then, beyond any remaining hope or doubt, that the hoodoo was indeed upon him. And all through his dreams, above his head those harpy pinions flapped themselves together in a hideous transport.

"THE IMPASSIVE MIEN THAT DISTINGUISHED HIM IN THE PITCHER'S BOX"

II

MR. HARRISON, still wearing his maroon-colored favor, came in early next morning. And he displayed the greatest eagerness and curiosity to know "what had been chewing" Mr. White, anyway, the night before.

The latter, to his credit be it written, did not now for one moment hesitate. He did what was dictated alike by basic wisdom and true honor. Taking Chant up to his den, he brought forth his pair of Christmas gifts and disembosomed himself of the whole torturing affair.

And, to Mr. Harrison's credit, it must equally be set down that, if he listened to its beginnings with an excusable aloofness and reserve, he received its twofold dénouement with a brightening generosity which arose in the end to shouts and yells of joy.

Wash had been infinitely relieved at first. He now felt that Chant needn't consider it so *blame* funny. He hadn't supposed he had told it in that way.

"And, Washie, old man" — Mr. Harrison switched off in a burst of confidence — "I'll bet you were afraid Verb was getting a little stuck on you! Now, don't you have any fears about that. She was only hitting back at *me* for something or other. The truth is, she don't even like you; and I'll tell you how I know that. Away back weeks ago, when she'd hardly seen you, she gave me a burnt-leather photo-frame; and when I told her I'd put your picture in it, I could see her get the hump right off. Women'll take streaks like that, you know."

This was undoubtedly a great truth. But it was one which, if anything, added intensity to the misanthropy of Mr. White.

His Achilles cackled his hilarity for some time longer; then he reached down the boxing-gloves and threw one at Wash's head. In silence they began to divest themselves of their upper and exterior raiment for the bout that was always the wind-up of a conclave in the den.

These bouts were commonly brought to an end by the knocking over of one or several small pieces of furniture. In the present case it was the turn of the little round table. Upon it Wash laid out his spiritually entangled neck-gear. And Chant had set down his beside it — taking the precaution, though, to fold his tie inside his collar. Now, however, along with "Ardath," "The Christian," some fancy note-paper, and a patent manicure set, they were all on the floor together.

For a moment Mr. Harrison might seem to have experienced the slightest catch and chill of nervousness; but he immediately threw it off again. He knew his own tie, because his dignity did not permit him not to know it. "Yes," he said, carefully setting himself straight again before the mirror. "It's a queer thing about me, old man, but I've a kind of *eye* for anything I've once worn. It's something you couldn't explain, but I've always noticed it."

"Well, if you're sure, of course ——"

Chant waved back a hand at him from half way down the attic stairs. "Don't you worry about *me!* And say, if you like, I'll just tip Verb a few words of explanation and fix you up with her again. If she started out with a hump against you, that's no reason for it's getting any worse."

"Thanks awfully," — Wash still lacked all enthusiasm,— "but I'd just as soon you didn't. You see, I don't know exactly where I'm at in it just yet."

That was Saturday. And on Sunday evening he would be given a third opportunity to find out. For it was then that he must undergo his second test with Helma. In his folly, he had had to tie himself to that!

She was at church, over on the other side of the gallery with Lona and Nina Livingston. Throughout the sermon he looked at her again and again, and at every look his fears grew greater. . . . Pervading him, too, was the knowledge that, at the Presbyterian, the same test was awaiting Chant. If he could only stall things off until he heard how it had come out with him! It wasn't that he wanted to take any contemptible advantage of Chant; but, considering that he was always so mighty lucky anyhow ——

Generally he waited till he had flagged Helma on the gallery

VERBENA

landing before he put his ulster on. Now he got into it during the closing hymn; and, with a sort of dryness of the mouth, he crossed his scarf much higher up than was his custom.

The Livingston girls, in their progress down the aisle, were discreet and dropped behind Helma. She was able to accept Wash's proffered escort without embarrassment. She did it, too, with almost her former smile. Yet under the big arc light in the vestibule she took one swift survey of him; and all too plainly she noted the unwonted elevation of that scarf.

Her smile gradually departed. To Wash's miserable flounderings for easy conversation she answered little. But when they were in the lee of the park palings, she began to slacken her pace. In the throat of her cavalier, fear mounted like a second Adam's apple.

"You said you'd be wearing the tie I gave you to-day. I can't see whether you have it on now or not." She came close to him, closer than she had ever been before; and her own lips tightened as she had her answer from his wabbling countenance.

Yet she was a young lady of thoroughness in her quest for truth. "If you can't speak, then perhaps you'll open your coat and let me see for myself." She slowly but firmly parted his scarf with her own fingers. "All right — and thank you for being so frank and straightforward about it. I can go the rest of the way home myself. And when I get there, I'm going to write to you."

Twenty minutes later Wash plunged up to his den again. He had freed himself, while still upon the stairs, from that throttling four-in-hand. The other smiled at him from the top of his upper bureau drawer. He balled them together with fingers that twitched and quivered. "Mix, then, blame you, mix — *mix!* But don't think I care a blankety blast any more! You've played it on *me* for the last time!" In his fury he was near enough to tears.

"'I GUESS YOU DIDN'T GET THE NECKTIE I SENT YOU?'"

The first mail next morning brought him the Silurian-gray billet he was expecting. But Helma was not wholly flinty. She was at least conditional. "She had *intended* saying it was all over between them, *and of course he would not care at all for that.* But she had felt afterwards that it would perhaps be only her duty to herself to give him one more chance to explain. And if he was really acting frankly with her, there was nothing to hinder him doing it by return of mail. Perhaps in *that* case she might *still* go to church next Sunday. As for that necktie she had made him, she knew it was a poor, crazy thing, but if he could wear another one almost exactly like it, which in several ways, as any girl could have shown him, *hadn't been made anyway near so carefully*, too, she felt it was only her right to *exspect* some slight consideration from him. She couldn't help but *exspect* it." If there was an unnecessary "s" in those "expects," their underlining imported none the less surely and balefully for that.

He was still regarding the blankness of the wall opposite, when there came a ring at the front door, the maid called up, and Chant mounted to him.

Under his customary and outward jauntiness he carried a preoccupied gravity that was not at all customary. "Say," he said, "you know, this is your tie, *after* all. It's a sort of a queer thing how you got them all fazed up that way." There was a certain plaintiveness in his note.

"Did she light into you?"

"N-no," after some thought upon it. "I'd better have my own again, though. It's only right to her, in a way, you know."

Wash pulled out the drawer. "You can take your pick."

Mr. Harrison examined them at length. His eye for things he had once worn seemed altogether doubtful now.

"Look here," he ventured obliquely; "I should think *you'd* be almost dead sure to hit it right next time — after being soaked twice like that."

"Yes," said Wash. If Chant was going to regard it in that way, he did not feel it necessary to go further and own that he had now been passed through the third degree.

Mr. Harrison abandoned the suggestion. "Gad," he said, with a leaded buoyancy, "it skins *me* all right!"

He had taken off the tie he had come with, but this time, as he fascinatedly compared it with the other two, he kept an unloosened grip upon it.

"Oh, you might as well give it up," said Wash. "They're the same width, and they've got the same kind of stitching in them; and I don't know now but what my two *were* exactly the same color; I dare say all the silk came from the same box at Jordan & Jones'. And yet, they can spot their *own* all right!"

Mr. Harrison still insisted upon proving his coolness by "the philosophical observation." "Yes," he said. "Anybody'd say that girls are blinder'n bats in most ways. But if it's anything, they've had a hand in themselves, they don't seem to be anything *but* eyes!"

"They've put their trade-mark on them, somehow or other."

"And what gets me in particular," went on Mr. Harrison, falling from philosophy into gloom again, "is that it looks as if Verb could tell *her* two apart. Darn it, that's running the thing a little *too* fine, you know!"

He rose, picked out and put on one of the two untried, and prepared to take his departure. "But just give me time, old man, and I'll bring you out all right, yet. It's only that I didn't quite get hold of it, this first go-off."

Wash looked after him, and wondered if, by any miracle of human confidence, he could really be speaking what was in his heart; if he had not yet been made to realize a hundredfold that between women and all things chancy and uncertain there was the most intimate of connections; that through them, as its chosen vessels, did the hoodoo delight in doing its most demoniacal work.

And he was given one more proof of that before the week was over. He could not write any letter to Helma; but at least his heart-wretchedness should not blind him to the rights of others — and he had knotted the tie brought back by Chant about the gas-bracket. When he had had *his* second throw-down he would, at any rate, be certain for the third time.

On Friday he rather expected a visit from Chant. But when he went up to the den again, after an afternoon in his tool-shop, he was glad from his soul that Chant had stayed away. The maid had been in his room, and, under Het's direction, had given it its semi-monthly "thorough redd-up." All the neckwear loose in his drawer — and along with it that four-in-hand looped about the gas-bracket — had been neatly folded and arranged in his tie-holder.

III

AND next Sunday evening, that power of darkness had a chance to swoop and strike once more.

Wash went to church, and he sought his regular place in the gallery. He did not really hope that Helma would be there; the reasoning part of him scoffed at him for going on the chance of it. But his soul yearned for her. Now that she seemed so lost to him, he could understand with all the fullness of great truth that it was for her alone that he had really cared. Verbena had been a mere momentary fancy. Her conduct, in point of fact, had come mighty close to pure flirtation. But that, of course, was altogether for Chant's consideration.

Helma was not there. And, anew, despair took hold of him. He left before the benediction, and took the long way home, around by Maple Crescent.

As it happened, this brought him past the Presbyterian when the crowd was still thick before *its* decorously emptying portals. Caught up by the hunger of his lonesomeness, he was drawn into it by a familiar voice. But, once in, he would willingly have been out again. For Chant and Verbena were just in front of him.

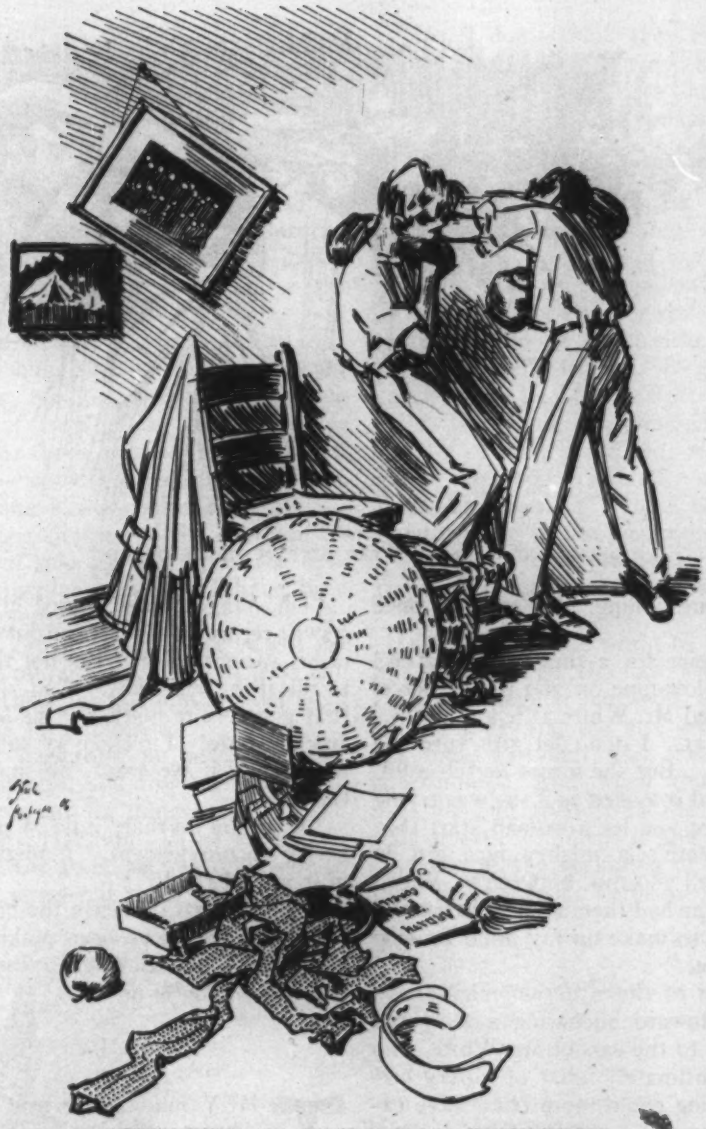
The latter was speaking now; and if her accents were not loud, they were highly concentrated. "All I know is that *that* one isn't mine!"

"Well, *how* do you know?"

"Ask me that again, now, do! And, the first time, you told me it was some sort of *joke!*"

"And it *is* a joke — a corker, too! And you never know a joke, Verb, you know you don't. *No* woman does."

"Maybe I don't, but I know what *isn't* a joke. I suppose you think you're a boy of honor!"



"THEY WERE ALL ON THE FLOOR TOGETHER"

"I tell you, I'll wear it next time, *sure!*"

"You gave me your solemn oath you'd wear it *this* time. Now, I don't care *what* you wear next time. I'm finished with you. I thought at first it was Washington White who was at the bottom of it. I know better now. And I'm going to tell you some *more* things about yourself, too, Mr. Chantry Harrison!"

Wash got himself back out of hearing of them — though to do so he had fairly to buck the lines behind him. He wandered about in the park for a time. Then, because there was nothing else to do, he turned his way homeward again. He found Chant waiting for him in that attic refuge.

And with Mr. Harrison it was evident that it had not been any mere blows of the harpy wings; there had been sunk deep into him both claws and beak. He was full of wounds and the anger of wounds. Yet in the beginning he still bravely dissembled.

"Oh, no," he said, desperately putting on the casual, "it didn't just happen to be the right one this time, either! But it's nothing to *worry* over. I only ran in to get your 'Prose Tales' — the one with the 'Gold Bug' in it. I thought it would be kind of interesting to try to work it out the way he does — just for the curiosity of it, you know."

"You mean by the law of chance?"

"Yes — 'probabilities,' or whatever it is they call it."

"You can send *that* back to the bench," said Wash, with a finality of pessimism that allowed

"CHANT AND VERBENA WERE JUST IN FRONT OF HIM"

of no further questioning. "I tried it once myself."

There was silence for a time. "I'm afraid she turned the blow-pipe on you pretty fierce, didn't she?" asked Mr. White at length.

"N-no, not that. I don't let girls turn the blow-pipe on me. But she forgot herself a lot, so to speak. And it looked as if she was trying to run me. Once you let a woman start *that*, you know— Verb's a mighty nice girl in most ways; I'll tell you this, between us, Wash: I've always felt she had them all beat in a walk. But I may have to make up my mind to drop her, just the *same*."

This statement of the situation might have gone some way toward alienating a tempered sympathy. But to the ears of Mr. White, who knew only too intimately what of misery was beneath it, nothing could more truly have expressed the tortures of a manly pride.

They sat on the bed together, and blinked into outer darkness. "It knocks *me!*" they kept saying — because they felt the need of saying *something*.

Finally Chant got to his feet. "Well, at any rate, I know now the one Verb made for *me*."

And then there fell upon him his second ax-blow for that night. Wash delivered it with innumerable self-accusations. "I should have locked it up some place where they couldn't have got hold of it even on redding-up day. But, Chant, I *dead* forgot it was Friday! Gosh, for the last week or two I couldn't hardly have told you what *month* it is! I know I'm an awful clam, old man, but I tell you what I'll do. I'll put on one of the pair in the drawer there, and wear it till I find out which it is, if I die for it!"

"Oh, hang it, now!" cried his Achilles, with a swift return to at least the outward expression of his ancient spirit; "I'm not the kind of chap to rub it in, you know. And, darn it, as far as that goes, we're neither of us *leery* of a blame crocheted tie! I reckon we can go ahead and wear them if we want, no matter *who* made them!"

"If we *did* do that," said Wash, with a hankering encouragement, "it might bring us out of it *yet*, all right."

"*Sure!* That's exactly the how to take hold of it. Where we've been making the mistake all along is in sticking to the *single* tackle. We'll go in *double* now."

IV

THEY made their mutual pretense of trust renewed. They assumed, for the moment, a cheerful spirit. But no longer could they deceive their souls. In the story of the Cretan Labyrinth, the twisted clue given to young Theseus by the maiden led him forth once more into full daylight and sunshine. *Their* silken skeins — with a fatal certainty did they feel it now — could only enmesh and maze them ever deeper in catacombic night.

The following day was the first of the new term. They were leaving the High School gates after the morning session, when they saw nearing them from Liberty Square a familiar gray hat and cloak. They were Helma's. It was on one of the forbidden blocks, but her pace grew slower as she approached them. And under the unalterable urbanity of Mr. Harrison's salutation she came finally to a full stop. For

the first moments she met all his politeness with a glacial stoniness. But after a space her nervously glancing eyes came to rest just below his collar. *Then* she responded for a time only by an almost gasping silence; then by accents that melted by degrees through the whole gamut of amazement, doubt, belief; and, in the end, a fully comprehending tenderness! . . . And if to Mr. White she had in the beginning accorded at least the necessary monosyllables of street civility, she now parted from him without a syllable of any sort; but she gave him such a look — at once of enlightenment too long delayed, of flaming triumph, and of measureless contempt — as sent both youths three blocks farther on their way before they could reëngage in even the most faltering and husky converse.

Once more they climbed to the den, and let themselves down side by side upon the bed. This time any explanation would have been mere sickening verbiage.

"Well," said Chant at last, "we've got *her* anyhow." The plural form, if full of jeers and mockery for both of them, came at least from an unconquered tactfulness.

Wash looked haggardly at his companion. "I guess, as it is now, you'd better hang on to that one — till we can fix things up."

"Yes," said Mr. Harrison. If he was in any way grateful to the gods, he was fully able to conceal it. "I wonder if she'll tell Verb."

"No, I don't think they ever speak now," replied Wash, from the depths.

More than a year before Chant had confided to him, from his own experience, that "in every man's life there is bound to be some woman, who, once he meets her, he's got to freeze to for the rest of his existence." As he thought of Helma, he realized that now — when *his* existence was no longer of any value to him!

And it was even the realization of that which led to something else; for one more blow could make no difference to him either way. "I'll see Verbena myself," he said. "By getting her second knock on this tie, I can straighten it out for *you*."

Mr. Harrison's eye gleamed up with hope, in spite of him. "Oh, no; really, old man, I couldn't let you. But, of course, there's *this* about it; if you *did*, I could be jollying Helma along for you in the meantime ——"

"That's all right," said Wash. "It's nothing at all. I'll see her to-morrow, after four."

It was for all the world to see, too, that he was going to go through with it intrepidly. He ate his regular luncheon, and ate it almost heartily. During the afternoon he spoke several times to Chant, and always with a quiet cheerfulness. And when the last hour was over, he said good-by in the cloak-room, and walked with firm steps to the interview.

It was at the beginning of the park palings that he overtook Verbena — where, indeed,

"'IT KNOCKS ME!' THEY KEPT SAYING"

only eight days before Helma had taken leave of him. And the shock he was now to receive was not less staggering. For before he had reached Ivy Gate with her — before he had even entered upon the initial stages of diplomacy — Verbena was one beaming flutterment and incoherent twitter. One might have said that she found it necessary to tell her heart-flattery and delight to the trees and birds themselves.

"You — you dear boy!" she murmured. "What made you do it, though? How did you get it from him?"

"I — I don't know," he answered, feeling himself flung a-swirl through time and space.

"But where is your own? He hasn't it, has he?"

"No, it's at home. It's in my drawer." After that his tongue stuck completely to the roof of his mouth.

Nor did she say much more herself. It was enough to show him that she understood. When they had turned into Maple Crescent he tried one last resort: he reminded her of how she had felt when Chant had put his picture into a photo-frame she once had made for him.

"And did he tell you *that?* Why, you sweet, simple, ridiculous boy! Well, shall I tell you what I've a good mind to do now, Mr. Washington White? I've a good mind to make *you* a photo-frame — and then see whose photograph *you'll* want to put in it! And perhaps, if you'll tell me when your birthday is, I might even have time to make you another tie."

One evening, some seven weeks later, Achilles and his Patroclus sat on the end of Thompson's Wharf. There was still snow on the stringer, the night was bleak, and they ran the best of chances of getting inflammatory rheumatism. It would only have gratified them if they had.

"I've noticed," Mr. Harrison was saying, with a hungry wistfulness, "that I generally used to kind of get all there was out of a girl in about two months. . . . Verb's a good deal like me in most ways. Perhaps it'll be that way with her?"

"VERBENA WAS ONE BEAMING FLUTTERMENT AND INCOHERENT TWITTER"

"I don't know," answered Mr. White, and sighed long; "she seems to be going on just the same. And, for all I talk you up, sometimes I think she cares for me even more than she did at first."

Mr. Harrison fell into a sick silence again.

"How is it with Helma now?" asked Mr. White, in his turn, and gulped.

Mr. Harrison shook his head unhopingly. "You see, too, it's different with her. When a woman takes hold a second time, she's liable to keep it up for years."

The moon again passed behind a long gray bank of cloud. They rose and took their way listlessly up into town once more.

Near the driveway entrance to the park they parted.

"Well, there doesn't seem to be any mortal way out of it. . . . I suppose we'd better just go on the way we are. . . . And anybody'd say we're doing our *duty*, so to speak."

"Yes, we're doing *that*, anyhow."

It was that note of lofty resignation which — noble minor in a world of discord though it be — gives to the greatly tragic its final poignancy.

SO, NOW IS COME OUR JOYFULST FEAST

SO, now is come our joyfulst feast,
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine;
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbours' chimnies smoke,
And Christmas logs are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.

Ned Squash hath fetched his bands from pawn,
And all his best apparel;
Brisk Ned hath bought a ruff of lawn
With droppings of the barrel;
And those that hardly all the year
Had bread to eat or rags to wear
Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
And all the day be merry.

George Wither, Juvenilia

DIVORCE AND PUBLIC WELFARE

BY

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THE divorce rate is much higher in the United States than in any other American or European land. Indeed, our people have had this distinction for more than two centuries and a half. Twenty years ago we first became aware, from statistics, of the exact situation that existed; and recent research has proved that before Milton penned his essays favoring civil marriage and self-divorce, the New England colonists had initiated the most liberal divorce policy that then could be found anywhere in the civilized world. Year after year since the birth of the American nation this policy has become broader and broader. To-day only Japan — for peculiar reasons which do not now concern us — has a higher divorce rate than we; and in this race even Japan has been far outrun by some counties in our Western States.

Clearly here is a big social fact. What is its meaning?

To those who believe that divorce in itself is an evil — and such is the prevailing belief; to those who hold that a swiftly increasing divorce rate spells national degeneration; and to those who on ancient authority solemnly announce that the remarriage of divorced persons is a sin, the special Government report on "Marriage and Divorce," recently published for the Director of the Census, will bring only grief and dismay. In these two bulky quarto volumes, guided by the "Bulletin" prepared by Dr. Joseph A. Hill, one may find set forth in full detail and in luminous summaries the "movement" of divorce in the United States for the twenty years 1887–1906.

Scientifically, the report of Director North is a very creditable achievement, considering the shameful imperfection or total lack of registration of vital statistics in most of the States and Territories, and considering that the facts presented had to be gleaned, by special agents of the Census Bureau, mainly from the manuscript decrees of some 2,800 divorce courts; which decrees, of course, were not framed to suit either the statistician or the sociologist. Taken together with the earlier report of Commissioner Carroll D. Wright for the two decades 1867–1886, it establishes a continuous record for forty years — the most important statistical contribution in this field ever made by any government. Here the student of American society will find a rich mine for exploitation during many years to come.

One Divorce to Every Ten Marriages in the United States

This paper will search the mine only for the evidence bearing on a single question, but that the supreme question of all, the question most talked about and least understood: the ethical or social meaning of increasing divorce. In the outset, a formidable array of figures is not needful. The salient fact established by the new report is that, on the average, in the United States divorce is now nearly three times as frequent as it was in 1870. Look at the figures from any point you please, and this fact strikes the eye. First, compare the numerical increase in divorces with the growth of population, calculating by five-year periods, and it appears that in 1905 marriage was nearly three times (2.8) as likely to be dissolved by divorce as in 1870; while, at the same rate of gain, the year 1910 will produce more than a triple ratio (3.3). The same goal is reached through a comparison based, not on the total population, but on the number of married persons; for by this route in 1900 we find 2.5 as much divorce as in 1870, and, precisely as before, the ratio is quite sure to rise to 3.3 in 1910.

Even more striking to the popular imagination is a divorce rate derived from comparison with the number of marriages in a stated period; but a similar story is told. During the twenty years covered by the present report, 945,625 divorces were decreed to 12,832,044 marriages celebrated: about 1 decree to 12 weddings; whereas it is believed that in 1870 the ratio was about 1 to 34. One marriage dissolved by divorce to 11 terminated by death is sufficiently tragic; yet even this ratio, according to one of the first statistical experts of the country, falls short of the reality. By Professor Walter F. Willcox it is computed that not far

from one tenth of all marriages in the United States are now ended in the divorce court.

The "Divorce Colony"

For a vast and mixed population like that of the United States general averages fail to tell the whole truth. The story must be vivified by reference to the local variations in the divorce rate. As Dr. Hill in his "Bulletin" has suggested, these variations are due to many factors, such as the "composition of the population as regards race or nationality; the proportion of immigrants in the total population, and the countries from which they came; the relative strength of the prevailing religion, and particularly that of the Catholic faith; the variations in the divorce laws and in the procedure and practice of the courts"; and the "interstate migration of population, either for the purpose of obtaining a divorce or for economic or other reasons."

Thus, according to John Lee Coulter, before the law of 1899 requiring a year's residence of the plaintiff in a divorce suit, instead of ninety days, North Dakota was a "veritable Garden of Eden for whoever desired speedy and easy separation." Flourishing "divorce colonies" existed at Fargo and Mandan; and the local courts "enjoyed" an enormous traffic in decrees. At Fargo in 1899 there was 1 divorce to 2.3 marriages; while in the same year Mandan produced the astonishing ratio of 1 divorce to 1.1 weddings: nearly five times as bad a showing as Japan now makes. Nevertheless, the present report shows that in 1900 North Dakota had an annual average rate of but 268 per 100,000 married population, whereas Kansas reached 286, Missouri 281, and Illinois 267. Again, in the same year South Dakota had a similar rate of but 270, although, until the referendum of this year requiring a proper term of residence for the plaintiff produced a "depression" in the business, the foreign trade in divorce at certain favored marts waxed amazingly; whereas Indiana, not so famous for colonization, actually achieved a rate of 355, the highest east of the Mississippi. Yet even Indiana is outclassed in the South and West: 391 is the figure for Texas; 399 that for Arizona; while Washington reaches the highest mark of all with a rate of 513, closely followed by Montana with 490, and by Colorado with 409.

The best showing is made by the States of the North Atlantic division; yet, on the same basis of 100,000 married population, between 1890 and 1900 the average annual rate for the nine States of this group taken together advanced from 81 to 100. Maine, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island show an astonishing acceleration in the movement during this decade; Massachusetts, like New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, does much better; while Connecticut, with a rate of 130 in 1900 as compared with 171 in 1890, has the high honor of being the only commonwealth in the Union for so long a period to check the rise of divorce. However, if we take the general rather than the married population as the basis and compare the figures for 1880 with those for 1900, Utah must be accorded a share in that credit; for in the twenty years her rate sank from 114 to 92 in the hundred thousand, the latter also being precisely the ratio for 1870. If only the five years between 1902 and 1906 be considered, several States show a decline. During that time, as compared with the preceding quinquennium, the number of divorces fell 12.8 per cent in California; 15 per cent in Rhode Island; 15.8 per cent in North Dakota; and 46.7 per cent in the District of Columbia.

America's Divorce Record Unique in History

Decidedly, our country is a land of liberal divorce. Of that the foregoing summary leaves no room for doubt. In the outset, let us clearly seize the broad meaning of this fact. In a rising civilization a divorce rate trebling its velocity in the short space of forty years — less than the present average span of human life in the United States — is seemingly a moral paradox absolutely unique. It is unique, however, only in degree. In Europe, too, while the *number* of divorces is relatively small, the *rate* is gaining. The freer dissolution of marriage is a world phenomenon, huge, portentous. How should it be interpreted? Assuredly it signifies somewhere the action of sinister forces, vast and perilous. Doubtless here we are face to face with an evil that seriously threatens the social order, that menaces human happiness; an evil to overcome which challenges our deepest thought, our ripest wisdom, our most persistent endeavor. It challenges, too, our highest moral courage. For here, as in the case of some other grave social problems, to follow the truth at all hazards in the full light of modern day may lead straight to a breach with ancient authority; the rejection of sanctified traditions; the renunciation of false but fond ideals.

Martin Luther the Father of Modern Divorce

A thorough and fearless answer to the initial question points to such a moral crisis. What *is* divorce? Is divorce the evil or the symptom? the cause or the effect? the disease or the medicine? An appeal to origins may prove enlight-

ening; for one of the strangest facts in recent discussions of divorce, particularly on the part of the clergy, is the almost utter neglect of the clearest lessons of history. It should not be forgotten that liberal divorce in Christian lands is the fruit of that phase of the renaissance in thought that we call the Reformation. For in its origin the prevailing modern doctrine of divorce, like the prevailing modern conception of the form and nature of wedlock, was shaped by the brain of Martin Luther. It was a righteous revolt against the absurdity, cruelty, and wickedness of canon-law theory and practice in matrimonial causes. Luther's famous dictum that marriage is not a sacrament, but a "temporal, worldly thing" which "does not concern the church," led the mind of the western world gradually but surely to sanction civil marriage and its counterpart, civil divorce. It involved, in fact, a new theory of social control, of the function of the State, which ought to be of deep interest to sociologist and political scientist alike. In effect, as interpreted by the ages, this dictum declared:

That since marriage is a "worldly thing," a social institution, the State ought to assume sole authority over it; and, if it is deemed best for human happiness, the State ought, as a remedy for social evil, to sanction the dissolution of wedlock through absolute divorce.

Each branch of this declaration has borne fruit. On the one hand, in the western world the extension of the sphere of secular legislation to the whole province — the whole outward or legal province — of marriage is a fact of transcendent value. In this regard the Reformation marks the beginning of a social revolution. The real trend of evolution has not at all times been clearly seen or frankly admitted; but, from the days of Luther, however concealed in theological garb or forced under theological sanctions, however opposed by reactionary dogma, public opinion has more and more decidedly recognized the right of the temporal lawmaker in this field. In the seventeenth century the New England Puritan gave the State, in its assemblies and in its courts, complete jurisdiction in questions of marriage and divorce, to the entire exclusion of the ecclesiastical authority. For nearly three quarters of a century the clergy were forbidden to solemnize wedlock, while, at the same time, marriages were freely dissolved by the lay magistrate. Definitively, the State seems to have gained control of matrimonial administration.

Divorce "a Medicine for the Disease of Marriage"

On the other hand, the theory of divorce as a right and proper remedy for matrimonial ills has kept even pace with this evolution. According to the Reformation fathers, "just divorce" is sanctioned by God for "amendment in wedlock," as a healing "medicine for the disease of marriage"; and by "just divorce" they meant absolute dissolution of the nuptial bond, with the right of taking another spouse. For four centuries this Reformation doctrine of complete divorce as a social medicine has dominated Occidental thought. The New England Puritan and Separatist acted upon it with characteristic thoroughness. Logically they instituted civil divorce as the counterpart of civil marriage. In old England the Puritan statute-book was silent; but Puritan thought produced the boldest defense of the liberty of divorce that had yet appeared. According to Milton, divorce is a "law of moral equity," a "pure moral economical law . . . so clear in nature and reason, that it was left to a man's own arbitrament to be determined between God and his own conscience"; and "the restraint whereof, who is not too thick-sighted may see how hurtful and distracting it is to the house, the church, and the commonwealth." Spurning a narrow theological definition of the proper causes of divorce, in the spirit of the modern humanist he exclaims: "What are these two causes [adultery and desertion] to many other, which afflict the state of marriage as bad, and yet find no redress? . . . What hath the soul of man deserved, if it be in the way of salvation, that it should be mortgaged thus?"

Truly, with all its intolerance, Puritanism was one of the great liberators of the human spirit; and clearly Milton believed that soul-liberty should embrace freedom of divorce. His idealism carried the Reformation doctrine further than his age could follow. Yet more and more that doctrine has determined the course of history. From Milton and Bucer to Condorcet and Humboldt, from the Code Napoléon to the statesmen who have shaped the laws and molded the juridical theories of the twentieth century, always and everywhere, the prevailing dictum is that divorce is prescribed as a remedy for a social malady. This is the justification of the divorce policy of the western world. If divorce in itself is a sin, then the laws sanctioned by modern civilization are altogether wicked, and the American lawmaker has sinned more deeply and persistently than any one else.

Now, is this time-honored doctrine of the State as a wise and good physician administering divorce as a healing medicine for social disease a false teaching? Is divorce, except perchance on the one "scriptural" ground, im-

moral, and therefore the fountain-head of the malady that afflicts us? It may be so; for often the sanction of traditional belief has sustained a dangerous error for centuries. By the same token, let us beware of too easy faith in the opposite dogma of sacramental wedlock and sinful divorce, although it has existed several centuries longer. We must not beg the question. The time for dependence on mob-mind, ecclesiastical or other, is past. The hour has come earnestly to search the facts and honestly to read their meaning.

Better Laws Cannot Materially Check Divorce

In searching for the basic causes of the increase in divorce, it may give a strategic advantage if the problem be first attacked from the negative side. It seems needful in the outset to clear away certain popular errors and superstitions in order more easily to reach the heart of the matter. For him who has an eye to see, each step in the search is lit up by the facts revealed in the two great Government reports. These facts disclose a truth of first-rate value. They enable us with confidence to state a generalization which on wider grounds the enlightened student of social life will be prepared to accept:

A federal or other uniform divorce law would neither much lessen the aggregate number of divorces in the whole country nor much change the local variations in the rate; for imperfect legislation and faulty judicial procedure are not a principal cause of the divorce movement.

It has long been the popular view that the swiftly rising tide of divorce in this country is due mainly to lax legislation and to the conflicting laws of the States and Territories. Probably this is still the prevailing opinion among all classes, even among lawyers, statesmen, and reputable writers on the subject. The demand for a uniform and more stringent law as a sovereign remedy is in the forefront of nearly every discussion. It is accented by the Washington-Philadelphia divorce congress of 1906, and by the message of President Roosevelt in 1905, urging Congress to make new provision for the collection of divorce statistics. Very recently a distinguished clergyman of New York, who calls divorce for any cause a sin, hopeless of controlling it through church or society, in his despair appealed for aid to a national divorce law.

Now, it is certain that in large measure this view is wrong. It rests on an utter misconception of the real nature of the divorce problem. In the main, the earnest men and women who seek relief in this way are doomed to bitter disappointment. Only in the main: for it must be confessed that a certain, though not a large, percentage of the divorces granted is due to bad law and to faulty administration. In other words, if divorce be looked upon as a remedy, the disease that it seeks to cure may actually be spread through the mal-application of that remedy by our legislatures and by our courts. Better laws and more careful procedure are worth striving for. Emphatically it is possible to have "good divorce laws," just as we may have good charity laws, good laws for the check of contagious diseases, or good laws in any department of remedial social legislation. In this field it is needful that the laws be simple and certain. They should not, from their very nature, become a dead letter, or an encouragement to domestic discord by offering opportunity for evasion, collusion, or lax interpretation. That would tend to destroy the reverence for law itself. In the case of divorce, and even more in that of marriage, there is a sphere of useful activity for the lawmaker. He cannot, it is true, reach the root of the matter: the fundamental causes of divorce, which are planted deeply in the imperfections of human nature — particularly in false sentiments regarding marriage and the family — and which, as presently will appear, may be removed only through more rational principles and methods of education. He may, however, render the external conditions, the legal environment, favorable to the action of the proper remedy. Good laws, for instance, may check hasty impulse and force individuals to take proper time for reflection. For this reason the adoption of the decree *nisi* should be encouraged; while the sanction by the States of the sane recommendations of the divorce congress of 1906 would help to create the healthful legal environment just mentioned.

America's Divorce Record Does Not Indicate Low Domestic Morality

Still, when all is said, law, whether bad or good, is of relatively small moment in this field. Besides, our divorce laws are not as black as they are sometimes painted. The question is, Has American social liberalism regarding divorce, as in so many other respects, increased the sum of human happiness? If, on the average, American legislation is more liberal than that of England, Germany, France, or even Switzerland in extending the enumerated grounds of divorce, surely it would be rash to assume that they are the worse on that account. Does any one really believe that domestic life is less pure in America than in European lands? Is there any good reason for believing that what De Tocqueville said more than fifty years ago is

not true to-day? "Assuredly," he declared, "America is the country in the world where the marriage tie is most respected and where the highest and justest idea of conjugal happiness has been conceived." "It is remarkable," says Lecky more recently, "that this great facility of divorce should exist in a country that has long been conspicuous for its high standard of sexual morality and for its deep sense of the sanctity of marriage." Bryce, though he does not like our divorce laws, gives similar testimony as to the high "level of sexual morality" in the United States.

In a word, that the highest divorce rates, with the one exception, are found in two of the most enlightened and democratic nations in the world, Switzerland and the United States, may well give us food for serious thought. Besides, a detailed analysis of the entire output of divorce legislation in all our States, Territories, and districts since 1886 reveals a vast improvement in form and substance. More and more in their essential features our laws are duplicating each other, and they are becoming better. More stringent provisions for notice to the defendant have been made, longer terms of previous residence for the plaintiff required, the divorce *nisi* sanctioned, and more satisfactory conditions of remarriage after divorce prescribed; while the more dangerous "omnibus" clauses in the lists of statutory grounds have been repealed.

All this thought and toil have not been utterly in vain. Nevertheless, during the two decades the divorce rate has gained a threefold velocity. This result tends to prove, if proof be needed, that the real grounds for divorce are far beyond the reach of the statute-maker, and to sustain the well-known dictum of Bertillon that laws extending the number of accepted causes of divorce or relaxing the procedure in divorce suits have little influence "upon the increase in the number of decrees." It may, indeed, be impossible to measure exactly the effects of lax or stringent legislation. Still, the reformer need not despair. Without the new laws the divorce rate might have been higher, and their general effect on social life has been uplifting. From all the evidence available, it seems almost certain that there is a margin, important though narrow, within which the statute-maker may exert a morally beneficial, even a restraining, influence. On this subject the report of the Director of the Census may throw some light.

Are We Moving toward Free Divorce?

Under the sway of popular sentiment in the United States, is there a tendency toward free divorce at the will of the parties?

At home and abroad American divorce courts are severely criticized for laxity, even negligence, in the trial of divorce petitions. It cannot be denied that quite generally our judges are in sympathy with a liberal divorce policy. Very recently Justice Brown has spoken strongly in favor of divorce as a just means of securing public welfare and the "preservation of domestic happiness." Doubtless many grave mistakes and serious wrongs are committed; but in the main our courts are careful and conscientious in the trial of suits. For the years 1867–1886 Colonel Wright estimated that "in about thirty per cent of the cases of petition a decree has been denied." This led him to believe that "instead of being careless" our "judges exercise a reasonable care" in the performance of their trust. Although statistics are not available, it is probable that the percentage of petitions denied is now greater than in 1886.

On a closely related point the report is significant. Only 15.4 per cent of the divorces granted during the two decades 1887–1906 were contested; and "probably in many of these cases," we are told, "the contesting was hardly more than a formality, perhaps not extending beyond the filing of an answer, which often has the effect of expediting the process of obtaining the divorce." The percentage of contested cases is slowly rising; and, except where the cause is adultery, the wife more than the husband is likely to resist the granting of a decree. Divorces on the ground of cruelty are most frequently and those on the ground of desertion least frequently contested. When notice is personally served, 20.4 per cent of the cases are contested, while only 3.2 per cent are resisted when notice is by publication. Usually, says Dr. Hill, the latter form of notice is "confined to those cases in which the residence and address of the libellee are either unknown or are outside the State in which the suit is brought," implying, "therefore, an existing separation either of considerable duration or of considerable distance or both."

Now, what is the meaning of this situation? Does it not in actual practice reveal an astonishing leaning toward a freer granting of divorce than that implied even in the enumerated statutory grounds, however ample the list may be? In effect, though not in theory, do not these figures disclose a tendency toward dissolution of wedlock by mutual consent or even at the demand of either spouse? For good or ill, is American society actually moving toward the ideal of free dissolution of wedlock at the will of the contracting parties? That was Milton's ideal, except that, like the ancient Jews, in effect he would have placed the exercise of the right of

self-divorce solely in the hands of the man; and it is now the ideal of some serious-minded persons. A short time ago, before the Maryland Bar Association, even Henry B. Brown, former justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, is reported to have said, "It is not perceived why the partnership created by marriage should so far differ from a commercial partnership, that one may be dissolved at pleasure while the other is absolutely indissoluble." Moreover, according to the interpretation of divorce below suggested, it does not follow that, should this ideal ever be frankly accepted by the American people, the divorce rate will thereby become higher. It *might* become much lower. When that time comes, if it ever does come, we shall know more than we now know of human society and its claims; and we shall be less likely to abuse individual liberty to the injury of our fellows.

Do Liberal Laws Invite Divorce?

The census investigation enables us to test another popular objection to the modern divorce policy. In effect, does not the very existence of liberal divorce laws constitute an incentive to unstable or otherwise bad marriages? Are not risky, temporary, or immoral unions deliberately formed in full view of their easy dissolution?

The man on the street and a good many persons in the office, the study, and in the pulpit unhesitatingly say "yes" to this question. Yet statistics, though inconclusive, afford little or no ground for an affirmative answer. It will surprise many to learn that the average duration of divorced marriages is ten years; while 60 per cent of the total number of such marriages last less than ten years, and 28.5 per cent of them less than five years. During the first year of married life are granted 2.1 per cent of all divorces, or 18,876 in the whole country for the two decades. The number rapidly increases until in the fifth year the maximum of 73,913 decrees or 8.2 per cent is reached. "From this point on the number steadily diminishes year by year; but it does not fall below the number granted in the first year of married life until the eighteenth year." There are nearly twice as many divorces in the twelfth year of the wedded life as in the first. On the whole, these figures disclose a stability of the marriage bond hardly to be expected if easy divorce were in mind at the time of the wedding ceremony. When we consider that probably there are more people in the first than in the eighteenth year of married life, and that, as will soon appear, we have more cogent reasons to explain the laxity of the marital tie during the early stage, we are scarcely warranted in assuming that liberal divorce laws are perceptibly weakening the nuptial bond. At any rate, the burden of proof is on those who so affirm.

Do People Seek Divorce in Order to Re-Wed?

On the other hand, if people do not get married in order to be divorced, do they get divorced in order again to be married?

The man on the street is quite sure that such is the case. As evidence he can always point out one or two notorious examples. Doubtless such cases exist. Yet in this instance, too, the popular judgment is probably wrong. Although, with slight exception, only foreign evidence is available to test the point, it is not likely that restrictions upon the remarriage of divorced persons in any large measure influence the divorce rate. Prussian and Swiss statistics, now too old to be very satisfactory even for those countries, show that divorced men re-wed during the first three years at about the same rate as do widowers; while divorced women remarry somewhat more rapidly than widows. Possibly our country could make as good a showing. At any rate, Connecticut and Rhode Island statistics point to that conclusion.

Would a Uniform Divorce Law Lessen the Number of Divorces?

The statistics of the forty years covered by the two Government reports enable us with more confidence to approach another question usually held to be of primary importance:

Is clandestine divorce a chief factor in the increasing rate, and therefore ought we to have a uniform law?

For nearly twenty-five years this dual problem has been under earnest discussion. Alternately three ways of securing greater uniformity have been tried. The original method, by procuring the enactment of a federal law under a constitutional amendment, has long since been abandoned by most practical workers. It is a question whether such a law is desirable, even if it could be secured. Next, an effort was made by reformers to secure the adoption by the several States of a model statute designed to prevent clandestine divorce; that is, a statute dealing mainly with procedure. Such was the character of the bill drafted in 1899–1900 by the conference of State commissions on uniform legislation. Finally, in 1906, a more comprehensive plan was initiated through the "National Congress on Uniform Divorce Law." By this body, composed of delegates from forty States, a model statute was drafted, recogniz-

ing both full and partial divorce, and dealing with both causes and procedure.

The wise provisions of this measure should be sanctioned by the States. In various ways they might have an influence for good. But would they lessen the number of divorces? The original motive which finally produced the Government report compiled by Colonel Wright twenty years ago was to get light on the extent of clandestine divorce. It was then the common opinion that the majority of divorces were obtained through secret migration from State to State in the search for "easy" laws. The result of the investigation was a surprise. It showed pretty conclusively that interstate migration for divorce does not much affect the rate. At that time, one of the foremost practical sociologists of the country, the Rev. Samuel W. Dike, of Auburndale, Massachusetts, to whose suggestion, in fact, the report was mainly due, declared that "the establishment of uniform laws is not the central point" of the divorce problem. The new report confirms this conclusion. Of the 820,264 divorces during the two decades, granted to couples known to have been married in the United States, 21.5 per cent were to those married outside the State in which the decree was rendered. Of course, this does not mean that one couple out of five whose marriage was thus dissolved migrated for the purpose of obtaining divorce. On the contrary, says Dr. Hill, "it is probable that that motive was present in a comparatively small proportion of the total number of cases, and that to a large extent the migration was merely an incident of the general movement of population, which takes place for economic and other reasons unconnected with divorce."

In fact, according to the census of 1890, 21.5 per cent, and by that of 1900, 21 per cent of the native population were living outside the State or Territory in which they were born. The coincidence in proportions is striking. Here and there, in a town or county, as has already been shown, "colonization" for divorce may be a serious matter; but, considering that the average duration of marriage before divorce is ten years, it seems clear that on the divorce movement as a whole the influence of interstate migration is almost negligible.

Still, if uniform law would not much affect the whole number of divorces in the country, would it not prevent local variations in the rate?

Of course, for the United States, no statistics are available to test this question. The experience of Switzerland, however, is enlightening. In 1876 a uniform federal divorce law for the twenty-two States or Cantons went into effect; yet the differences in rate continued to be much greater than in our country. In 1885, for instance. the half-canton of Exterior Appenzell had forty-nine times as much divorce as the half-canton of Upper Unterwalden. Verily, law, however good, appears to be a feeble thing in some of the deeper currents of social living!

Liberal Divorce a Sign of Progress

It seems reasonably sure from the foregoing discussion that the secret of the divorce problem cannot be reached by the common path. There is need of wider vision and deeper induction from a consideration of the whole trend of social progress during the last four centuries. That trend has been toward individual freedom in order thereby to gain social freedom. Of a truth, to the serious student the accelerated divorce movement appears clearly as a part of the mighty process of spiritual liberation which has been gaining in volume and strength ever since the Reformation. It has been a many-sided process. There has been a fivefold struggle for political, religious, intellectual, economic, and social freedom. In each phase of the struggle liberalism has fought with conservatism. As the cost of previous mistakes, there has been much suffering and wrong. Yet the fight has been righteous, and liberalism is winning the victory, although the battle, especially for social and economic freedom, is by no means fought out.

Growing Emancipation of the Family

Now, this process of spiritual liberation has profoundly affected the relative positions of man and woman, of parent and child, in the family and in society. With respect to right and privilege and social values the sex-line is being wiped out. New ideals regarding marriage and the family are swiftly taking the place of the old ideals. The corporate unity of the patriarchal family has been broken up or even completely destroyed. There is a tendency more and more to recognize the equal spiritual value of each personality in the family-group. More and more, wife and child have been released from the power of the house-father and placed directly under the larger social control. The new solidarity of the State is being won at the expense of the old solidarity of the family. The family bond is no longer coercion, but persuasion, though too often the domestic despot still holds sway. Less and less is the family dominated by the feeling of kinship and the patriarchal desire for children, and more and more by the cultural forces. The tie that binds its members together is ceasing to be juridical and

is becoming spiritual. Essentially the family society is becoming a psychic fact. Beyond question, this process of dissolution and readjustment, although attended by some evil, is producing a loftier ideal of the marital union and a juster view of the relative shares of the sexes in the world's work. Moreover, from its very nature, the process has been of most benefit to woman. It is releasing her from the husband's power and it is making her an even member of the connubial partnership, while in the larger society it is accomplishing her political, economic, and intellectual independence. In a word, it is producing a revolution which means nothing less than the socialization of one half of human-kind.

Now, if higher ideals of the family and marriage have arisen, why should not the wedded union be more stable? Why is the number of divorces so fast increasing? It is precisely because of these higher ideals, and of their intense action in a period of general social transition. For the swiftest progress, the most visible fruits, of the whole many-sided liberation movement just mentioned belong to the last fifty years. Seemingly we are now at the height of the change from the old social régime to the new. Therefore it is not strange that there should be many mistakes, much maladjustment, frequent "mis-selection." The old forces of social control have been weakened faster than the new forces have been developed. In the family the old legal patriarchal bonds have not yet been adequately replaced by new spiritual ties. The new wine is being poured into old bottles. There is frequent and disastrous clash of ideals. The new and loftier conception of equal rights and duties has rendered the husband and wife, and naturally the wife more than the husband, sensitive to encroachment, and therefore the reaction is frequent and sometimes violent. Dr. Lichtenberger has luminously interpreted this idea:

"The popularization of law, increased popular education, and the improved social status of woman, conspire to render intolerable domestic conditions placidly endured under the régime of economic necessity and patriarchal authority." Moreover, as he adds, this spiritual revolt is quickened by the revolution in ethical and religious standards. "There is a growing intolerance of evils formerly endured. Assume that the moral status of marriage conditions remains the same and that moral perception is clarified. The result will be precisely the same as if the moral consciousness should remain undisturbed while immorality increased."

In the present experimental stage, the finer and more delicately adjusted social mechanism is easily put out of order. The evil lurks, not in the ideals, but in the blunders of men and women in trying to live up to the ideals.

Women Derive the Chief Benefits from Liberal Divorce

The theory just set forth is powerfully supported by the facts contained in the census report. As one should logically expect, they reveal the peculiar interest which woman has in liberal divorce. The wife more frequently than the husband is seeking in divorce an escape from marital ills. In large measure the divorce movement is an expression of woman's gaining independence. During the two decades 1887–1906 in the United States, over 66 per cent of the decrees were granted on the wife's petition. Among the principal causes, only for adultery was the number granted to the husband (59.1 per cent) greater than the number granted to the wife; and in this case, were social justice done, who can doubt that the ratio would be reversed? Here is a wrong due to the vicious dual standard of morality by which society still measures the sexual sins of man and woman, to the woman's disadvantage. To realize to what a frightful extent marriage is being polluted and family well-being destroyed by men, it is needful only to glance at the sickening record of the ravages of "social disease" disclosed by the researches of Prince Morrow. The mention of a single fact must here suffice. Venereal diseases are five times as numerous as tubercular diseases; and, on the average, every year not less than 450,000 young men are infected by them! Ultimately, innocent wives and children are the victims.

One Fifth of All Divorces Granted for Drunkenness

The value of the divorce remedy for woman is revealed in various ways by the tables showing the relative number of decrees granted to the husband or to the wife respectively. In 83 per cent of all decrees granted for cruelty, in 90.6 per cent of those granted for drunkenness, and in 100 per cent of those granted for neglect to provide, the husband was the offender and the wife the plaintiff. That the sources of the divorce movement are bad social conditions which may be remedied is illustrated by the sinister fact that, directly or indirectly, 184,568 divorces, or nearly 20 per cent of the whole number reported for the two decades, were granted for intemperance; and in nine tenths of these cases the culprit was the man. Just think of it! More than one hundred and eighty thousand marriages dissolved and homes destroyed by the drink curse, not to mention the thou-

sands of wives who patiently endure that curse without seeking judicial relief! Surely the situation calls loudly, not for less divorce, but for less liquor and fewer saloons. The statistics of divorce place a deadly weapon in the hands of the Anti-Saloon League, which should make more use of it.

Divorce Often the Righteous Solution of an Economic Problem

In still another way these statistics show how vitally divorce touches the interests of the wife. The prevalence of desertion challenges our most serious attention. For this cause the number of decrees reaches the astonishing total of 367,502, or nearly 38.9 per cent of the entire number on all grounds for the twenty years. Moreover, of the whole number of divorces granted the husband for all causes, 49.4 per cent (156,283), or nearly half, were for desertion; while 33.6 per cent (211,219), or one third of all those granted to the wife, were for the same offense. Here, too, the woman is the chief sufferer and the chief beneficiary.

How may this startling phenomenon of marital desertion be explained? Its causes are complex. but there is one source, perhaps the most fruitful and least understood of all, which in a remarkable way gives signal proof of a transition phase in American society. In large part, is not the menacing prevalence of desertion due to our vast unregulated and but partially explored social frontier, urban as well as rural? The marital renegade is lured by the ease with which, under existing conditions of social control, of law and order, he may hide himself on the range, in the mines, in the lumber-camp, and amid the seething purlieus and slums of our great cities. Now, for the abandoned spouse, and especially for the abandoned wife, desertion involves the bread-and-butter question which there should be full liberty to solve. Very often, in fact, divorce seems the righteous solution of an economic problem. What, then, is the remedy for desertion? Assuredly not the restriction of divorce, but the just punishment of the deserter, and the civilization of the social frontier. Let our great cities, for instance, be taken out of the hands of corrupt spoilsmen and the allied criminals who now flourish through their tolerance or direct support.

Increasing Statutory Grounds of Divorce Mean Rising Social Ideals

Let us get still deeper into the rich mine that the census bureau has opened to us for exploitation. It is possible by careful search to detect the real motive of the State in sanctioning an ever-growing list of legal causes of divorce, ranging from one in New York and the District of Columbia to fourteen in New Hampshire. In the main, making all due allowance for mistakes, does not each new ground, in effect, give expression to a new ideal of moral fitness, of social justice, of conjugal rights? Is it not a factor in the process of spiritual emancipation whose character has already been explained?

As civilization advances, the more searching is the diagnosis of social as well as of physical disease and the more special or differentiated the remedy. It is not necessarily a merit, and it may be a grave social wrong, to reduce the legal causes of divorce to the one "scriptural" ground. Adultery is not the only way of being faithless to the nuptial vow, not the only mode of betraying spouse or child or society. For instance, the most enlightened judgment of the age heartily approves of the policy of some States in extending the causes so as to include intoxication from the habitual use of strong drinks or narcotics as being equally destructive of connubial happiness and family welfare. Decidedly it is not a virtue in a divorce law, as often appears to be taken for granted, to restrict the application of the remedy, regardless of the sufferings of the social body. The need of each particular society, the public welfare, the promotion of the general happiness, is the only safe criterion to guide the lawmaker in either widening or narrowing the door of escape from bad marriages.

Cure Marriage, Cure Divorce

This brings us, naturally, to the heart of the matter. The great fountain-head of divorce is bad marriage laws and bad marriages. Hampered by ancient tradition, befogged by medieval modes of thought, in dealing or neglecting to deal with the marriage institution we have signally failed to develop methods of social control adequate to the new psychic character of the family. No one who in full detail has carefully studied American matrimonial legislation can doubt for an instant that, faulty as are our divorce laws, our marriage laws are far worse. Hardly a conceivable blunder is left uncommitted; while our apathy, our carelessness and levity, regarding the marriage institution, are almost beyond belief. Of the two factors as causes of divorce, bad marriage laws are, of course, less harmful than are marriages biologically or morally bad. Here, too, the power of the lawmaker is limited. Yet a bad marriage law will account for divorce in far more cases than will a bad divorce law. This is true because its function is prevention. For instance, bad marriage laws may permit, or fail

to prevent, the union of those who are unfit to wed because of venereal disease, insanity, crime, or degeneracy. They may suffer, even encourage, clandestine unions, so apt to end in the divorce court. This is why the "marriage resort," like that at St. Joseph, Michigan, is many times more harmful than the "divorce colony," such as those formerly at Mandan, Fargo, or Sioux Falls. The frivolous, sensual, or immature couples joined at the wedding resort often find their way to the colony.

There is crying need of a higher ideal of the marriage relation; of more careful selection in wedlock. While bad legislation and a low standard of social ethics continue to throw recklessly wide the door that opens to marriage, there must of necessity be a broad way out. How ignorantly, with what levity, are marriages often contracted! How many thousands of parents fail to give their children any serious warning against yielding to transient impulse in choosing a mate! How few have received any real training with respect to the duties and responsibilities of conjugal life! What proper check is society putting upon the marriage of the unfit? Is there any boy or girl so immature, if only the legal age of consent has been reached, is there any "delinquent" so dangerous through inherited tendencies to disease and crime, any worn-out or tainted debauchee, who cannot somewhere find a magistrate or a priest to tie the "sacred" knot? It is a very low moral sentiment that tolerates modern wife-purchase or husband-purchase for bread, title, or social position.

The Mistake of the Clergy in Dealing with Divorce

The path of the wise reformer is thus clearly pointed out. He will concern himself with causes and not with effects. He will recognize that in a general but very real sense the divorced man or woman is a sufferer from bad social conditions. If he be a priest, he will not waste his energy in punishing divorced couples, though some of them may deserve punishment. Rather, he will strive to lessen the social wrongs of which the divorced man or woman is the victim. Let ecclesiastical councils, if they would serve society, instead of damning the remarriage of divorced persons, concern themselves more with restraining the original marriages of the unfit. In fact, however well meant, the appeal to theological criteria is doing much to hinder the right solution of the problem of marriage and divorce. It is high time that the family and all its related institutions should be as freely and unsparingly subjected to scientific examination as are the facts of modern political or industrial life. It is needful frankly to accept marriage as a social institution to be dealt with freely according to human needs.

Yet nowhere in the field of social ethics, perhaps, are our professed moral and religious leaders guilty of more casuistry or confusion of thought than in dealing with this question. In itself divorce is not immoral. True, there are wicked divorces; but there are many more that are just and righteous. No one favors divorce for its own sake, but merely as a remedy for social wrong. Probably in every healthy society the ideal of right marriage is a lifelong partnership. But what if it is not right — if it is a failure? Is there no relief? To the Roman Catholic and to some other churchmen divorce is a sin, the sanction of "successive polygamy," of "polygamy on the instalment plan," while religion is the only remedy. Very recently the author of the first of these epigrams, Cardinal Gibbons, has favored us with a typical example of canonical sociology. Referring to the alleged "plague of divorce" during the early days of the Caesars, he makes this astounding declaration:

"But now, turning from pagan to medieval Christian Europe, to the much-misrepresented, ill-understood, so-called "Dark Ages," which were really intensely the Ages of Faith, one would search far and wide for examples of divorce, sanctioned by either Church or State, or, indeed, even connived at by Christian men and women of those days."

The "Plague" of Canon-Law Marriage

To the theological mind this statement may be technically correct; to the plain secular mind which values the spirit and not the letter it is not correct. Shall the canon-law dogma of indissoluble wedlock still determine the rules of modern social conduct? If any one so insists, let him frankly face one or two basic facts which historical research has firmly established. It took nearly twelve hundred years of conflict to fix the sacramental dogma. For four centuries the Bible passages were debated by the fathers and the councils before the "strict construction" doctrine of Augustine and his followers clearly prevailed. By them divorce was wholly forbidden. Yet seven centuries more passed away before this view was generally accepted. Everywhere, at least among the newly converted peoples of Europe, as proved in the most convincing way by the penitentials, full divorce with remarriage was allowed on various grounds. During this period authority had perforce to yield to expediency. Not until the middle of the twelfth century, in the

fourth book of Peter Lombard's "Sentences," is found the first clear recognition of the "seven sacraments," among which that of marriage appears.

Now, in two ways the sacramental theory of indissoluble wedlock bore evil fruit. First, it produced an enormous number of clandestine marriages, with all their attendant hardships and scandals. Secondly, it led straightway to a "plague" of divorce obtained under false pretenses. True, such divorce was called "annulment of void marriage." In the worst sense it was "immoral," for often it was obtained by bribery and intrigue. It cannot justly be doubted that by this means there existed a wide liberty of divorce in the Middle Ages, though it existed mainly for those who were able to pay the ecclesiastical courts for finding a way through the tortuous maze of "forbidden degrees" and other impediments. In a divorce procedure masquerading under the guise of an action to nullify spurious wedlock lurked the germs of perjury and fraud. Even in the days of Edward II. an English satirist complains of the "prodigious traffic" in divorce among husbands having false witnesses and "selver among the clerkes to send." Before the Reformation it had become an intolerable scandal in Christendom. No wonder that Luther and his followers repudiated the sacramental dogma! Emphatically, bad marriage law and resulting bad marriages were the chief source of the divorce evil during the Middle Ages. Has not the canonical fiction done harm enough? Shall it still be suffered to befog the popular mind and thus hinder the sane and righteous solution of the most difficult problem of modern civilization?

The Position of the Catholic Church

It is with deep regret that the student of social life sees the clergy, Catholic and Protestant, with some noble exceptions, missing a rare opportunity for larger service. I have a proper respect for the courage and firmness with which the ancient Church of Rome maintains her ideals, even her medieval ideals. In truth, from her unity, her centralization of authority, the Catholic Church to-day holds the point of vantage which sometime, under a wise and progressive head, may make her among religious organizations the leader in social achievement. But progress cannot be won by clinging stubbornly to tradition in social questions. The times are calling loudly for a dynamic or working religion, whose apostles shall be guided by the light of modern knowledge and inspired by the love of men. Truly a strange state of things has come to pass; for there is no evading the plain fact that at this moment the noblest conception of religious duty, the loftiest ideal of social ethics, is found, not in the pulpit, but among the devoted men and women, whether in or out of the church, who are courageously preaching and practising the gospel of saving humanism. The great constructive work of moral and social progress is being done by expert students of the realities of modern life, especially by the trained and fearless minds who are now making our colleges and universities radiant centers of helpful and honest thought. Moreover, dynamic religion is spreading. More and more often the enlightened priest and the enlightened sociologist are standing shoulder to shoulder on the fighting line.

The World Must be Taught How to Marry

Truly it is needful that the church and the school should join hands in providing a remedy for the social evils that cause divorce. That remedy is not more stringent law, but saner education. The salvation of the family depends mainly upon a more efficient moral, social, and physical training of the young. The family and its cognate institutions must find a larger place in the educational program. Where now, except perchance in an indirect or perfunctory way, does a boy or girl get any practical suggestion as to home-building, the right social relations of parent and child, much less regarding marriage and the fundamental facts in the sexual life? The folly of parents in leaving their children in ignorance of the laws of sex is notorious. Yet how much safer than ignorance is knowledge as a shield for innocence!

Now, if the parent and the schoolmaster are guilty, what of the clergy? Are they doing their whole duty in the case? Insisting on "religion" as the only cure for social disease, solemn eulogies on "holy matrimony" at weddings, and calling divorce a "social plague" are hardly enough. Yet what larger, more constructive work can be expected until the clergy themselves are better trained for it? Though there are honorable exceptions, are our professional moral leaders rightly educated for intelligently handling the complex problems of modern social living? It is humbly submitted that less theology and more sociology in their training-schools might prove salutary. When the rightly trained teacher and the rightly trained priest earnestly take the situation in hand, the solution of our problem will be in sight. Already there are distinct signs of a great movement to "socialize" American public education. Let us see to it that the new program be broad enough to embrace the whole many-sided problem of sex, marriage, and the family.

IN HONOUR OF SAINT JOHN

(FOR SAINT JOHN'S DAY)

IN honour of Saint John we thus
Do keep good Christmas cheer;
And he that comes to dine with us,
I think he need not spare.
The butcher he hath killed good beef,
The caterer brings it in;
But Christmas pies are still the chief,
If that I durst begin.

Our bacon hogs are full and fat
To make us brawn and souse;
Full well may I rejoice thereat
To see them in the house.
But yet the minced pie it is
That sets my teeth on water;
Good mistress, let me have a bit,
For I do long thereafter.

The cloves and mace and gallant plums
That here on heaps do lie,
And prunes as big as both my thumbs,
Enticeth much mine eye.
Oh, let me eat my belly-full
Of your good Christmas-pie;
Except thereat I have a pull,
I think I sure shall die.

Good master, stand my loving friend,
For Christmas-time is short,
And when it comes unto an end
I may no longer sport;
Then while it doth continue here
Let me such labour find,
To eat my fill of that good cheer
That best doth please my mind.

Jeremy Taylor, Festival Hymns